

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December

25c



Del Rio

How
LOVE
CHANGED
DOLORES DEL RIO

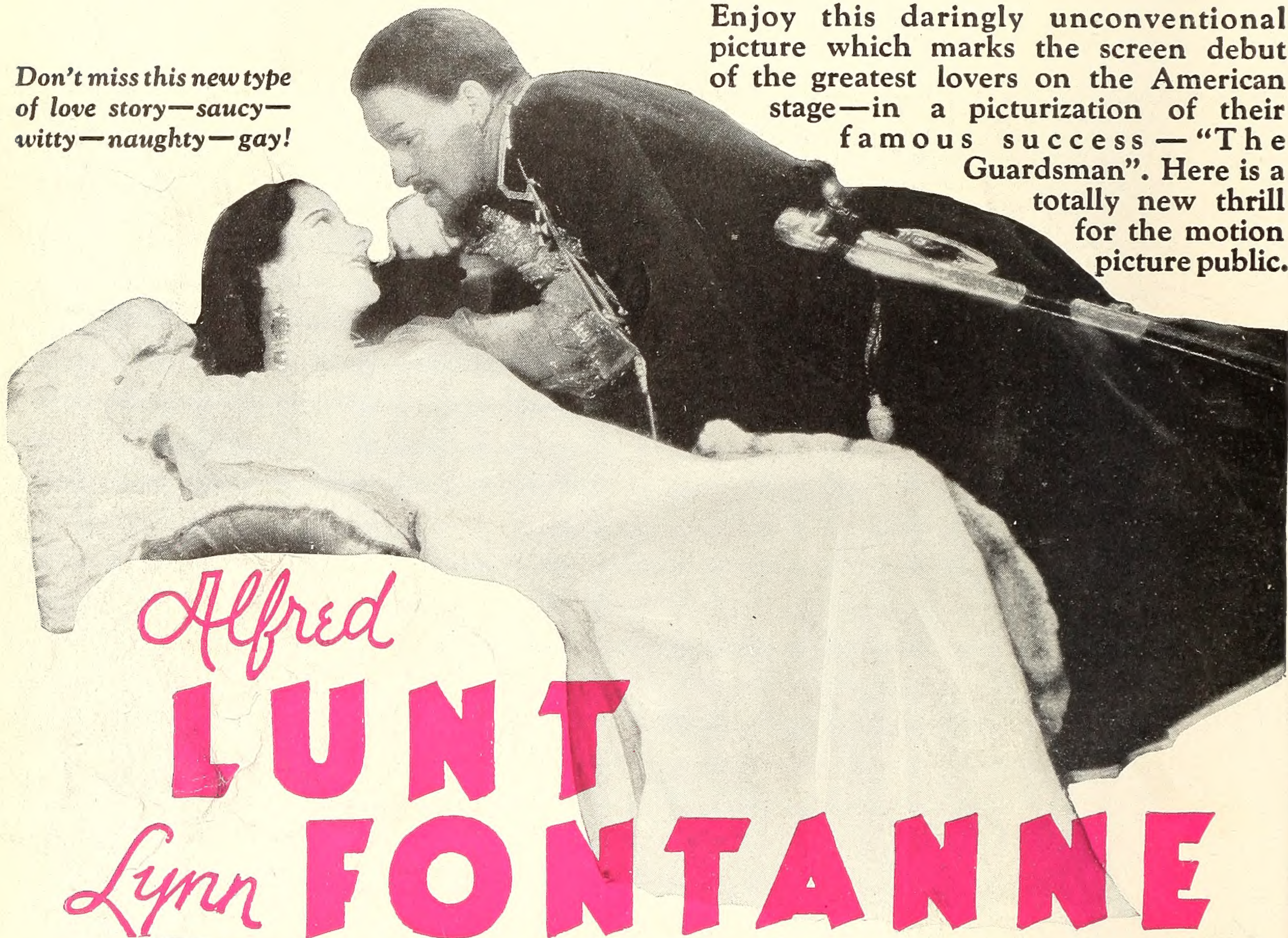
The
SOUL
of
GARBO

FOUND!
New Men in Hollywood

His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.



Alfred

LUNT

Lynn

FONTANNE



famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

The
GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS
From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy
of the Theatre
Guild, Inc.

Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH
FOR
THESE
TWO
GREAT
PICTURES
FROM



OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

December, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIV, No. 2

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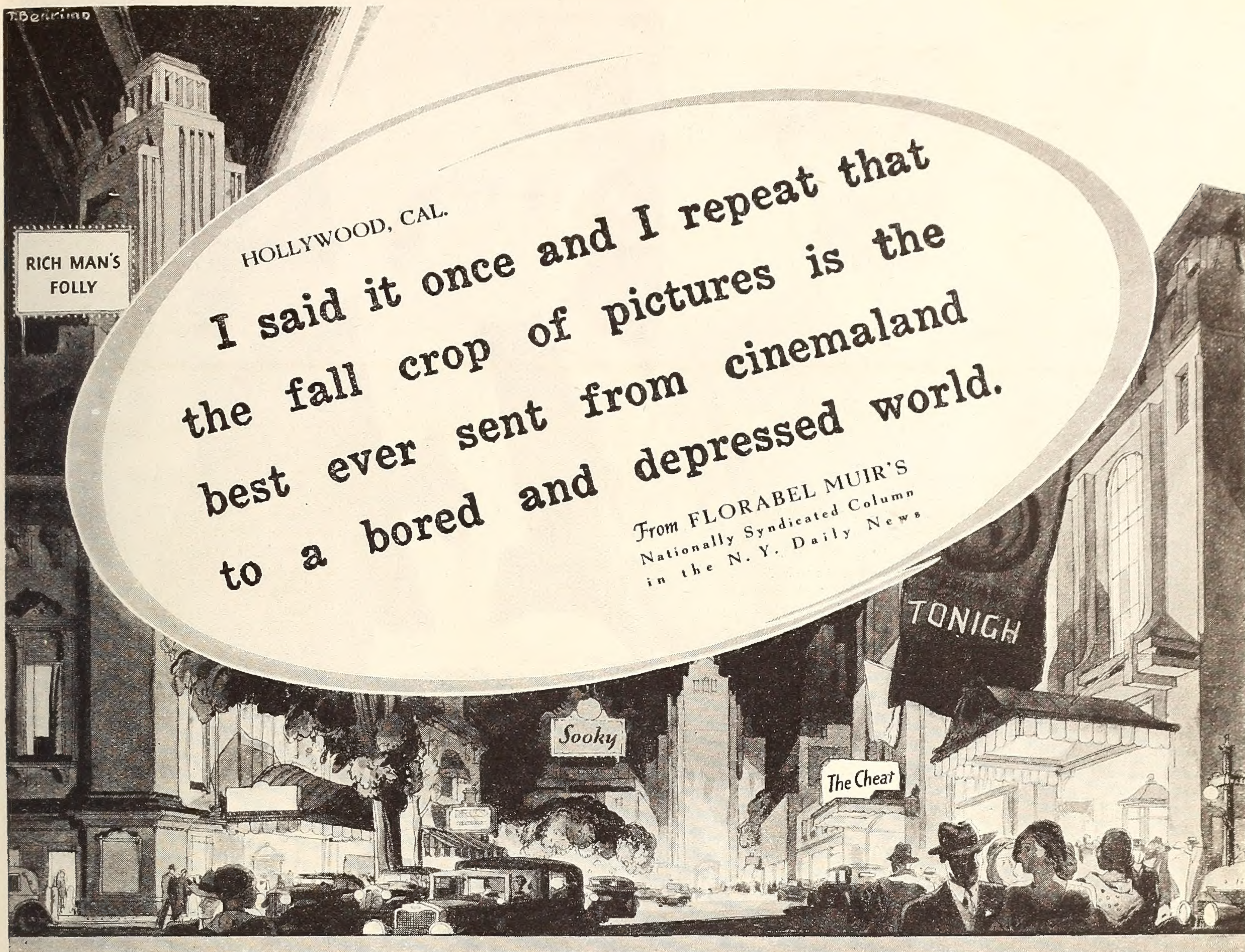
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HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

I said it once and I repeat that
the fall crop of pictures is the
best ever sent from cinemaland
to a bored and depressed world.

From FLORABEL MUIR'S
Nationally Syndicated Column
in the N. Y. Daily News



"24 HOURS"

with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins
and Regis Toomey

Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Marion Gering

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"

With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles
Vivienne Osborne. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan

RUTH CHATTERTON

in "Once A Lady" with

Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr
Directed by Guthrie McClintic

"TOUCHDOWN!"

With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack Oakie,
Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett.

Directed by Norman McLeod.

and most of them are

P A R A M O U N T !

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

Ray Cooke and Dorothy Dix in a scene from "Torchy," the first of a new comedy series. This is a gay short feature and Ray and Dot are amusing.



REVUETTES

Let us help you select your screen entertainment with these concise criticisms of current pictures

Class A:

★ **BAD GIRL.** *Fox.* A human document in celluloid. Sally Eilers and James Dunn offer potent performances you won't forget. See it.

★ **BOUGHT.** *Warner Brothers.* Constance Bennett at her best. This film is grand entertainment. You'll like Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett, too.

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL.** *First National.* The best newspaper yarn to date, with the incomparable Edward G. Robinson starring. Marian Marsh makes a lovely heroine.*

★ **LARCENY LANE.** *Warner Brothers.* We recommend a new scream team—Joan Blondell and James Cagney. The story is a fast moving crook drama. A knockout.*

★ **MERELY MARY ANN.** *Fox.* Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are united again in a sentimental fairy-tale of a film—but you'll enjoy it.*

★ **PALMY DAYS.** *United Artists.* Not much plot—but goofy gags—lots of laughs—music—pretty girls, and plenty of Eddie Cantor. You just must see it!*

★ **STREET SCENE.** *United Artists.* The sidewalks of New York—drama, comedy and pathos. Sylvia Sydney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are splendid.

★ **THE GUARDSMAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* As intoxicating a show as the films have ever afforded. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne prove de-

SCREENLAND will aid you in your search for screen diversion. Note particularly our Seal of Approval films. See Page 102 for casts of current films.

lightful. If you like wit, subtlety, and polished acting, this is your picture.*

★ **THE LAST FLIGHT.** *First National.* A knock-out film of four war-birds and a girl in Paris. Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler head a fine cast. Different!

★ **THE UNHOLY GARDEN.** *United Artists.* Ronald Colman does the Modern Robin Hood thing—but in Colman's inimitable manner. Lots of speed and excitement. With Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray.*

★ **THIS MODERN AGE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Modern "mother and daughter" drama and Joan Crawford giving a great performance. Pauline Frederick, as the mother, makes a grand come-back. With Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley.

★ **TRANSLANTIC.** *Fox.* Fascinating melodrama of the goings-on aboard an ocean liner. Edmund Lowe turns in a corking job. Lois Moran, Greta Nissen and Myrna Loy are beautifully present.

Class B:

★ **BORDER LAW.** *Columbia.* One of the most interesting westerns in a long time. Good story, plenty of action and pleasant acting by Buck Jones.

★ **CAUGHT PLASTERED.** *RKO-Pathé.* Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler cavorting in a drug store. Plenty of gags—some not so good. Dorothy Lee is the romance.*

★ **DUGAN OF THE BAD LANDS.** *Monogram.* The youngsters will enjoy this western because the hero is a very young lad and he captures the villain. With Bill Cody and Blanche Mehaffy.

★ **FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP.** *Columbia.* A deep-sea drama strongly reminiscent of "Submarine." Good work by Jack Holt, Loretta Sayers and Richard Cromwell.*

★ **GRAFT.** *Universal.* Just another newspaper tale with Regis Toomey as a reporter and Sue Carol and Dorothy Revier as the feminine complications. Plenty of action but it lacks plausibility.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 120)

MIRTH...

HIJACKER OF THE BLUES..
... KING OF KOMICS

NAPOLEON OF NONSENSE...

GULLIVER OF GLEE..
HE-MAN OF HILARITY..
FOREMOST FUNSTER OF THEM ALL

Get acquainted with
JOE E. BROWN
The Clown Prince of the Talkies
 in
"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"
 with DOROTHY LEE
 Based on a play by
 J. C. and Elliott Nugent
 Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

Welcome Home!

How they look
when they land
from their Euro-
pean vacations

Marion Davies came back looking smarter than ever in her new black tucked dress and hat to match.

Doris Kenyon's return was a triumphant one, after starring in concerts abroad.



© Acme

Yoo-hoo! Lily! Did you have one gran' time in zat dear Paree, Mlle. Damita?



And here's the ever-popular Constance Bennett. Tell us, Connie, when will you marry the Marquis?



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Hoots and Hoorays



Great Scotty! Beautiful Joan Crawford has the fans all excited this month. See "This Modern Age," and you'll understand why.

Have your say about the movies—we're listening!

TRUE! (First Prize Letter)

People complain of the bad effect of movies on children, yet show no discrimination as to what they let them see. Parents know that all Shearer, Garbo, Dietrich and Bennett pictures are not always for children. Yet the theatres are packed with children from five to twelve years of age!

When "A Free Soul" was shown, I asked a little girl next to me what she was doing there. She said, "'Cause Ma's busy. Ain't Norma Shearer grand? I'm gonna be like her when I grow up!"

Now the real Norma is a splendid model for anyone, but—how was the child to know that the real Norma is a far cry from the rôles she portrays? And that she would probably have been horrified if she'd heard the child?

Parents, please—for the sake of the audience and for the benefit of your children, keep the latter from shows which hold no interest for them, and which they cannot possibly understand.

Eleanor Stewart,
327 Commercial St.,
East Braintree, Mass.

"SHORTS" (Second Prize Letter)

So much controversy over stars prompts me to voice my sentiments on those "starless" shorts. To me many of these short films are like a breath of fresh air coming between stark tragedy and utterly ridiculous comedy. They offer something unusual in the movies.

I remember an especially striking short which I saw some months ago—a study of Longfellow's poem, "The Tide Rises, The

Tide Falls." Congratulations to the producer, whoever he was! And the musical shorts, too, are fine.

Helen R. Naney,
Italy, Texas.

LADIES NEXT! (Third Prize Letter)

They're leaving us out! Why don't they make pictures for younger girls now and then? "Daddy Long Legs," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn" were all successes. Why shouldn't a picture based on "Little Women" or another of Louisa Alcott's books be equally successful?

Some of Mrs. Alcott's books, I am certain, are just as dear to the hearts of American lasses as "Daddy Long Legs." "Jack and Jill," should appeal to the younger girls. And to boys, too! "An Old-Fashioned Girl," I think, is one of the sweetest books Louisa Alcott wrote, and a picture based on that book could not help but be a success.

LaVerne Porterfield,
1005 Broad St.,
Durham, N. C.

And how do YOU feel? About the movies, we mean, of course. Send us your talkie comments, whether boosts or bumps—but always write constructively. The best letter each month wins a \$20 prize, with other prizes of \$15, \$10, and \$5 for the runner-ups. Letters should be not more than 150 words, and should reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

JOAN OF ART (Fourth Prize Letter)

My ideal! Guess who—

1. Two large, expressive grey eyes. 2. A nose that's exactly right. 3. A fine, generous mouth. 4. A mischievous, adorable smile. 5. Blonde hair—(at present, anyway)—worn in a long bob. 6. Freckles. 7. A figure that defies description. 8. Legs that challenge Marlene Dietrich's. 9. One of the screen's foremost dramatic actresses.

Of course—it's Joan Crawford!

Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York City.

CHEERS FOR NEW KIDS

Can't we please, just for one month, drop this Garbo line? We all admit Greta is a marvelous actress. So are Connie Bennett, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor—but must we listen to a repeated history of their lives from one month to another?

Why not give some of our newer American kids a break? They really deserve it, you know. Come on, now, drag out Dot Jordan, Mae Clark, and Loretta Young, and give them a big cheer. True, there are many who love Greta and who appreciate her talent; but our own have to have some recognition, and if Americans don't give it to them who else will? If America today is to reign supreme in motion pictures, it is the American actresses and actors that must do it, and they can succeed only with the help of the American people.

Helen G. Costello,
123 Ward Street,
New Haven, Connecticut.

Hoots and Hoorays

HOME GIRL MAKES GOOD

I'm not following the conventional trend in SCREENLAND by discussing these German, Swedish and Russian importations that are continually being foisted on an uninterested or stupid public, but I'm letting you know that I, for one of millions, prefer by far our own beautiful Janet Gaynor.

She is marvelous—the greatest actress ever! Anyone can be “bad” in real life or “reel” life, but how few can be so sweet and fine, so utterly adorable as the inimitable, glorious little Gaynor?

Dorothy De Long,
2053 Lincoln Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

HOW ABOUT “BAD GIRL”?

It seems that one can scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading that the Such-and-Such Film Corporation has just paid out a small fortune for the film rights to the current best-seller. Frankly, I have never clearly understood just why these producers part with these staggering sums.

Very few movies, reproduced from popular novels, resemble closely the stories from which they are alleged to have been taken. The theme of the story is usually changed, the characters either changed or distorted, and strangely enough, even the title is changed (thus striking out the possible excuse of “booktitle appeal”).

Why don't the producers go right ahead and film these stories on the quiet? No one, least of all the authors, would know the difference; and it would be money in the bank.

Blair Johnstone,
71 Glendale Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

HOWARD BOOSTER

Last year an appreciative audience applauded the sincere and sympathetic acting of a talented young Englishman, who helped make “Berkeley Square” one of the ten best plays of the year. Leslie Howard has a favorite's place on Broadway.

But now, out in Hollywood, where good actors are needed so badly, Leslie Howard is given a minor part in “A Free Soul,” while Clark Gable is given a major rôle. Mr. Howard showed his ability in “Outward Bound” and gave to picture audiences one of the few splendid performances of the past year. Surely, it is the duty of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to give Mr. Howard a rôle worthy of his talents in return for what he gave them in “Outward Bound.”

Miriam R. Flaherty,
27 N. Nashville Ave.,
Ventnor, N. J.

ANOTHER CHEER FOR GABLE

The screen has a number of picturesque boys who can win the hearts of their audiences in the rôle of the gallant young hero; it does not lack actors who can play villainous parts realistically and make their audiences hate them and applaud vigorously when they are “foiled again!” But to play menace-man parts and still make the fans love you—well, that's art in the first and last degree. And here's to the one and only man who can do it—Clark Gable!

He has looks, magnetism and talent. What more does it take to make a great

Howard you like to meet Leslie? Recruited from the New York stage, this engaging young Englishman belongs to that select company of actors who are bringing an agreeable air of cultivation and good breeding to the films. One of these days he's going to get a part with enough elbow room to show us what he can really do.



star? If the size of his Houston audiences is any criterion, the answer is, “Nothing.”

Estelle Wade,
Houston, Texas.

THE GREAT EDUCATOR

The talking picture has been a godsend to the aspiring polyglot. A roommate of mine at college, recently arrived from Spain, attributed his truly remarkable grasp of the English language to constantly attending the audible cinema. His incessant quest of new films has made him slightly ridiculous to those who class the product of filmland with chewing-gum and shilling-shockers. I wonder if they ever connect his passion for pictures with the fact that he receives A's in English, and that his diction puts them to shame?

In my own case, I have made many valuable friendships among foreign students by my ability to speak French, Spanish and German; and in my study of these languages I have been aided not a little by the foreign versions with Ramon Novarro, Maurice Chevalier and others, to say nothing of those splendid UFA operettas.

And, *apropos*, let's go musical again. Music is the international language.

H. Richard Ackerman,
324 Beverley Place,
Tracy, Calif.

A TIGER AND THREE CHEERS!

It's an education to go to the movies—certainly if and when they show films like

“Rango,” “Africa Speaks” and “Trader Horn.” I'm no movie fiend, and seldom go more than once a week. But just let jungle pictures of the excellence of those named above be shown, and I'll buy an all-year-round ticket for the front row!

Clinton W. Read,
101 Abbe Ave.,
Springfield, Ill.

BRAVE BUDDY!

Hooray for Buddy Rogers! He's not afraid to stand up for his principles! In a recent SCREENLAND article he admits that he doesn't care for booze or cigarettes, and that's some bravery in an age of ultra-sophistication. For some reason or other the sophisticates seem to think that a he-man is one who goes the limit on the vices and is shy of any virtues, but the truth of the matter is that any sap can follow the leader while it takes real manhood to remain true to ideals. I call Buddy a real good sport, and Ramon Novarro is another. We like to know that some of the actors remain idealists in an age of materialism.

E. Cooper,
843 So. 4th St.,
Alhambra, Calif.

MERRY MAURICE

The toast of gay Paree and the idol of America, Maurice Chevalier holds a position of high rank in the hearts of the
(Continued on page 125)



It's All Done With Mirrors!

Slavko Vorkapich, ace European camera expert, is now trick shot director at the Paramount studio in Hollywood. He's responsible for many of those odd, imaginative shots that you come across frequently in pictures. Here he is (in background) directing a scene in "Girls About Town." The fussy young lady is Adrienne Ames, who isn't enjoying quite as much privacy as she may think she is.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

S. V. E. We have no end of favorable comments about Estelle Taylor this month—and she richly deserves all the bouquets for her fine work in "Street Scene," "The Unholy Garden" and her rôle of *Dixie Lee* in "Cimarron." Estelle was born May 20, 1903, in Wilmington, Delaware. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has very dark brown hair and brown eyes. At one time she doubled for Dorothy Dalton in some of the earlier thrillers during the day—and at night, made her stage appearances. She has played in "The Whip Woman," "Lady Raffles," "The Ten Commandments," "Honor Bound," "Singapore," "Don Juan" with John Barrymore, and in "Where East is East" with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez. Then she was *Dixie Lee* in "Cimarron." Her latest release is "The Unholy Garden," with Ronald Colman.

Laura J. M. You ask, why is Garbo so mysterious, or is she? That's the idea, is she? Constance Bennett is a natural blonde if you know what I mean. She admits she likes Joel McCrea and who wouldn't? But it never was serious with Connie and Joel. In fact, Miss Bennett may be the new Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye by the time you read this.

Arthur E. P. You shall have a dash of Ginger Rogers, though she is too young to have much of a past to reveal so here's a review of the little girl's life so far. She was born in Independence, Mo., on July 16, and not so long ago. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She was the best all-round athlete of her class in high school. She has a Ford and a Cord and can't decide which she likes to drive the best. Her first picture was "Young Man of Manhattan" with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. She alternates stage with screen engagements—is in Hollywood right now. Ginger is in Bill Boyd's film, "Suicide Fleet," and with Eddie Quillan in "The Tip-Off," for RKO-Pathé. She is divorced from Jack Culpepper, a vaudeville actor. Mervyn Le Roy is giving Ginger a rush right now.

Bess W. I wouldn't call you fresh for asking so many questions—I'm frightfully polite. Sylvia Sidney was born Aug. 8, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 104 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Her new picture is "Street Scene" with William Collier, Jr., Estelle Taylor, and several new screen personalities. Helen Chandler was born in Charleston, N. C., in 1909. She has blonde hair, blue-grey eyes, weighs 102 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She is the wife of Cyril Hume, the novelist. She was on the stage when 9 years old; was Ramon Novarro's leading lady in "Daybreak," and appears with Richard Barthelmess in his latest release, "The Last Flight." Joan Bennett is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes and was born Feb. 27, 1911, in Palisades, N. J. Her last picture, made just before her accident in which her hip was broken, was "Hush

The Answer Girl is here to answer your questions on this page. Please be patient and await your turn—and consult Page 102 for the casts of current films, and Page 103 for stars' addresses, before asking your questions. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

Money" with Hardie Albright. Joan will be back at work soon—she is recovering rapidly.

Bobbie M. If you insist, I'll try to get word to Barry Norton to reduce about 5 pounds or so—but why the gesture of distress when we were all dying to see Barry on the screen again, either fat or thin? His work in "Dishonored" should put him a few notches ahead and aren't we glad? Billie Dove appears in "Age for Love" with Charles Starrett, Lois Wilson, Edward Everett Horton and Mary Duncan. Lloyd Hughes, Marian Nixon and Eddie Phillips are in "A Private Scandal," another underworld story.

Frances K. If you ask me and I think you did, I'll personally nominate Leslie Howard as one of the best bets in pictures, if the big boys at the studios will give him a chance to show his ability. He has played with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," with Marion Davies in "Five and Ten" and will appear with Ann Harding in "Devotion." Leslie was born in England, is happily married, and has two charming children. In his spare time he writes clever satire.

Vivian G. I'm sorry I can't produce the exact figures of the salaries of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer but why worry over a big thing like a star's salary? Norma's next picture is "Private Lives"



Estelle Taylor

Since her stirring portrayal of the unhappy wife in "Street Scene," Estelle Taylor has stepped into new screen popularity.

with Robert Montgomery, an adaptation of Noel Coward's play of the same name. Reginald Denny, Una Merkel and Jean Hersholt have featured parts in Norma's support. Joan Crawford's next will be "The Mirage," another stage play that won much praise from critics and paid admissions. Joan will have Clark Gable for her leading man. Lucky Joan, sigh the girls. "Lucky Clark!" say the boys.

B. F. J. Thanks a lot. Marlene Dietrich's songs in "Blue Angel"? *K. Yoo-Hoo* of the August issue may be interested to know she sang *Naughty Lola* and *Falling in Love Again*. Dietrich made Victor records of these songs and you may be able to secure them through your Victor dealer. (Not an adv.) They tell me that Mickey Mouse gets more fan mail than Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer with something like 7,000 letters a week. Ho-hum, every mouse has his day.

Maryanna. No, I haven't gone Hollywood and my hats never vary in head size, my heart is in its usual place with the fans, for the fans and—who started this.
(Continued on page 122)

'RAY-TEAM!

Leading a cheer for the
on the screen, Blondell and

Take
Your Bow,
JOAN!



SHE hasn't been in pictures very long, but she has made every scene count. Perhaps you saw her first as the breezy sister of Dorothy Mackaill in "The Office Wife." If so, you remembered her and watched for her in other pictures. "Sinners' Holiday," "God's Gift to Women," "Night Nurse," "The Reckless Hour" and "The Public Enemy" added to her reputation as a sparkling player of fresh, wise-cracking rôles. But in "Larceny Lane" she has her first real chance, and she proves that she is far, far more than a clever "bit" player. She's a very big potential star. She has the humor of a Mabel Normand or a Constance Talmadge, the sparkle of a Marion Davies, the vital, real, down-to-earthiness of a Clara Bow.

JOAN, JIMMY!

fastest and funniest team
Cagney. Watch them score!

Here
You Are,
JIMMY!

IN 1929 a young actor named James Cagney acted in a play called "Maggie the Magnificent." Opposite him was a young actress named Joan Blondell. They both scored. Both were signed for "Penny Arcade" next season. They scored again. Warners bought the screen rights and Cagney and Blondell went to Hollywood. The picture emerged as "Sinners' Holiday"—and it sent James Cagney and Joan Blondell well on their way to screen stardom. You saw Cagney in "The Public Enemy," "The Millionaire," and "Smart Money," so you know what a good actor and ingratiating personality he is. Now, in "Larceny Lane," with Joan Blondell, he becomes definitely one of the great personal hits of the screen. We predict that 1932 will be a Cagney year.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December, 1931

DON'T blame me for this one—it's Eddie Cantor's.

Whenever two or three women get together these days, says Eddie, they talk turkey—it's "Gable—Gable—Gable."

I know it. And not only women. Men like him, too. They can't help themselves. Clark Gable isn't breaking up any homes. He is holding them together. Where formerly the Missus sneaked off to the movies alone to see her secret passion, because the Mister couldn't stand the sight of him, now the whole family goes forth in a body to see the latest Gable gabloid. So let's talk about him. Hollywood is talking of little else. And every other letter that comes in to SCREENLAND is a Gable rave.

They know he is married. It makes no difference. They know he's just a nice, comfortable guy off the screen, with no outstanding bad habits—but they refuse to be disillusioned. They have even heard that Mr. Gable says "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am" to lady reporters. They have heard him kidded by Cantor and Groucho Marx. They have read that Wally Beery calls him "What-a-Man Gable." (Just professional jealousy, that's all.) But what of it? The screen public has Gone Gable, with the same unanimity that it went Garbo. Not since Valentino has the world made such an idol of an actor—and not even then.

For Rudy was a little-Lord-Fauntleroy in comparison to Clark. The new man's career has been builded upon curses and kicks, not kisses. I remember I first saw Gable in "The Painted Desert." He was the dirty villain who blew up the mine to get the girl from Bill Boyd.

In "Night Nurse" he was a caddish chauffeur who socked Barbara Stanwyck—and socked her hard.

In "A Free Soul" he was brutal to Norma Shearer—Mrs. Irving Thalberg!

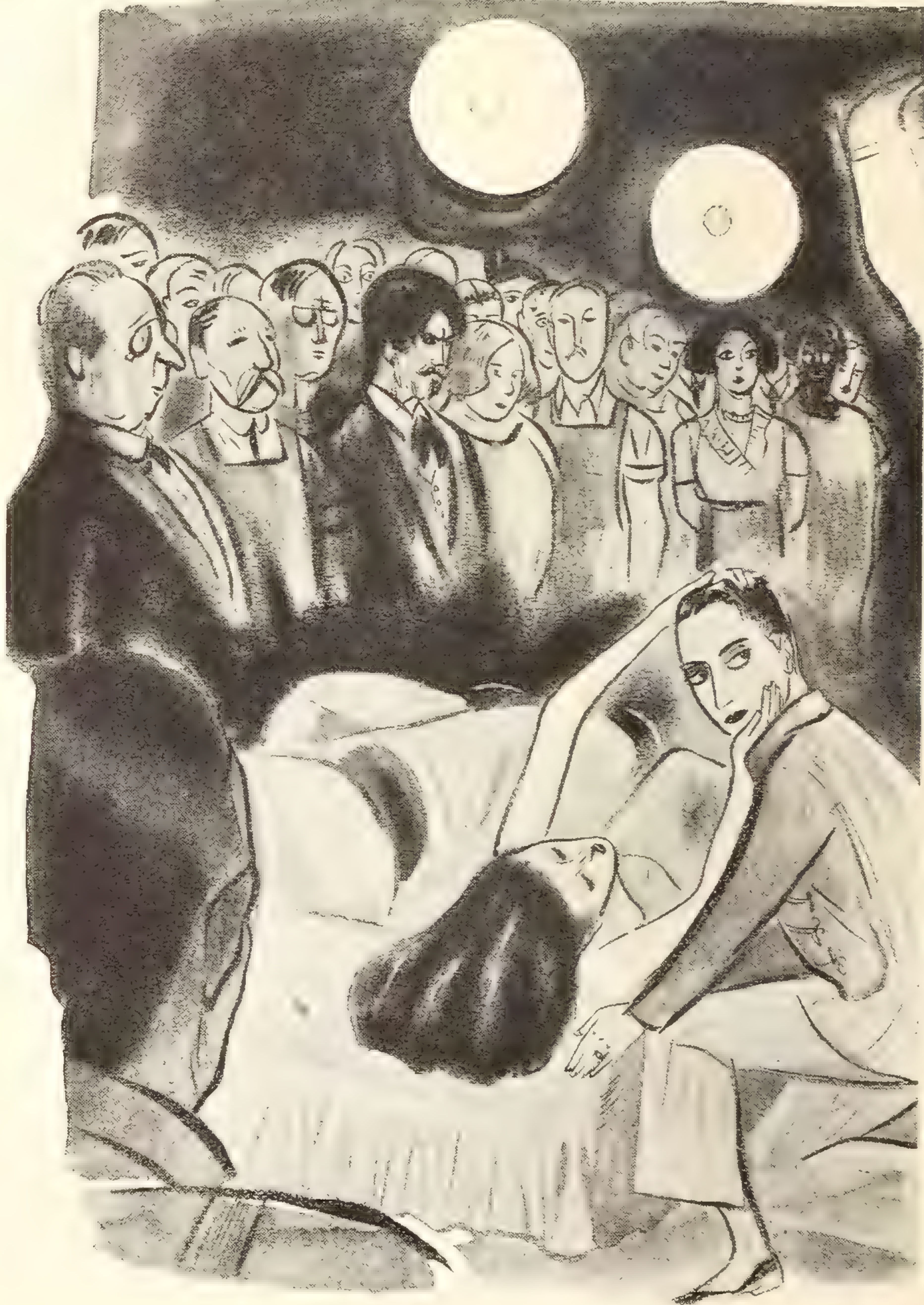
In Garbo's "Susan Lenox," I hear, he behaves pretty well. But I hope that it isn't permanent. The Metro officials had better face facts right here and now—we want Gable mean. He started mean and we want him to stay mean. Pretty up the Menace of the Movies and he will lose half his following.

On the stage, too, Gable scored his big hit in the part of *Killer Mears* in the west-coast production of "The Last Mile"—a terrific rôle in a pulse-stirring play. This

engagement led indirectly to his screen career—which, by the way, had more setbacks before eventual stardom than any actor's I can think of right now.

It was the same with his stage experience. Once he was up for a part in a Leslie Howard play. The part called for love-making—but Mr. Howard decided that Gable was emphatically not the type. Later, as you know, Messrs. Howard and Gable battled for the affections of Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul" and Howard had to kill Gable to get the girl.

Leslie Howard, one of the finest and most sensitive artists who ever stepped on a stage, has left Holly-



The Editor's Page

wood to return to the "legit." Gable stays—a great lover, a great menace, a great guy!

Mickey Mouse signs on the dotted line to give his future services to United Artists, where he will work on the same lot as his best booster, Mary Pickford. Buddy Rogers plans to leave the movies to lead an orchestra in a Manhattan hotel. Gandhi, in London, asks to meet Charlie Chaplin—"the man who has made the millions laugh." Anita Page will support Marian Marsh in Marian's first starring picture, "Under Eighteen." Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman are off on a long European vacation—Eddie says he needs a rest; some

say it's contract trouble. Jack Holt will play Richard Cromwell's father in a new football picture. Add foreign competition: Mady Christians comes from Europe to star on American stage and screen. Elissa Landi may go home to England—hope not. Gary Cooper is the darling of the debs in New York this season. He is having a bigger social success than any screen star ever had with the exception of Tallulah Bankhead. But he would rather not have it mentioned for fear we'll think he is trying to crash in on big names. We know you better than that, Gary. George Arliss is so completely sold on motion pictures that he

will devote all of his time to them in the future, giving up the stage entirely. And—what? Oh! Well, all right—if you want to see the first show of "Susan Lenox" maybe we *had* better get going. And speaking of Clark Gable—we'll give you his life story soon. Watch for it!

D. E.

STUDIO LOVE

The Director: "Now please, *everybody*—let's make this kiss a big success!"

A drawing by
Victor De Pauw



The SOUL of GARBO

"Garbo is not a woman—she is Woman! Sex, to her, is not merely a twentieth century vulgarity, but an ancient fire of the spirit of humanity, beating at the walls of imprisoning flesh to find its way to immortality."

By
Margery
Wilson

Yes, the same Miss Wilson who is our charm expert and beauty editor. An authority on personality, she is supremely qualified to dissect the greatest personality of them all!

Garbo herself read this story—and liked it very much. The only article on record about the great Swedish star which she consented to read and pass on. It offers an amazing theory—and, whether you agree or not, it will afford you thrilling entertainment.

Frozen music. The reflection of fire in a cool lake. Snow-burn. The unearthly silence of the far north. The mystery of endless quiet. The sadness of falling leaves. The languor of blue twilight after a flaming sunset. The hush before dawn.

ALL of these are Greta Garbo—but they are not all of her. Her very simplicity is so complex that it almost eludes analysis.

In spite of her Scandinavian blondness and her generous Nordic inches, there is an Oriental some-

thing in, about and through her. She brings to mind the half-authentic, half-legendary stories of the Mongolian "Hordes of Attila," the "Scourge of God" and others before and after him, who swept from Asia over northern Europe, conquering, laying waste, absorbing what they found. History knows them as Tartars and Huns.

Many a Greek and Roman mother frightened her children into obedience by threatening to give them to Attila



The most unusual article ever written about Greta, in which the writer calls her "The Blonde Oriental"—and explains why



Garbo with
Clark Gable in
"Susan Lennox."

(who had been dead hundreds of years). The trace of Tartar blood, the last stubborn vestige of their physical impress on the western world, is found very markedly in the peculiarly slanting eyes of certain types of Danes, North-Germans, the Swedes and the Norwegians.

The fascinating eyes of Garbo would seem to be the key to her obvious Orientalism. Beyond that, one feels it, senses it.

Her stoicism, her intuitive wisdom, her love of aloneness, silence—her uncanny ability to sit motionless for hours as an introspective student of Buddha might do—the droop of her thoughtful, brooding mouth—all of these pull our minds *East!*

East to the lands of repressed emotion, to the wordless, wise Sphinx, to the grace of old, old history told in verses of rhythm and romance! This is what we see in the depths of Garbo's eyes.

The apparent repose of the true Oriental seems to hold the memory of all human experience that has gone before.

The Orient has the poise and quietude of much knowledge in racial memories. (*Garbo has this poise.*) It holds lost secrets of architecture, forgotten sciences and crafts.

The charm of Garbo has nothing in common with the up-to-date girl. Hers is not the art of Doing, but rather of Being. This is the basic essence of all Oriental teachings.

A great part of Garbo's power lies in the fact that she moves so little. Therefore every gesture has meaning, is unconfused by what has already filled the eye.

Her strength lies not in what she does, but rather in what she does *not* do—off screen and on. She does none of the things that a great star is supposed to do. This is one of her charms, hers alone. No other actress in motion pictures has ever been anything like her.

Withdrawn, aloof, curiously incurious, she attends strictly to her own business and expects—permits other people to do the same (a strong (Continued on page 108)

To watch Garbo move through a picture is like watching a slow dance. Too tall, without one perfect feature, she creates an illusion of loveliness, of liquid, flowing, coordinated movement that is sheer delight to witness.



Raymond Milland

IN THE August issue, SCREENLAND looked over the prospects in the way of new juveniles in pictures and was a little discouraged over the material at hand. It seemed as though there were really no promising gents coming along in the industry to take the places of Barthelmess, Colman, Gilbert, Haines, Novarro, and other present standbys.

And the producers, reading the article, immediately got busy and began signing up and developing a whole flock of new talent. Some of them will click in a big way and some will probably be back in a few months where they were when SCREENLAND started things rolling.

Look them over. Get an eyeful and pick your favorite!

The boy getting the biggest build-up of any of the newcomers is James Dunn, on the Fox lot. The studio has launched a publicity campaign on Jimmy's behalf, sufficient in magnitude to put across a new brand of tooth-paste. The trailer for "Bad Girl" modestly proclaims him a combination of Mayor Jimmy Walker, the Prince of Wales and Lindbergh. The trailer was greeted with howls of mirth and derision but Jimmy is really one of the nicest boys you'll ever run across. He's as informal as Inf himself and the dignity that should sit weightily on a star's shoulders is totally missing. Jimmy is everybody's friend, and the wide, wide world is his pal.

FOUND!

NEW

MEN

in

Hollywood

By
S. R. Mook

Prop boys, electricians, filling-station attendants—anyone he meets who talks to him for more than five minutes calls him by his first name. He doesn't really think he's as good as the studio tells him he is, but as long as they have faith in him, he's willing to stick around and work like a trouper to make good for them.

His schooling finished, he started work as an office boy in a stock broker's joint in New York. He cleaned cuspidors—but didn't like it. So, after five or six years, he quit and went on the road selling lunch wagons. After a couple of years at that he had cleaned up about ten thousand dollars in commissions. You can't say "no" when Jimmy grins at you. At least, people can't but the stock market ticker is something else again.

Jimmy went down into Wall Street determined to be a financial wizard. A couple of weeks or so was enough to finish him. He went over to Paramount's Long Island studio and got extra work. Then he got a part in "Nightstick"—which reached the screen as "Alibi." When "Nightstick" folded, Jimmy played in a couple of stock companies, followed those engagements with one in "Sweet Adeline" opposite Helen Morgan, and from there he came to Fox.

In addition to "Bad Girl" he has made "Sob Sister," and is working in "Over the Hill" at the moment. He will play opposite Janet Gaynor in one of her new films.

He lives with his mother in a rambling house on the side of a hill, goes places with Molly O'Day, and when he isn't working he dresses in the oldest clothes he can find.

If his grin gets across on the screen as it does when you meet him face to face, he should be high in popular

The Answer to "New Men Wanted in Hollywood." Here They Are. We Hope You'll Like Them!

favor before the end of the year has rolled around.

With the possible exception of Donald Dillaway, Ray Milland has the most dynamic personality of any of the newcomers. He was born in Drogheda, Ireland, on January 3, 1905, and educated at King's College, Cardiff, Wales.

His father was a steel manufacturer and had picked out a mercantile career for his son. But Ray and the old gentleman didn't get along too well, so, after about three months in his father's plant, Ray packed up his troubles in his old kit bag and shipped on a potato boat plying between the Channel Islands and England.

When that wore out, he shipped on a Mediterranean freighter. Once, during this time, he and a friend of his landed in one of the Southern Italian coast cities—broke—of course. How or when they were going to eat was causing them no little anxiety. "While strolling in the park one day, in the merry, merry month of May—Ray was taken by surprise at the sight that met his eyes," etc., etc.—for lo, and behold! there was his father coming towards him dolled up like a haberdasher's vision of what the well-dressed man will wear: high hat, frock coat, gloves, cane and spats.

For once, Ray was glad to see him but the lovelight died in his eyes as his father brushed sleeves with him and strode on without vouchsafing so much as a glance of recognition.

Ray returned to England and got a job breaking in horses—hunters, racers, etc. He got about thirty dollars a month and his board and room.

From there he drifted over to a training camp for boxers which a friend of his was running. Ray was about eighteen at the time and plenty fast on his feet. Three days a week he sparred and three days he did road work. Once, one of the fighters took sick and Ray substituted for him in a professional bout. He won on points and got \$25 for his work. A couple of weeks later, another one took sick and Ray substituted a second time, again winning on points and collecting \$50 for that bout.

The third time he was matched under his own name. As he explains it, he liked to spar but he hadn't the killer's instinct. The idea of just sailing into a fellow and pummeling the life out of him didn't appeal to Ray. He sparred around the ring until his opponent, sensing that Ray wasn't going to hit him hard, left himself wide open and got to work on Ray, with the result that the latter shortly found himself with several broken and splintered teeth and several others missing altogether.

He quit boxing and wandered down into Spain. An aunt had left him \$17,500 which

he was to get when he was twenty-five. When he was twenty-one—and broke—he wrote to his father, telling him if he would give him his inheritance he would never bother him again. His father sent the money and forty-eight hours later Ray was back in London.

For a year he lived high and handsomely. As the year came to an end, so did Ray's resources. One night he was down to his last fifty dollars. He took a picture actress—Estelle Brody—to dinner. The dinner over, and the money gone, she, knowing nothing of his predicament, suggested that he come out to the studio next day and take a test for the lead in her next picture. He did—and got it. Then he got a job doubling for another actor who was supposed to be a sharpshooter—but wasn't.

Just before he finished that engagement he had an offer of a lead in a big picture and when the director he



Gene Raymond



James Dunn



Tom Douglas



Alexander Kirkland

Look them over! Pick your favorite! Some of these new boys will come crashing through to stardom!

was working for refused to let him leave the picture in order to accept the new engagement, Ray snatched up a revolver and threatened to kill him. The director seized another gun and they faced each other on opposite sides of the stage, blood in their eyes and murder in their hearts. At that psychological moment, the door opened and the studio manager entered with the Prince of Wales and some friends. The S.M. was petrified and upon learning the cause of the fireworks, promised Ray his release if he would put down the gun.

Ray played the lead, all right, and was placed under contract by British International Pictures. At the end of the year, he refused to re-sign at the same salary and they let him go. He got a job with one of the Charlotte revues featuring Beatrice Lillie and played in it for a week when M-G-M signed him and brought him over here.

His American screen debut occurred in "The Passion Flower," and his next was "The Bachelor Father." Following that, he played one of the leads with Constance Bennett in "Bought" and is currently working with Will Rogers in "Dollar Bill."

He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes and is one of the handsomest men in pictures. If M-G-M work with him he should be one of the best bets in pictures in a very short time.

Then there's Gene Raymond—as you know if you saw Nancy Carroll's picture "Personal Maid." Gene is young, blonde, wavy-haired — (natural) — and very, very fresh. He's the freshest and most likable youth who has swaggered across the screen since Billy

Haines first made us chuckle. "Personal Maid" marked Gene's film début. On the stage he was very well-known as Raymond Guion. He changed his name because no two persons ever pronounced it alike.

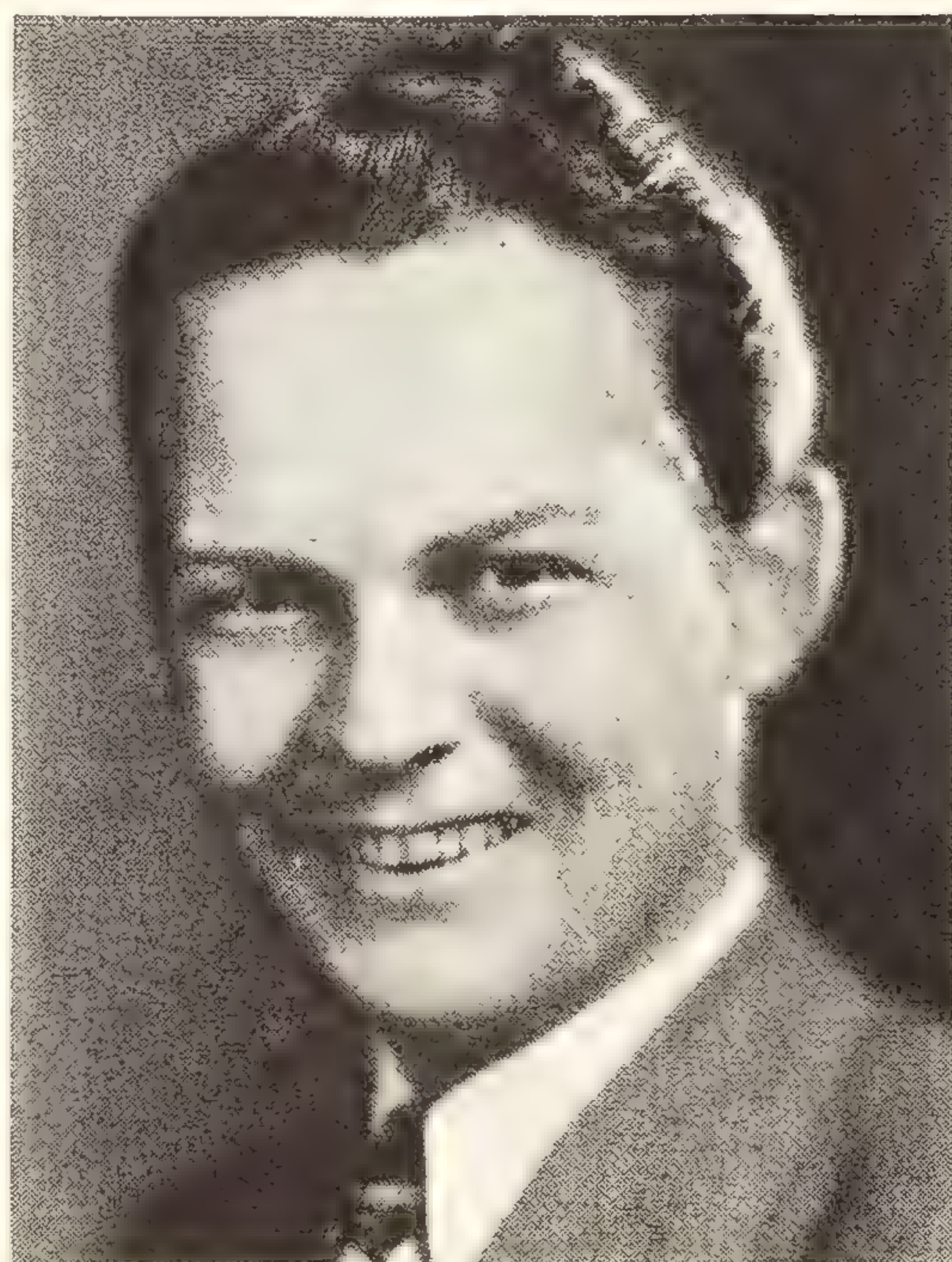
A bit of biographical data about him? Well, he was born in New York City in 1908 and began his stage career at the age of five, when he appeared in several stock productions. He left grade school in his fourth year and entered the Professional Tutoring School, a training institution for the stage, where he remained until he made his first real début in "The Potters" on Broadway, in 1924. From then on, he was seen in some of the best plays and with some of the best stage people! It was in "Cradle Snatchers" that he made his real hit. Following this he was co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in "Mirrors."

Some time later came "Young Sinners," which led to his screen contract. His rôle in his first picture, incidentally, is similar to the part he played in that show—that of a pampered scion of wealth who is kicked out of college. He likes such rôles!

Raymond has carried off blue ribbons in jumping contests in horse shows. He is interested in everything athletic. At twenty-two he is the youngest member of the exclusive Players' Club which was founded by Edwin Booth. Gene will be seen next opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House." Watch this boy—he is surely slated for stardom.

Alexander Kirkland is due for a change of name before his picture is shown. His friends call him Bill.

Here is a boy who has known LIFE in capital letters and who comes (Continued on page 107)



Donald Dillaway

She started in pictures at six—years, not o'clock. Now she's the kind of girl that men of the world hope to marry. And guess what her ambition is?

Here's a thumbnail sketch
of a young old-timer

By
Ralph
Wheeler



GOOD
EVANS!

It's Little Madge!

A BUDDING orchid. Beautiful in immaturity. Crisp and fresh. Not too bubbling. Youth without brashness. Delightfully repressive. Almost red hair. Blue eyes. Skin of satiny texture. Looks better without make-up. She never wears a hat. Hails from New York. Never saw Hollywood until this year. Slim. Shapely. Just 116 pounds of her. Delicious diction.

In many ways like Norma Shearer. That straight-in-the-eye manner of talking. Brittle words. Wholesomeness. Charming frankness. She has no false scruples. Makes pals of her boy friends. But isn't trying to dodge romance. The kind of a girl men of the world hope to marry. And don't deserve. Remember her in those Fairy soap ads? Don't mention it. Or the brewery posters in the good old—(ahem!)—Anheuser-Busch days.

Started in pictures when six years old. Starred in "The Little Duchess" among others. When thirteen was leading lady, no less, to John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson." Director who gave her start boarded in her house. Now a Hollywood extra. She wears sports togs mostly. And summery organdy frocks. Weakness for butterscotch.

Laughs like Elinor Glyn heroine. Musical. Belongs to Actors' Equity and knows how to make speeches. Has few friends in pictures. Knew all the old Fort Lee World Film stars. Robert Warwick. Ethel Clayton. Pearl White. Montagu Love. Herbert Rawlinson, etc., etc.

Reads biographies. Famous courtesans her heroines. Naughty, naughty! Has pet Pekingese. Hates use of the personal pronoun. Thinks Hollywood strangest place on earth. But then, she doesn't know the earth.

Seldom wears jewelry. Or ostentatious ensembles. Features chiselled from classic mould. And not too perfect. Tapering fingers. Never carries an umbrella. Enjoys Amos 'n' Andy. Left Broadway success to make talkie debut with Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." Stage hands and electricians think she's great trouser. So does everyone else. Gets sleepy and goes home just as parties get going good. Abhors black stockings.

Never went to public school. Private tutors taught A.B.C.'s while she worked in studios and on stage. Fond of swimming and riding. A good listener. Which makes her popular with men. Can't resist roller-coasters. Or shooting galleries. Drives flivver's nearest relative. Walks with great strides. Never chews gum. Hasn't slightest actressy mannerism. Elegant poise. Can't stand water dripping from faucet at night. A fresh air fiend. Smiles out of speed ticket at least once a week. Keeps a diary. Thinks it's cruel to use little fish for bait. Can write left-handed. (Continued on page 115)



Joan Crawford is always a favorite charmer—and she was born in Texas!



Constance Bennett has a charm all her own, without a foreign accent.



Kay Francis, suave and slinky, hasn't an exotic syllable to her name!

Domestic or Foreign

IN THOSE first startled days when talkies made their début, things looked pretty glum for the foreigners. Hollywood decided pronto that accents wouldn't do. Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Victor Varconi, Vilma Banky, Jetta Goudal—oh, a sad exodus. We even trembled for Garbo. The best that could be hoped for them was foreign versions.

So it looked as if the domestic brand of actors would have a clear market and no competition. At least, the established film stars of silents felt that domestic stage stars would be their only rivals. These, heaven knew, were quite disconcerting enough, when the Broadway rush began.

But by and by came Maurice Chevalier. Yes, yes, Maurice complicated the situation a lot. His foreign accent was too quaint! Later was to come the thrilling announcement, "Garbo talks." Garbo talked marvelously in Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," and right then and there a new foreign invasion began. Hollywood had been made too darned safe for the foreigner.

In fact, Garbo was responsible for a wild hunt for Garbos. Every new find was dubbed "another Garbo."

Paramount publicly deplored the Marlene Dietrich comparison with Metro's precious Garbo. Metro was pervaded with that dazed look. How dared there be more than one Garbo? But Dietrich soared to glory with a voice not unlike Garbo's, with exactly the right throaty piquancy; and Foreign Accents stock soared. The doors were wide open. Even nice sweet American girls started acquiring accents! Fifi Dorsay, who had been willing to banish hers, acted up for all

With exotic lure in demand, what does the future hold for our own girls?

Norma Shearer has done English rôles beautifully. Has she anything to fear at the hands of alien rivals?



No competition can stale the infinite variety of clever Ruth Chatterton's acting.



Lupe Velez, Mexican menace, gave the home girls something to think about.



Elissa Landi combines English charm with an old European heritage.



Beautiful Lil Dagover represents Germany in the Hollywood League of Nations.

CHARMERS?

By
Alma Whitaker

the French that is in her. Such established charmers as Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson polished up their French and occasionally saucily confused it with their English on suitable public occasions.

Paul Lukas began attracting attention again, and at

this writing becomes a star in "Bachelor." Ivan Lebedeff, who had been plugging along and getting nowhere in particular, was suddenly seen as a dashing romantic foreigner of matinée idol potentialities—with accent. Ramon Novarro, whose popularity never had waned, became more desirable than ever, and was able to promote a handsomer contract. Nils Asther now succeeded in edging back again. Greta Nissen, who hadn't proved so hot in silents, was fetched back and found utterly desirable. Lily Damita's temporarily dimmed glow began to shine forth again. Bela Lugosi was snatched by Universal as being such "an attractive foreign devil." Conchita Monte-
(Con't. on page 110)



Pola of Poland. Will she score another victory for the Foreign Invasion?



La Damita brought French zip, zest, and zowie to the Hollywood screen scene.



Anita was called Hollywood's "no-date" girl. But a smart young reporter scooped 'em all! Meet Ben Maddox, lucky boy, to the right.

Heretofore, wherever Miss Page went, her family went, stayed, and left when she did. But What-a-Man Maddox managed to persuade Anita to step out with him.



The "No-Date" Girl

Our reporter leads the rush to date Anita Page—and wins

By
Ben Maddox

THE palpitation-making Page is now eligible for dates!

I ought to know—for I'm the lucky devil who had the honor of taking Anita out on her very first date. Was I thrilled? Well, what do you think?

Heretofore, even when such a notable fellow as Charlie Farrell—then unmarried—had asked her to such a respectable affair as a Charles Rogers party, her family went, stayed, and left when she did. Not that they mistrusted innocent old Charlie or any of the other famous screen lovers who wanted to take La Belle Anita out. Her mother and father are the most regular parents I've ever encountered. But "no-dates" was Anita's story, and doggoned if they were going to fall down on it.

But now she's broken down—or broken out, if you prefer. Just imagine my reaction when she said to me, "Yes, I'll go out with you alone!"

Having known her for three years as Hollywood's most sanctified, most inaccessible star, I could only gasp, "There is a Buddy Rogers!" Fortunately, I was leaning against Anita's living-room table, and it was not one of those break-away pieces of furniture. And it didn't take me long to revive when I saw she meant it.

"No-Date" Anita until now has been movieland's quaintest and choicest legend. Nary a single date since her arrival in Hollywood. Sometimes a young man went along

with Anita and her family to parties, premieres, and shows. But either her mother or father was always in constant attendance.

My guardian angel must have been instrumental in having me around when Anita and her parents decided that enough could be done with the best of schemes. She had never had any dates because she wanted to concentrate on her career. Now that she's well established, and twenty-one, the time has come for her to go out like others her age.

Mary Brian and Marguerite Churchill and Maureen O'Sullivan had better look to their social laurels. You know what they say about gentlemen admiring blondes. I foresee a stampede when the good news about the emergence of Hollywood's loveliest golden-haired maiden gets around to all the would-be boy friends.

I have dated just enough girls to know that appearances can be deceptive sometimes. Anita has been cast in a series of pretty dumb rôles. Filmatically speaking, she's always falling into passion's clutches because her picture mama didn't (Continued on page 113)



Five feet four inches of superlative feminine charm, raves Ben. And Anita, he adds, tangoes divinely. Here's a close-up of that big date.

"Worrier" Robinson

Champ, king, sultan, ace, chief, etc., of worriers is Edward G. Why? See this story. It's exclusive, it's hilarious, it's true!

By
Norman
Krasna

Pardon us while we boast! We're pretty proud of Mr. Krasna, who wrote this story. He has also written a knock-out play about Hollywood, "Louder, Please!" to be produced on Broadway any minute now. Read SCREENLAND for the live writers!



Robinson? Well, here he is, above, as you probably know him from the stories you have read. But, to the left, is the way his boss, his wife, his studio associates know him—Robinson, the Worrier!

THE champ, the king, the sultan, the emperor, the chief, the head, the ace, the premiere, the first, the Greatest Worrier in the World—Mr. Edward G. Robinson.

Head and shoulders, chest and shoulder-blades over his rivals, he can worry rings around anyone. And he does. Before pictures he worries what his next story will be; during pictures he worries how it's going; and after pictures he worries both how the story just finished will go, and what will he do next? Worry, worry, worry, the King of Nazilia and Edward G. Robinson!

Perhaps the trick behind the cinematic success of Edward G. Robinson, exemplified in "Little Caesar," "Smart Money," and "Five Star Final," lies in just that. Surely other actors worry, but none worry nearly as intensively and sincerely as Edward G.

It's a very constructive worrying, not expended on anything but the welfare of his picture. He has an almost childlike naïveté in the opinions of others, and it is no strange sight for Warner employees to see the squat and energetic star hunched over a lunch-room table acting out a vivid piece of drama—to an electrician he picked out on his set.

To trace the personal attentions heaped by Robinson on one of his pictures is to follow the history of an entire production.

Beginning, first, with the selection of the story itself. Robinson can be depended upon, once a week, to walk

into J. L. Warner's office with a dozen manuscripts or magazine stories. "I was wondering," he usually begins. Warner's answer usually starts with, "But Eddie, we have stories for you for the next five pictures."

Taking for granted that Robinson has finally approved a story, which is taking a lot for granted, since it includes his reciting the plot to so many persons for their opinions that Warners fear all the other companies will have the same story too, we come to the story conference.

A story conference is a collection of executives: director, story head, adapter, dialogue writer and the scenic designer, all of whom thrash out what they believe weaknesses and improvements in the story as it exists at the moment. Stars do not attend these conferences, by request, for very obvious reasons.

Still, a few of them are exceptions, notably John Barrymore, William Powell, Constance Bennett, Richard Barthelmess, who have both power by contract to help choose their own stories and also, which is the reason for that power, the native ability to recognize a story when they see it.

Robinson is one of the chosen few. For those who do not know of Robinson's activities during the ten years preceding his Hollywood attack, it might be mentioned he was the Theatre (*Continued on page 114*)



How *Love* changed DOLORES DEL RIO

LOVE has changed Dolores Del Rio from a thoughtless, extravagant girl to a thoughtful woman. A woman who feels that the love she has found in her marriage to Cedric Gibbons is something that should be placed on a firm foundation.

She is waking up to the fact that wolves lurk on Hollywood doorsteps!

Cedric Gibbons, well-known art director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, husband of the Mexican star, is well able to club the wolf. He draws a nice, fat salary and is quite the man of the family, bearing every expense connected with the running of the Gibbons home.

Dolores has learned that life has a side that hits the most firmly entrenched families and the plumpest of bank rolls. She has had an ear to the ground during the financial depression. And what is more, she has listened, with the result that there is one more business woman in

the movies, and one reckless spender missing.

The petted, pampered darling of the gods has been hit by domestic tribulation, divorce, the death of Jaime Del Rio, a serious illness, and a cancelled contract—in a few crowded years.

The same week she and Cedric Gibbons were married, a serious ailment struck her down.

These slaps of misfortune provided food for thought. And Dolores did plenty of thinking. The result is that a once extravagant, thoughtless, money-reckless girl has become a serious woman. Losing none of her charm, she has poise and understanding and thinks twice before she leaps into any orgy of spending, even offering a suggestion to help solve hard times.

"Pay your bills just as promptly as you can," said Dolores one afternoon recently as we sat in the patio of her Outpost Estates home. "That's what I'm trying to

Dolores, the Petted, Pampered Picture Queen, is a New Person Now! This Story Tells You of the Transformation of an Extravagant, Luxury-Loving Star into a Very Real Human Being

By
Harry D. Wilson

do. It's such a relief to have it off your mind!"

Dolores spoke with the seriousness of a Babson as she unfolded her well-thought-out plan. "I believe if everyone will try and do that and then spend money in a normal way, not buying extravagantly, nor, at the same time, curtailing their expenditures, it would help greatly toward normalizing everything.

"You see," she continued, "investments in which I was interested were fluctuating. I could never tell what was going to happen. It was a great temptation to become alarmed. Not that I had to think about changing my mode of living, for Cedric gives me everything my heart desires. Our financial affairs are things apart. Cedric takes care of all my expenses and the management of my own salary is quite my own affair. He has nice, conservative ideas and our married life is just the same as any other young couple's.

"I used to be thoughtless in my spending. I admit it. I would buy things that even for the amount of money I was earning were extravagant. That is what less fortunate people resent—sheer extravagance. Naturally I would wonder at the large bills that came fluttering in every month.

"Loving beautiful things, I was a target for the merchants. They knew my weakness for tapestries; old silver services; lovely glassware. Before I knew it, my home was crowded with expensive things that I did not really need. I had no place to put them. My closets were filled with clothes that I sometimes wore but once or twice.

"Now I'm fully awake to that weakness. I'm learning that wisdom in buying is not meanness, and that I can be very well dressed with less than half the clothes that I was in the habit of buying. My tastes too, are simple."

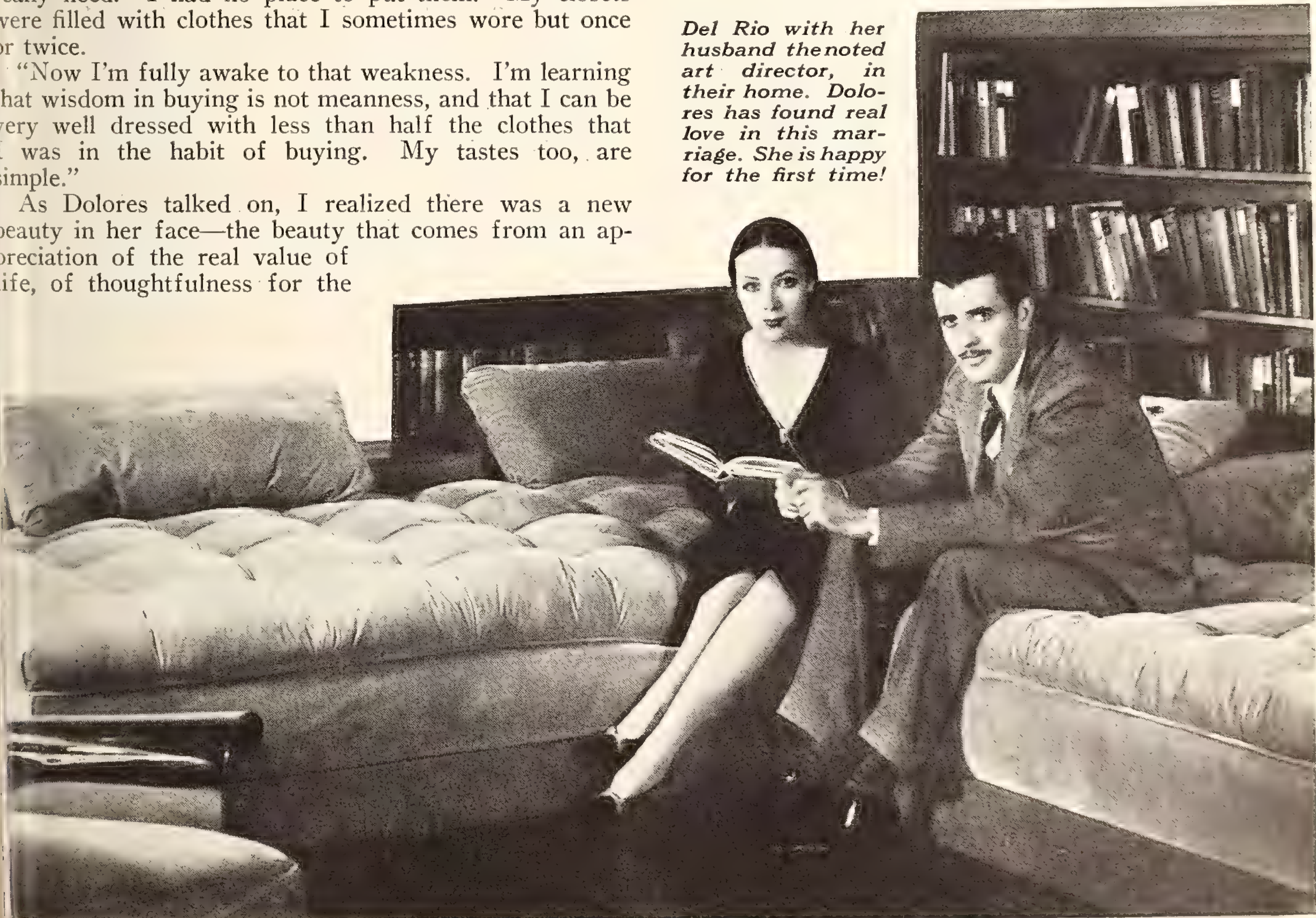
As Dolores talked on, I realized there was a new beauty in her face—the beauty that comes from an appreciation of the real value of life, of thoughtfulness for the

other fellow—as understanding of the community, not only the individual.

I asked her whether or not she had fallen in line with the Hollywood custom of having an investment counselor. She laughed and shook her head. "I should say not. Cedric is quite capable of being my investment manager. Quite a few of my friends have put their affairs in the hands of expert advisors. I think it's a wise move. Just think how many former stars who have had everything in the world are now in want—too old to repeat former success, even dying from starvation. Doesn't that make you think?

"You cannot imagine how many people try to interest the stars in ridiculous investments. I suppose every actor and actress in Hollywood is on the so-called 'sucker-list.' I know I was, but fortunately for me, I could never become interested in business investments sufficiently to write out checks. I loved pretty clothes and jewels and would buy a fur coat or an antique tap-

Del Rio with her husband thenoted art director, in their home. Dolores has found real love in this marriage. She is happy for the first time!



Taming a Tornado! Think It Can't Be Done? Read about Del Rio, who has Lost None of her Appeal in the Transition from Tinsel to Reality

estry rather than talk about oil stocks or wildcat promotion schemes. That's one time my love for the beautiful kept me from loading up with a lot of real estate that might have been tideland, and gold-lettered oil stock certificates that never saw an oil well.

"Now I look twice at everything before I buy. I'm running my house on a strict budget. My secretary, Emilia Levin, is certainly a good watch dog when it comes to checking on household expenses and other bills. Nothing escapes her eagle eye. Every meat bill, grocery purchase and bottle of cream is accounted for by those responsible. I am fortunate in having good servants. They work in my interests. In fact, I'm quite a dull person when the servant problem is discussed. I've never lost a cook nor have I suffered the embarrassment of having to invite my dinner guests to the Embassy at the last moment because my butler deserted me."

Dolores was called to the telephone, and Miss Levin, who had brought her the message, told me how the star had regular "give-away" days. She has a group of Mexican women friends who often come and spend a morning with her.

"She likes to lie late in bed," confided the secretary. "On these occasions, she props herself up against her

yellow pillows with her less fortunate countrywomen sitting about her. Then she asks me to bring out this and that dress, or a certain cloak, or that box of hats and many other things. Then we spread everything out just like a shop. Her friends try the many things on and pose before the long mirrors in the room. During this part of the program, Miss Del Rio often speaks up saying, 'I think that looks adorable on you' or, 'yes, that's just the coat for you.' There is much chatter and laughter and then luncheon is served. They leave happily, each one carrying away lovely things to wear that were not allowed to hang unused in her closets."

Dolores returned at this moment with a suspicious smile. "What has she been telling you?" she asked.

"She says you simply hate getting up in the morning," I said, thinking that would settle the matter.

Here Miss Levin gave a startled look and seeing the expression on Dolores' face, we all laughed.

"Indeed I'm not lazy! I'm getting so business-like that I actually go to market. I walk down the boulevard and do lots of things like other people. I'm becoming quite American and haven't taken a siesta for months. I love to cook things and then ring up Cedric so he can bring some friends home to dinner and boast that his wife cooked the meal—that's life, real life, to visit the markets and look for things I know my husband likes, bring them home in the car, put on an apron and enter the kitchen knowing I can prepare dishes that will make my husband say, 'Isn't she a wonderful cook!' That's sweet praise. It's just the same sort of thrill that I get when I slip into a theatre and hear someone say they loved my picture. I'm like a child that way—I love to be praised."

The bell rang and as the butler opened the patio door, Cedric stood in the shadows of the archway. "Darling!" and Dolores threw her arms about him. "I've been boasting—I've been telling what a good housekeeper I am, now you tell them"—he told us in one happy look.

"Yes, and I told them how I run things on a budget, pay my bills promptly, and don't buy a chinchilla coat



Above, the Dolores you used to know—fiery Mexican mischief flashing through such films as "Revenge." You'll soon be seeing a different Del Rio in "The Dove."

Dolores is getting so business-like that she goes to market and sometimes even cooks dinner for her husband. But her real career is acting—and you can't blame her for letting the regular cook keep her job, can you?



every time I go to town, or tease you for a Rolls-Royce, and that I'm all out of style because I haven't an investment counselor—that you are my only advisor!"

One thing Hollywood has bestowed upon one of its favorites, is an appreciation of the gift of love. It has taught Dolores Del Rio that no matter what happens, she has gained the love that seems to be safe when a star forgets she is a star and becomes a doting wife who proudly boasts that her husband is her only counselor.

Until the Del Rio-Gibbons romance flashed across the horizon, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were considered Hollywood's most ardently devoted couple. They were quoted and referred to whenever marital bliss became the topic of conversation. They were pictured in hot love poses and

The haunting profile of one of the screen's loveliest women. There's a new beauty in her face these days—the beauty that comes from an appreciation of the real values of life.

Below, Dolores checking bills with her secretary, Emilia Levin. Mrs. Gibbons is running her home on a strict budget, if you please. No more extravagance!



are now known as the colony's most ardent exponents of modern marriage.

On the other hand, Cedric and Dolores have a flavor of the old-world stability to their conception of true love. They do not flaunt it before the public and their pictures together are conservative. Their love has a depth that augurs well for their future happiness.

In speaking of the change that seems to have come

over Dolores with her marriage to Cedric Gibbons, one incident stands out vividly in this connection. One evening I had occasion to call on the Latin star. I found her swinging idly in a hammock in the patio. Never did she look so beautiful. Dressed in the simplest of white gowns with a red flower making a splash of color at the waist-line, with her hair drawn back in a simple knot at the nape of her neck and a look of serenity in her eyes, she was the picture of contentment. And she explained she was waiting for Cedric to come home to dinner. It was then long past eight!

"Can you imagine me waiting until this hour for dinner?" she said. Knowing Dolores of old and the imperiousness with which she demanded punctuality at the dinner hour—apt to become temperamental with any man who dared to keep her waiting—I couldn't quite understand the patience she was showing with the tardy Cedric. I told her so.

"It's perfectly all right! He's busy. I understand—and besides, you must remember, I love him. You know a woman can always wait happily for one she loves."



Everything looks rosy. Here's one of the first pictures of the brand-new couple in their brand-new home. Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres!



*By
Ben Maddox*

IS TWENTY-TWO the best age for love? Lola Lane and Lew Ayres have the colony hoping and praying for them. The handsome screen heart-breaking youth and his sirenish, lovely blonde wife have just returned from their month's honeymoon drive through the mountains of Wyoming. The process of settling down to a routine of domesticity is now on, and everyone is keeping his fingers crossed.

"We know that *we* shall live happily ever after!" they exclaim as they give each other affectionate glances. Thank heavens, they are not the gooey kind of newlyweds. But the question is: Will Hollywood careers and their strong individual temperaments let them?

Both Lola and Lew are twenty-two, talented, ambitious, and pleasantly disillusioned. Their elopement left a string of aspiring lovers with nothing else to do but go back into general circulation. In their strange, fate-decreed hectic days they have lived, loved, and learned at a high speed gait. They think that this is the real thing.

But their engagement was not a smooth one, and that's what has Hollywood worried. No official announcement was made when they started going around together about a year ago. Their devotion was marked, yet they had several serious quarrels. Then for a time they would go out with other people, until jealousy and their unescapable attraction for each other drew them together again.

Lew is not a ladies' man, despite the fact that he has occasionally plunged deeply into love's tangles. Hollywood remembers when he played opposite Constance Bennett in "Common Clay," and he and Connie

Will Hollywood's newest star marriage last?

were apparently head over heels in love. And one of the colony's favorite chuckles is over Lew's telling the Great Bennett where to head in when she, he thought, was trying to two-time him.

The tale goes that Connie's maid told Lew the mistress of the house was not in one evening when they had a date. Lew learned that another screen star was being entertained, so he called Connie up at midnight and shouted over the phone, "You can't make a fool out of me!" Whether he afterwards broke the phone, as gossips say, is beside the point. It shows that his affections are to be handled with care.

Lola has had a more spectacular love life than Lew. At the age of ten she eloped with a fourteen-year-old swain. Their taxi tour was halted by officers of the law, who caught up with them by dawn and returned them to their homes. When she first came to Hollywood it was said that she was in love with Paul Page, who made his debut in the same Fox picture as Lola. More recently she was rumored in love with James Cruze. But for the past year she and Lew have been on-again, off-again sweethearts.

They have much in common to assure a happy mar-

Close harmony. Will their common interest in music and other things help offset differences in opinion?



Keep calm! It's just a close-up from "The Common Law." Lew and Connie Bennett did seem to mean it for a while—but no more!

ried life. Their very rise to movie fame and fortune, for instance. Both came to Hollywood only three years ago and became overnight hits; both prefer acting to any other kind of work; and both are determined to continue making good in their chosen profession.

Lew and Lola have a background of struggle and hardship which gives them mutual understanding. They both had the most inauspicious of beginnings, experienced the distress which no money brings. Grit, the will to hang on and fight a good fight, is the characteristic which has enabled them to transform themselves from nobodies into glamorous screen personalities.

It is another of those colorful Cinderella tales, this marriage of these two young stars. Lola began life as Dorothy Mulligan, one of six girls in a family which, to quote her own words, "lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks." Her father was a doctor in the town of Indianola, Iowa, and the three thousand inhabitants often shook their heads at the independence and determination to be individualistic which set Lola apart from all the other girls. She went to work when she was twelve and a half years old, playing the piano in the village movie theatre. There had been no money to give her music lessons, but the dollar a night salary was needed and encouraged her to play by ear.

Cooking three meals a day for the entire family, playing every evening in the theatre, and running a tiny hair-dressing shop which she established was Lola's after-school life until she was seventeen. Her combined income served to put her and two sisters through high school. Tragedy almost stalked them when the theatre installed an automatic piano and dispensed with her services.

But this particular Mulligan girl was born with a do-or-die attitude. Two years at Simpson College, a nearby seminary, were financed by two summers' work in Des Moines. She starred on the basketball team and won the Southwestern amateur tennis championship while at college. And how she had to hunt jobs to maintain those scholastic days!

The first summer she went to Des Moines she parked in an employment office. "Who wants a job in an ice-cream factory?" someone yelled. Lola beat the gun. Having majored in chemistry at school, she soon was head of the testing department with the magnificent salary of fifteen dollars a week. A few weeks convinced her that the frozen food business (Continued on page 109)



SPEAKING of NEW MEN

Here's Warren William—and
how you're going to like him!

By
*Brian
Herbert*

He's a fascinating personality, an actor with years of stage experience—and he looks like Barrymore! Left, in the swashbuckling lead of "Honor of the Family"—a rousing rôle. Below, with Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women." Thought he was John, didn't you?

TACK a well-known label onto any motion picture actor and he will start running for cover. When reviewers and interviewers say that a certain actress is another Clara Bow, that certain actress feels that the "double" jinx is on her. She has to battle the comparison and assert herself in her own right, or suffer the embarrassment of being characterized as an imitation.

Let's consider the much-discussed Greta Garbo race, which always arouses popular controversy. The only difference between this race and an actual contest is that the contestants, placed in the running against their wills, are trying to scurry in the opposite direction.

Fredric March, after the production of "The Royal Family of Broadway," shouted from the housetops that he was not another John Barrymore just because his characterization resembled

Prince Jack, both in face and in mannerisms.

And now there is another "John Barrymore," so labeled from the beginning of his stage career, and who very coincidentally played opposite Dolores Costello, the wife of the "real thing," in his first talking picture.

Warren William does not try to avoid the tag affixed to him by loudly disclaiming it. He is used to it, refuses to be bothered, and goes on acting in his own natural way, thereby trying to prove that it is all a matter of unavoidable resemblance. The hullabaloo raised by the boys at the studio when he first came to work did not even cause him to raise his eyebrow. In fact, he never raises his eyebrow, especially the left one—because that is the well-known Barrymore trade-mark and eccentric characteristic.

Here's how it happened. Dolores Costello was staging her talkie come-back. Casting was going on assiduously for her vehicle, "Expensive Women," and all that was needed was a leading man. Someone saw the stage production, "The Vinegar Tree," in which Warren William was holding forth with great effect, and signed him for the part. The Barrymore resemblance had not entered into the bargain as yet.

As luck would have it, "Expensive Women" was under production at the Warner Studio at the same time that John Barrymore and Marian Marsh were doing "The Mad Genius." The two sound stages which housed these production activities stood side by side.

Marian Marsh's resemblance to Dolores Costello had been remarked and written about long before that and she was luckily passing out of the stage where that was being held in general comparison. But it came up again when someone happened to walk from one stage to the other and noticed that both teams bore a striking resemblance. The next morning, the newspapers carried pictures of all four players, calling attention to the uncanny likeness.

There was not a murmur of comment from Warren William one way or the other. It all seemed to pass over his head and he went on acting without any auto-suggestion throwing him in the way of Barrymore means and manners.

The next morning he brought an old news clipping down—a review of a play called "The Blue Peter," one of William's first rôles. The reviewer was Alexander (Continued on page 116)



CLOSE-UPS *of the* NEW MODE

Fashion's
Romantic
Revival
interpreted
by
Smart
Screen
Stars

The DEB'S WINTER WARDROBE



Elmer Fryer

Elmer Fryer

Marian Marsh shows you what the clever young New Yorkers are wearing this winter. Marian came to Manhattan to select her new clothes from the smartest shops. The camera caught her on Park Avenue wearing a day-time costume high-lighted by an informal fur coat, hip-length, of flat chocolate-brown kid with a scarf tying at the throat. Note Marian's gloves with the wide cuffs—very good! *From Saks-Fifth Avenue.*



Fryer

OVER THE RIGHT EYE!

That's right, Marian! Your new hat observes all the rules. It's good for your eighteen-year-old face—not too sophisticated. It has the new derby crown, softened by a shirred front brim. From Jay-Thorpe.

A FUR COAT THAT'S YOUNG!

And not only Loretta, but every "under-twenty-two" loves a coat like this. It's of barunduki combined with a dull red tweed. The belt is very, very smart. If it can't be barunduki, muskrat is good, too.

HERE'S A FEATHER FOR YOU!

Oh, yes, there's a hat that goes with it—but the feather is the important item on Dorothy Jordan's new felt. It's tip-tilted, it has a side band of velour, it's Spanish tile in color, it's a nice hat!





Fryer

EXTRA!

MUSKRAT MAKES GOOD!

You may remember when muskrat, a perfectly nice fur, was not quite—quite, you know. But now, this winter of 1931-32, it is stepping out on some of our best people. Here's Marian Marsh wearing a reversible coat of sheared muskrat and soft bright green cheviot wool. There's a wide green suede belt with swagger clasp. Of course it has a waistline—all good little fur coats have, this season.

From Jay-Thorpe.



Fryer

“ICE-WHITE ABOVE BLACK”

You can't imagine a more dramatic effect for evening than "ice-white above black." Another important fashion fact is brought out in this picture—that it's the back that counts this season. Marian Marsh's black-and-white gown is deeply décolleté in the back, with moulded figure lines.

BANGS ARE BACK!

You may blame—or thank—the romantic revival for the reappearance of bangs. Or you may believe that Greta Garbo has brought bangs back in her new “Susan Lenox” coiffure. Whatever the reason, here they are! And if you can wear them as well as Loretta Young, below, go right ahead! Also note Loretta’s matching jewelry of pearl beads and rhinestones.



Fryer

THE FUR JACKET FOR EVENING

There's no more becoming wrap for a dainty girl of deb age or type than the white fur jacket. If yours can't be ermine, like Marian Marsh's, then why not the white hare version? Marian's jacket was created by Hickson.



AND DON'T FORGET
THE GLOVES!

You may be so carried away by the dress that you'll overlook the gloves—but please don't, because they are the most interesting item, really, in this beautiful ensemble. You can't find anything smarter than these new shirr-and-puff gloves of glacé kid. The gown is good, too! It has *point venise* above black velvet—luscious. Marian Marsh selects earrings of old paste to go with the gown. *From Jay-Thorpe.*



Edward Thayer Monroe

THE BRACELET'S THE THING!

Smart girls have been bringing back exciting new bracelets from Paris. Claire Luce, above, displays hers—a charming antique gold affair with a grape-vine motif. The necklace matches. Created in France by Marie El Khoury.

HOW VERY VICTORIAN!

Quaint, and all that, are some of the new evening wraps. But Marian Marsh can wear them. To the left she shows a coquette-red transparent velvet wrap bordered with kolinsky. By Milgrim.

Fryer



Fryer

STRIPES for STARS

If you are fashion-wise you will have at least one stripe-slashed costume this winter. Stripes are definitely with us. Loretta Young's winter-sports suit of blue and white has dark blue trousers with a wide light blue stripe, and her scarf is striped, too.



Bert Longworth

You girls who like to go North instead of South for your winter vacation will be interested in Judith Wood's new brown and tan wool outfit. Judith chose her gloves, socks, and beret in a matching shade of tan. And note that she has tilted that beret at exactly the right angle!

SNOW
ENSEMBLE

HERE'S TO REVERS!

You must pay some attention to revers! Ruth Hall has—her black satin frock is distinguished by two very wide revers, one of white satin, the other faced in lipstick-red wool crêpe, which is repeated in the buckled belt. Ruth wears with this dress a black felt derby with a tilted black and white feather cockade. Recommended—unreservedly!



Elmer Fryer

And here are fashions for
the girls who dare to be

LOOK! LACY

COLLAR AND CUFFS!

If it's knitted, it's pretty safe to say it's smart. Surely Claire Luce's ensemble is. This simple skirt and jumper of green worsted has huge lacy collar and cuffs—an inspiration of Kargère of Paris. A jaunty white worsted bonnet is finished in the same "tatting" design as the collar and cuffs. This is just one of the clever frocks Claire brought back from her latest trip abroad. We're showing you more in a minute!



Edward Tbayer Monroe

the young sophisticates
dashing and "different"!



Bull

Karen Morley's suit of mixed black and white tweed is trimmed with black and white astrakhan.

**THE NEW CLOTHES
CALL FOR YOUR BEST MANNERS!**



Russell Ball

A far cry from the Estelle Taylor of "Street Scene" is Estelle in private life, wearing "one of the new hats"—but not one of the exaggerated models which have already had their day and fallen into the discard.

The chenille brim of Ruth Hall's hat lifts it right out of the commonplace. The feathered cockade is a bright note on the brown felt.



Fryer

Be gracious, be charming, be very, very feminine—to go with the new garb!

Not every girl can wear a costume created by Lucien Lelong of Paris. But be smart and adapt the features of Claire Luce's afternoon ensemble to your own needs. The jacket is white velvet trimmed with brown caracul to match the brown velvet skirt.

Black velvet and ermine! There's a luxurious combination! Estelle Taylor's formal coat, richly furred, is topped with a black velvet hat with white feather trim.



Scaioni, Paris



Russell Ball



Scaioni, Paris

SLEEVES!

SLEEVES!

SLEEVES!

Sleeves are having their way with our fashions. Claire Luce chose this short wrap of navy blue velvet trimmed with ermine because of its—you're right!—its sleeves. From Lucien Lelong.



Elmer Fryer

Ice-white satin!—There's nothing more alluring; and when the satin is fashioned into an evening gown and worn by Ruth Hall, the result is pretty ravishing—ask Hollywood; it has seen Ruth in this dress. The coral-colored corded silk belt has a rhinestone buckle.

IT'S a
SATIN SEASON



Elmer Fryer

PAJAMAS ARE PERMANENT!

Yes—pajamas are here to stay. No passing fancy, but a welcome addition to feminine fashions. Let's look at Marian Marsh in this simple black velvet pajama costume, with cape sleeves and very wide trousers. Pajamas are the debs' delight! *From Milgrim.*

He's no "Orchid Man!"

Ivan Lebedeff is living down
that superfluous soubriquet

By
Paul Thompson

Orchid—a handsome, showy flower, often oddly shaped—embracing several species, wonderfully complex—valued for color, form. —THE DICTIONARY.

THE description partly describes Ivan Lebedeff, but it is far from complete. The "oddly shaped" we can eliminate because the tall, well-proportioned Lithuanian is anything but that. Through heritage and military training in Russia his bearing is impeccable. Yet the unthinking, seeing him on the screen or on the street, impressed only by his meticulous continental manner, have dismissed him with a contemptuous "Oh, he is only an 'orchid man,' of the type all too familiar in pictures."

Sports writers had used the same appellation with

Ivan captured a German general, was wounded and gassed, and won all sorts of decorations in the Russian army during the war. Anything orchidaceous about that?

Georges Carpentier when the Frenchman fought Jack Dempsey for the heavy-weight title at Boyle's Thirty Acres, in the first of the late Tex Rickard's famous "Battles of the Century." Forgotten, or ignored, was the fact that the champion's opponent had won lasting glory through his ace-of-aces performances in the world war. The Croix de Guerre with Palms had not been awarded for any pugilistic prowess, but for far greater valor as an aviator. The other of the trinity of orchidaceous ones received his baptism from Irvin Cobb, I think. This was Michael Arlen, the Armenian writer. Possibly this was due to his novels dealing so largely with the world of orchids and ermines; possibly to the impression created by the man himself. That is for the Kentucky Cobb to decide.

Ivan Lebedeff rates the orchid title as little as Carpentier. His whole career since 1914 and his enlistment with the third Regiment of Dragoons of the Russian army at the front is a most eloquent refutation of the implied stigma. He is as little the powder-puff, drawing-room hero as was and is the better-known French war hero. The Lithuanian, whose poise and perfect manners on and off the screen have so often conjured up visions of that other polished man of the world, Adolphe Menjou, had a career in the world war and afterward in the Russian revolution that any soldier of fortune would gladly claim.

The Czar's government recognized Lebedeff's deeds and valor as generously as the French powers-that-be had Carpentier's. Each man could well afford to ignore the sneers and covert innuendoes of those who judged them solely by their misunderstood manners.

"I smile to myself," said Ivan, "when people who do not know smile derisively at me and the way in which I conduct myself. I am not offended because each one is entitled to his own opinion. If they think they can offend me they flatter themselves. I try to be unfailingly courteous to everyone regardless of his station in life. It is instinctive, not a pose, as has been alleged. I think possibly the greatest tribute to me is that paid by the friendliness and unfailing attempts to help me on the part of property men, electricians and all others in what might possibly be called the humbler walks in life. That is a real tribute and I do appreciate it."

His popularity with the people on the set is unquestionable. I do not think I have ever seen a player more democratic than (Continued on page 105)



The GIRL with the GARTERS



How the Magic
of
Marlene Dietrich
makes a Difference
in the Lives
of
Plain People

By
*Lynde
Denig*

Remember "The Blue Angel," and the lace trimmings? That German girl with the garters!

Manager of the Gem Theatre.

MARLENE DIETRICH?
Sure, I remember, that German girl with the garters.

She's a good-looker, all right; but my crowd doesn't go in heavy for these dames from Europe. Hey, Sam! They're giving us a Marlene Dietrich for Thanksgiving week. You know, the girl with the garters. We got to think up something good to get the crowd coming. Marlene's a hot number, sure enough;

But I'm scared of the women and the kids. Remember "The Blue Angel," Sam, And the lace trimmings? And how the old professor wanted to snap those garters! Oh, here's a break! It's a circus film: Circus stuff for the entire family. Wait a minute, Sam. Just a minute. I'm getting an idea. It's the big idea for your advertising. It's big enough to cover the whole town: Men, women, children. I've got it: all in one line. Listen, Sam! "The Girl With the Garters in a Sweet Story of Circus Life."



Marlene is a hot number, sure enough!

Proprietor of Lingerie Shoppe.

Let me see the paper, Myrtle.
 Humph! Don't think much of the looks of that ad.
 Under Finkelstein's, too.
 Finkelstein is cutting hosiery prices.
 Listen to this, Myrtle:
 "Ladies' hose. Finest quality. All shades.
 Formerly \$2.50. Now \$1.49."
 The old shyster.
 We got to get back at him somehow.
 How about them green beach pajamas?
 We'll call them Winter Greens.
 Guess they'll do to sleep in.
 Wow! What's this?
 "Marlene Dietrich, the Girl With the Garters, Coming
 to the Gem."
 Garters? Who said garters?
 We've got a couple of crates of garters in the cellar, right
 now—
 Pink, blue, red, orange, purple;
 A garter for every leg:
 "You can't look right without a garter."
 "When you see Marlene Dietrich at the Gem"
 "Be sure of your garters."
 We'll fill the window with garters.
 We'll get Sam to give us a show-case in the theatre lobby.
 Let old Finkelstein peddle his stockings.
 It's garters for us, Myrtle.
 Garters for us!

Amusement Editor of the Blade.

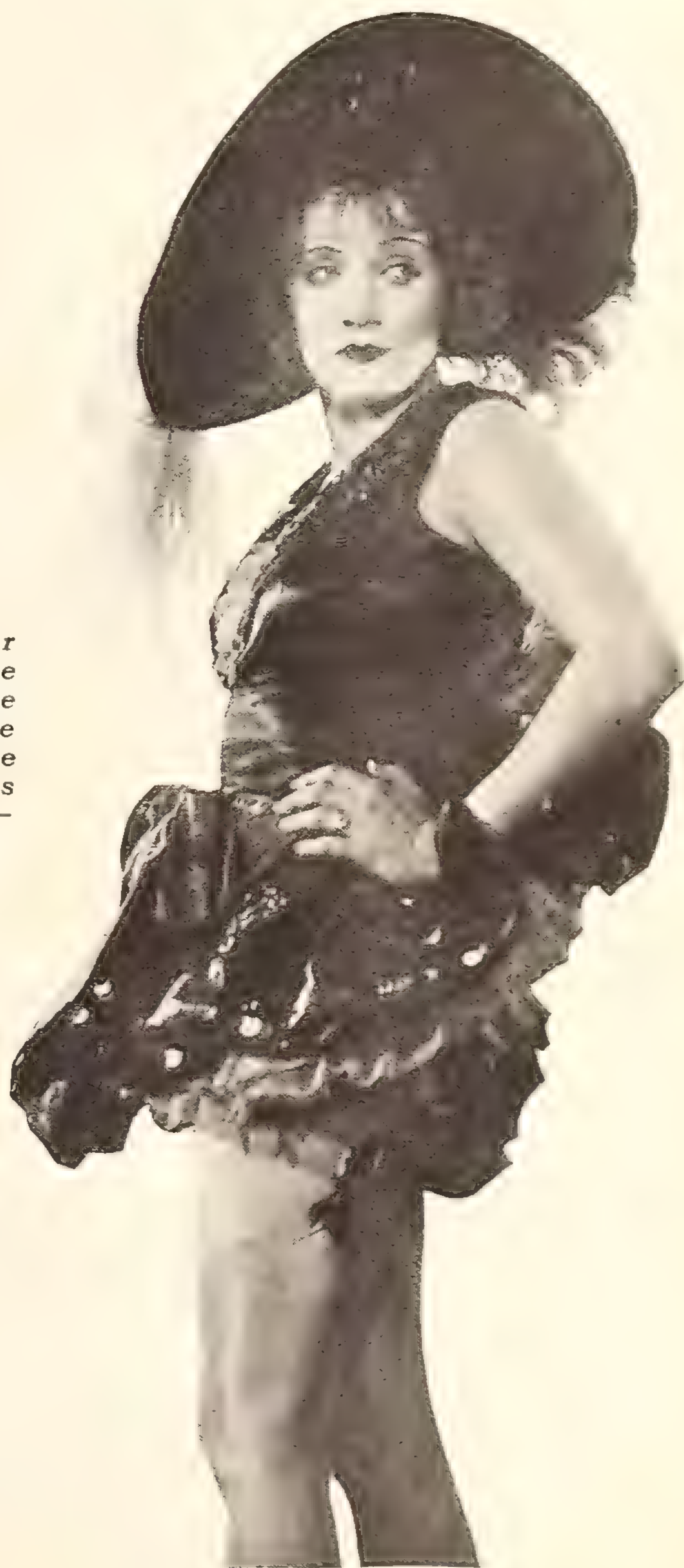
Sam promised me an autographed picture of Marlene
 Dietrich.
 But he never came through.
 That's the way with those publicity guys.
 You give them the works,
 And then they forget.
 This time I'd do a little forgetting myself,
 Except I'm nuts about that German girl.
 I don't like calling her
 The Girl With the Garters, either.
 She's too good for that.
 She's too good for this dumb town, anyway.
 Those eyes—those legs—that voice!

She sets me going, all right.
 Just to look at her, sets me going.
 And can she sing?
 "I'm Falling in Love Again."
 I'd fall in love with her. Would I?
 What a chance! What a chance!
 Wonder if she ever saw that piece I wrote about her.
 Sam said he'd see that she got a copy of The Blade.
 But you can't count on Sam.
 Some day I'm going to Hollywood.
 I'll forget all about this bum town.
 I'll see her myself.
 She'll talk to me and listen when I tell her the story I've
 written for her.
 I'll tell her to can
 That "Girl With the Garters" stuff.
 She's The Girl With Everything!

President of the Women's Club.

The next subject for your consideration, ladies, is the
 report of Mrs. Doolittle, chairman of your literary and
 dramatic committee. It deals with the request of Mr.
 Solomon, manager of the Gem theatre, that we place
 "Four Rings," starring Marlene Dietrich, on our Pink
 List.

As you will recall, Miss Dietrich is a German actress
 who appeared here in *(Continued on page 119)*



*Watch her
 eyes, and the
 quiet way she
 moves. The
 Girl with the
 Garters has
 personality—
 and poise.*



Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis as *Marie* and *Wanda*, the two gay Girls about Town. They find adventure and romance on their hectic careers of innocent crime!

Kay and Lil with the only high hat they ever put on. You'll enjoy this fiction version of the comedy-drama in which they are co-featured.



GIRLS *about* TOWN !

Gold-Diggers Do Fall in Love. Read this Sparkling Story of Two Play Girls who Discover they have Hearts, after all!

Fictionized by
Eve Bernstein

THE first thought that came into Wanda Howard's head when she awoke at five in the afternoon was that this state of affairs could not go on. It was all right for Marie, who enjoyed flirting and flattering, dancing and digging. But not for her! She was fed up with making millionaires believe they were dashing Don Juans. Fed up—fed up! With sessions at the latest in night-clubs where she beguiled "older men" into good moods so that Chase would have no difficulty putting over his deals with them. She always looked forward to the end of the evening when she could explain to her escort that "Mother" was waiting up for her.

"Perhaps tomorrow—" she would promise softly.

As she lay in bed wondering how she could break away from it all, Hattie, the colored maid, came in to ask about breakfast.

"Orange juice and aspirin," Wanda said weakly. "Is Marie awake?"

"No, honey lamb. She hasn't stirred since she come in at five this mornin'."

"Well, it's time she did." She slipped into a dressing-gown and went into the next room where Marie slept. She sat down beside her and pulled her head up by the hair.

"Oh—let me sleep," Marie groaned, and thereupon turned over. In a few minutes, however, she had to find strength enough to answer the telephone.

"It's Chase," she told Wanda. "He says those men last night came across with the proper contract—and now he wants us in on a party tonight."

"Count me out. I've told you often enough before,

Marie, that I'm through, and this time I mean it."

"It's a Mr. Thomas from Michigan, and he's rich, handsome, and generous to a fault."

"Anybody might be named

Thomas. Doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Please, Wanda. It's on a yacht, and such a gorgeous one, too."

"No!"

"Then I won't go—and I'm dying to. Refuse anything after this."

"Oh, all right. I have nothing to lose."

"It's O. K.," Marie called into the mouth-piece. "At eight, then."

"Another night—another bore!" Wanda sighed. "Well, let's pack up, Hattie."

For some reason Chase thought that Wanda should have the rich and desirable Mr. Thomas—and Marie the young and charming Jim. But as it happened, the combination resulted in a poor party. Wanda was disgusted with her companion who thought that being entertaining meant inventing a thousand practical jokes, and Marie was bored with Jim who knew nothing about jokes at all. After the first evening out, however, it developed that Wanda would have loved to have Jim—and Marie was dying to get better acquainted with Thomas. Thus it was arranged between the girls.

At the next meeting Marie and Thomas lost no time in getting chummy. Marie studied his hand carefully.

"You can't deny it. It's right here in your hand."

"Well, maybe you're right," Thomas assented.

"When's your birthday?"

"In June."

"The beginning of the month?"

"No, the 29th."

"I knew it," Marie told him excitedly. "You were born in the House of Gemini. That's why you're so fond of jokes. All Gemini people are."

"That so?" Thomas was beginning to believe that here was an interesting girl indeed.

"And that means I've got to keep away from you."

"What did I do?"

"People born on your date are water babies, and I'm a fire baby. Water overcomes fire. That means you'd have too much influence over me—"

And so it went on. Marie flattered him and laughed at his jokes, and Thomas was having the time of his life.

In the meantime, Jim and Wanda sat close together and watched the water.

"Let's pretend we're in love," Jim said at last. "It will help to pass the



"Happy?" Jim asked. "Superbly," Wanda answered. "Let's pretend we're in love," Jim said. "It will help to pass the time away, and nobody will get hurt!"

Gay Girls, Play Girls—Girls About Very Private Lives. Oh, Yes



Two girls with but a single thought: men! To Marie, men meant money. To Wanda, men meant one man—Jim. But Jim was elusive—very.

"Girls about Town" is a Paramount Picture, story by Zoe Akins, screen-play prepared by Raymond Griffith and Brian Marlow. Directed by George Cukor with the following cast:

Wanda Howard.....	Kay Francis
Jim Baker.....	Joel McCrea
Marie Bailey.....	Lilyan Tashman
Benjamin Thomas.....	Eugene Pallette
Jerry Chase.....	Allan Dinehart
Mrs. Thomas.....	Lucile Webster Gleason
Alex Howard.....	Anderson Lawler

time away, and nobody will get hurt."

She settled into his arms and whispered: "Oh, my dear!"

"Happy?" Jim asked.

"Superbly."

"Did I come just in time?"

"Another day would have been too late," she said.

"Before us lies a beautiful future—"

"Is it very beautiful?" There was a note of hysteria in her voice.

"How I love you," he whispered, trying to outdo her.

"And I love you."

"And I love you."

But she could keep up the game no longer, and bursting into tears, she ran to her cabin. And when Marie came down later, she found Wanda lying on the bed, crying softly.

"What's the joke?" she asked? "I want to laugh, too."

"The joke's on me," Wanda sobbed.

"What's the matter. Do you think you're in love?"

"Yes."

"I see. And he doesn't love you."

"The idea hasn't even occurred to him. One doesn't fall in love with my sort of girl."

"Do you think I'd better keep an eye on you? Feel desperate?"

"Yes—no. I'd just start swimming—that's what I'd do—and keep going."

"I was curious about last night," Jim told her in the morning. That sudden squall just blew our pretty game right out to sea."

"What was your guess?"

"I thought you might have been hurt—because—well, all that we talked of wasn't true."

Wanda laughed—a sad little laugh. "Those tears were part of the game," she said.

"I see."



At first Marie was not serious about that emerald ring. Then she decided she was going to get it—no matter what Wanda said. See that melting gaze Marie is giving Mr. Thomas!

"Did I do it well?"

"Swell."

"And did you find it amusing?"

"Quite."

"Thanks. That's all I wanted to know."

Wanda drew off her robe and leaped into the water—with Jim after her.

"May I come along?"

"It's anybody's ocean."

Wanda was swimming in a daze. "I'd just start swimming," the words came back to her.

"Wanda!" It was Jim's voice. "You've gone far enough."

"I'd just start swimming," a voice inside of her spoke. Then she seemed to grow very weak, and she was glad when she could rest against something. It was Jim—and she heard Jim's comforting voice.

"You poor kid. Just rest against me."

Town! Take a Peek into their —They Do Have Them

He got her to an anchored fishing boat with difficulty. "I was so worried," he told her as she lay snug in his arms.

"Does that mean you like me better than you thought?"

"That's what it means. Why did you try to drown yourself?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Oh, my darling!" His arms went around her, and his lips clung to hers. They took no notice of the fisherman in the boat.

"I love you," he said. "And this time it's no pretending."

"I'm mad about you!"

While Jim and Wanda were busy being in love, Thomas was occupied with one practical joke after another. He offered the girls aboard cash prizes if they could retrieve a golf ball which he would throw into the water. It was a special joke of his—for each ball melted as soon as it hit the water. And none knew but him—and Marie, who had seen him make the test when he did not know anyone was looking. It was her chance to make money. She remained in the background until the offer mounted to \$3,000 and then dived in with a ball concealed in her bathing suit, brought it to him—and demanded the money. Marie did not get the money that day—for Thomas had suddenly

become faint and retired to his room with a promise that he would pay up tomorrow.

That evening Marie understood many things she had not understood before. In the paper there was a notice about the famous Mr. Thomas which read:

Michigan Copper King World's Meanest Man, Says Suing Wife—Waited Thirteen Years For Engagement Ring From Benjamin Thomas—

"I'm going to dig that one," she confided to Wanda, "even though I'm not much of a gold-digger—and dig him plenty. Last night I was only fooling about an emerald ring I said I wanted. Now I'm going to get it and the \$3,000 dollars I won from him on his phoney bet."

"There are other things besides money—"

"Say, kid, are you going straight on me?"

Wanda nodded. "Yes, and I love it."

Chase was more (Cont. on page 104)

Girls about town! They are gay and glamorous—but when a boy like Jim (Joel McCrea) comes along, one of them may fall in love with her victim, and then—

"Darling, don't you want to marry me?" said Jim. "I'll never forgive you," Wanda answered, "but I can't live without you!"



Reviews of the

By *Delight Evans*

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

FIVE STAR FINAL	LARCENY LANE
THE UNHOLY GARDEN	THE GUARDSMAN
MERELY MARY ANN	PALMY DAYS

Turn to page 102 for casts of current films:



"Five-Star Final" is stirring drama, with Edward Robinson giving a fine performance.



Ronald Colman's charm makes "The Unholy Garden" interesting, with Estelle Taylor.



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are together again in "Merely Mary Ann," with Beryl Mercer.



Five-Star Final

First National

ANOTHER smash from the studio that gave us "Little Caesar," "The Public Enemy," "Smart Money," and "Larceny Lane." These producers have put pictures into long pants. They are—what is that word?—red-blooded. Here's the most stirring drama of them all—highly dramatic, splendidly directed and acted, and actually impressive in its power. From the Broadway play, it records the ruin of a family by the revival of an old scandal in a tabloid newspaper. The newspaper editor, played by Edward G. Robinson, is forced against his will to play up the story to get circulation for his paper at any cost. Frances Starr from the stage gives a touching performance as the woman whose life is wrecked by the scandal. Marian Marsh plays her daughter with depth and feeling. Robinson is excellent. Strong stuff—but I wouldn't miss it if I were you.



The Unholy Garden

United Artists

COLMAN in bad company! A preposterous picture, really—but pretty good fun all the same. Ronnie appears as a Robin Hood again—this time in Algeria, managing a mob of meanies, eluding the outstretched arms of Estelle Taylor, and saving Fay Wray from himself. It's a yarn by those bad boys of literature, "Front Page" Hecht and McArthur, meaning that it's rowdy and Rabelaisian, with pungent dialogue, bold and brutal characterization, and not much movie "romance." In fact, in the romantic passages the picture goes all to pieces. The boys must have had a time trying to bring Ronnie and Fay together in that prop Persian mosque—the worst movie set of the month—with Estelle sirening so strenuously. Colman plays the highly improbable hero with his elegant detachment. He's charming. Warren Hymer is good, too. Go if you like your hokum hot.



Merely Mary Ann

Fox

IF YOU wonder how the same reviewer can like both "The Guardsman" and "Merely Mary Ann," let me explain—I want to be amused even as you and you and you and those people sitting over there; and whether the picture is a sentimental Cinderella story or a sparkling satire I don't care, if it is well done. And the Gaynor-Farrell films are. They are old-fashioned romances so shrewdly and expertly directed and staged, and so exquisitely acted, that they become bright, fresh entertainment. This latest offering is as sweet and sentimental as it can be without actually melting away in your hands—but it has Janet Gaynor, that great little artist, at her very best; it has Charlie, handsomer than ever; it has Beryl Mercer—not sweet this time, but shrewish—a grand performance. It has a pretty weak ending and it has Dicky, the canary—but let's forget about that.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

The Guardsman

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



I HOPE you'll like this. A lot depends on it! If you applaud "The Guardsman" the producers will make more champagne pictures—that is, sophisticated, sparkling, heady stuff. If you don't—but please do. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make their talking picture début in this screen version of Molnar's play. They are superb, these stars of the New York Theatre Guild—poised, subtle, charming. Mr. Lunt plays a temperamental, lovable idiot—an actor of the European stage married to a lovely lady star, whose affection for him, he thinks, is wavering. So he masquerades as a fiery guardsman to try to win his own wife—hoping all the time that he won't. It's all delicious—the dialogue, the acting by Miss Fontanne—her voice is the most luscious you've heard—and an incomparably amusing portrayal by Alfred Lunt. See it!



Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt score personal triumphs in their first talkie, "The Guardsman."

Larceny Lane

Warners



WHAT can you do about a picture like this? It's not a family film; the children shouldn't see it—they'd only have too good a time and go out and try to do a James Cagney; it's another crook story—and yet it is the best all-round rousing entertainment of the month! Shoving all our scruples carefully to one side, we must admit that it's the speediest film on the screens. It tells you all about the rackets practiced by a bell-hop and a chambermaid. Their ambition is to crash the big town as accomplished gyp artists. The story of their crooked career is crammed with excitement. Not very elevating for Aunt Ella—but a good time is enjoyed by everybody else. Greet the grand new team of Cagney and Blondell. These two are inimitable. They get our Honor Page this time. See "Larceny Lane" and you'll know why.



"Larceny Lane" is thoroughly original, with that great team, James Cagney and Joan Blondell.

Palmy Days

United Artists



AL JOLSON ushered in the talkies and Eddie Cantor will bring back musical movies—that's our prediction, anyway. Eddie was never funnier, and his picture keeps up a dizzy pace. Beautiful girls—effective dances—good songs sung in the contagious Cantor manner—and there's a plot here somewhere, too, but nobody knows and nobody cares. It's all mad nonsense. Imagine Cantor as a spiritualist's assistant—or never mind; don't try. Just see the picture. Eddie's partner in fun is the angular Charlotte Greenwood. And does Charlotte rough him up—and does Eddie take it? And did my mother—but no, that's another story. Eddie inadvertently becomes an efficiency expert in a cruller factory—yes, it's as crazy as that—and thinks he's in love with the boss's daughter, but Charlotte has other plans. Barbara Weeks is a pretty heroine.



Eddie Cantor's hilarious comedy, "Palmy Days" is so good that it may bring back musical movies.

ARE *the* SCREEN STARS

Some are—some aren't. Read on and learn about all kinds!

HOW would you like to live next door to some popular Hollywood film celebrity?
 "Gosh, wouldn't I, though!" murmurs little Miss Fan. "It would be Seventh Heaven to me!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" snaps Mama Fan. "You don't know what you're asking for. These stars are a noisy bunch and probably would keep us awake half the night with their parties and such. Then, too, they're all stuck up—they wouldn't look at any of *us*. If they did, it would only be to give us a vacant stare."

"Oh, yeah?" cuts in Papa Fan. "Well, don't kid yourself, Mama. Movie stars are all right—they're only human beings like us, after all. And say, that little gal I saw at the Palace last week when she was making a personal appearance, was as cute as they make 'em and not one bit ritzy."

"Is that so?" retorts Mama Fan, which quenches that argument, but which brings us right to the point of our story: Are stars good neighbors, or not? Do they make friends easily, or don't they? Do they invite neighbors to their homes?

It all boils down to just this. There are stars and stars, and no two are alike. There are friendly ones, like Marie Dressler, who knows almost everyone on her street by name, who has a smile and a kind word for them all, and even swaps choice recipes, special samples of her cooking, and things like that with the two ladies who live next door.

There are others who keep aloof from their neighbors—like Garbo, Swanson and Negri—because it's their "act" to remain mysterious, or because they feel they have few common interests and prefer, accordingly, to move among their own small circle of friends. Those in this group have been

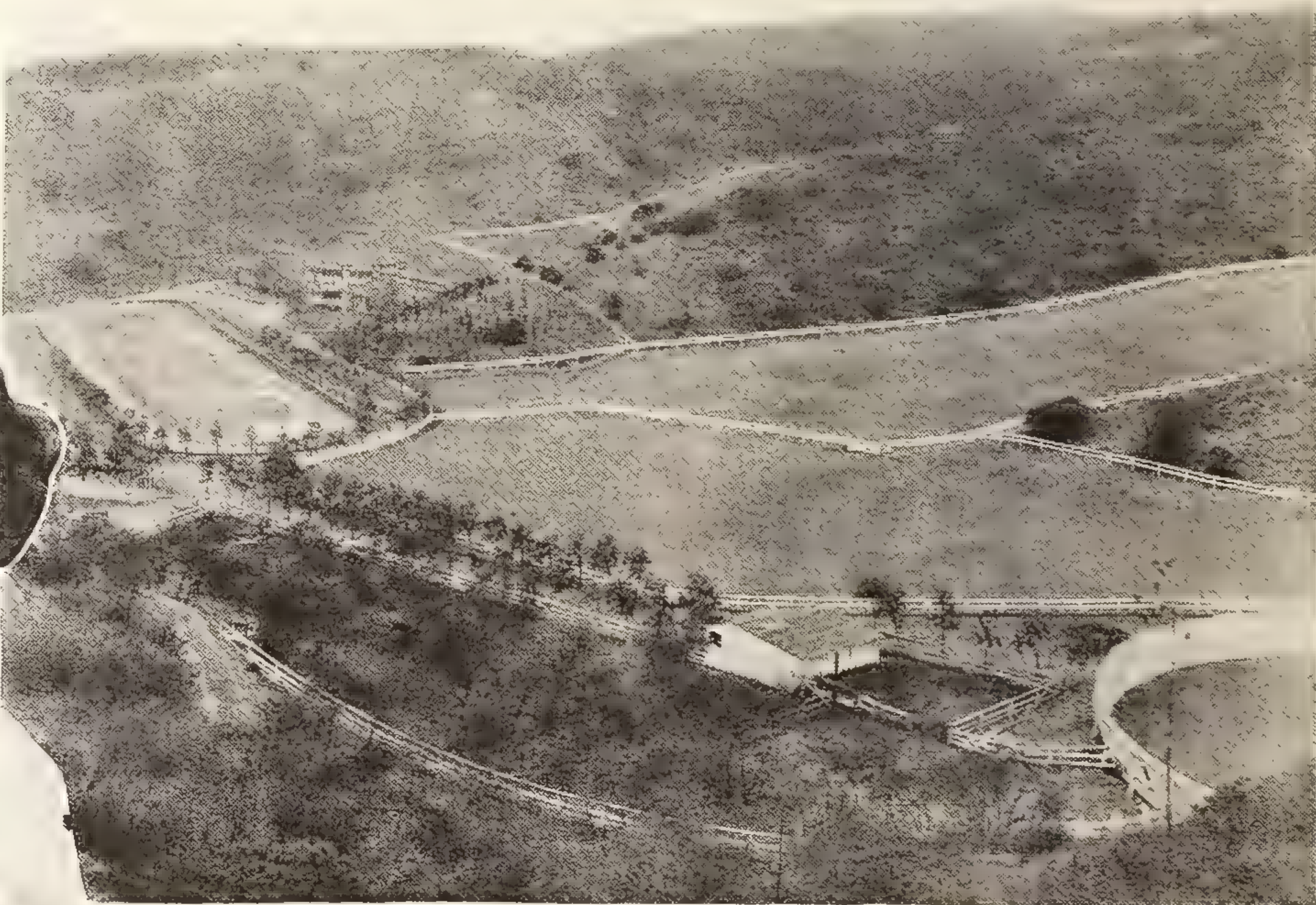
termed everything from dumb-bells to snobs, but they go merrily on their way, attending to their own affairs and disturbing no one.

There is, alas, a third group which is the least desirable of all. Those that belong in this gathering aren't always seen by neighbors, but they are very much heard! They are good sports mostly, only too much so—being inclined to keep their neighbors walking the floor at night and tearing their hair.

Virginia Valli's big romance, culminating in her marriage to Charles Farrell, began with neighborliness. It happened that she was vacationing at Malibu Beach, and Charlie Farrell was lounging about in his cottage next door at the same time. She was painting some outdoor furniture one morning when Charlie, in true neighborly fashion, called over and asked if there was anything he could do to help her. His offer was accepted and he went to work with a paint brush. By the time the furniture was finished, their romance had begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, too, started their famous friendship by being neighbors on North Harper Avenue.

Louise Fazenda knows all her neighbors—down both sides of the street. They often go on picnic parties with her, and there is a genuine friendliness about the whole community. In the boy who lives right next door, Louise has not only a picture fan but an enthusiast for her cakes and pies and cookies—something even more important.

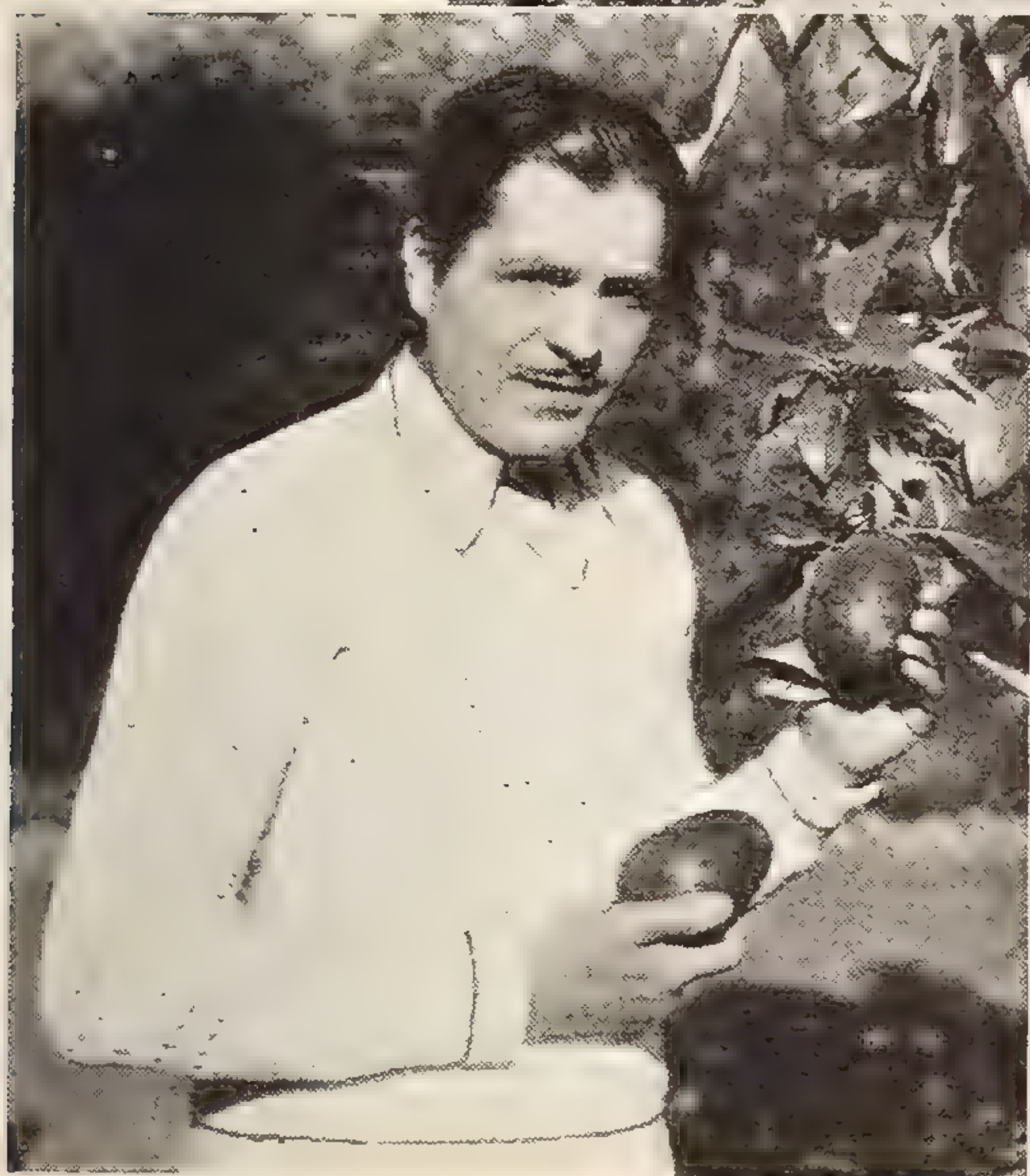


Will Rogers would have to ride miles to borrow a pound of sugar! His huge ranch doesn't make for neighborliness. Just look it over—Will won't mind!

Marguerite Churchill and Elissa Landi live near each other, work at the same studio, and are the best of friends. They often ride together on the Beverly Hills bridle paths.

GOOD NEIGHBORS?

Don't let Vic McLaglen's screen gruffness fool you. He and his wife make the most charming neighbors. Here they are in front of their Flint-ridge home.



Not hand grenades to throw at the neighbors, but luscious avocados which Warner Baxter presents to them by the boxful. Warner is one of Hollywood's most popular neighbors!

"This lad seems to have an uncanny knowledge of each time I light the oven for cookies," laughed Louise. "He's always right on the spot to help with the mixing and the sampling, and sometimes he brings along his chum. One day he told me he didn't like the idea of my having to mix the dough by hand. A few days later he came to the door with a bulky package. It turned out to be an electric mixer! Finding that those in the stores were out of reach of his pocketbook, he had coaxed his father, an electrician, into getting parts wholesale for him and helping him assemble them. To me, it is one of the nicest gifts I have ever received. All my neighbors are the finest possible and I consider them *real* friends."

The James Gleasons live next door to a family in Beverly Hills who have a large tennis court. The Gleasons haven't one but they have a fine swimming pool. So the two neighbors have a reciprocity plan whereby each has the welcome to the other's luxury. It works out extremely well and there are many gay parties traveling through the garden gate to the pool or the courts. The Gleasons are friends with all their neighbors, particularly the Anthony Bushells who live across the street. They are very social and whenever a big party is being held, all their neighbors are usually among those present. The Gleason gatepost, adorned with silhouettes of James, Russell and Lucille, plus the family

dog, stands for "hospitality." And they mean it, too.

Then there's Janet Gaynor, who, according to the lady next door to her home, is an exceptionally fine neighbor.

"Janet is the dearest little thing I know," she declared. "I was always a fan of hers and now that I know her personally, I'm more so than ever. She's always so quiet and she's friendly with all the folks around here. She seems to love her home so well, and incidentally, she is at home a lot. Every Sunday evening she has tea on her back porch and many a time she asks us over. Sometimes she entertains several of her neighbors. Indeed, every one of us loves Janet."

The Warner Baxters, likewise, are well thought of in their vicinity. An elderly gentleman, Mr. West by name, whose back yard backs right up against theirs, has this to confide:

"The Baxters, both of them, are awfully friendly folks and all the people around these parts speak well of them. Why, when I first moved in here, Baxter didn't know me from Adam, but one day he saw me out in the yard and called over the fence: 'Hello, there! Would you like to have some fresh avacados?' I was surprised, for I had heard that picture people were mostly a selfish clan, giving away little or nothing. But I replied, 'Why, yes, if you can spare them, and thank you very much.' 'Good,' answered Warner, 'I'll bring you some later.' And sure enough, that afternoon he brought over a large box of delicious ones. He's a neighbor worth having!"

Many stars have other stars for neighbors. Elissa Landi and Marguerite Churchill not only work at the same studio—Fox—but they're neighbors and the best of friends. They go for early-morning canters together. Thelma Todd and Raquel Torres have neighboring apartments at the same hotel. Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Virginia Cherrill and Lola Lane have adjoining bungalows at the "Garden of Allah" and these four players get along beautifully together. Dorothy Lee, Belle Bennett, Billie Dove and the Richard Arlens are all friendly neighbors up in the Toluca Lake district.

Will Rogers hasn't any neighbors for miles around.

He could stage a regular wild west show on his huge ranch every night and his nearest neighbor couldn't complain! Will, however, never could be the noisy type. Neither could Harold (Continued on page 124)

By
Gordon R. Silver



Perfumes make lovely gifts. Loretta Young knows the secret that perfumes are made for the skin and not for fabrics. And Loretta puts perfumes first on her list of gifts to her feminine friends this season.

BEAUTY SHOPPING

By

Margery Wilson

GLAD tidings of great joy! You've heard of the wind being tempered to the shorn lamb? Well, all the cosmetic people and the perfumers have been doing the same thing—to wit, making their Christmas prices fit our pocketbooks. So holiday joy in gift choosing and giving remains at about par.

Alluring gifts may be had for a song. However, if you insist, it is still possible to invest your college education in perfume. Not that it matters, but I have often marvelled at the *aplomb* of the elegant soft-voiced salespeople, who approach you with plush manner and Oxford accent, and confidentially tell you that the gorgeous crystal bottle of rarest essence—the one you can't take your eyes off—is now reduced from \$600 to *only* \$450!

This, of course, gives you an urge to order at least half a dozen of them—but, instead, you get out somehow, mumbling something about the large size being a bit vulgar!

On the other hand Helena Rubenstein is putting out a novel lipstick for \$1. It requires only one hand to operate, as a single movement of your thumb on its side opens the top and raises the rouge. So, you do not even have to lay your pocketbook down in order to use it in a public place—(meaning, of course, a dressing room, for it never has been and never will be smart to refurbish your face in really public places). I predict great popularity for this clever innovation. A convenient and welcome gift!

At Coty's I found an item that thrilled me and will certainly bring joy to the heart of any woman who loves

Make your Christmas gifts express beauty—novelty—charm! Our Beauty Editor's advice makes your shopping easy and alluring with these exciting, yet practical, suggestions

a touch of real art on her dressing table. If you have loved the glass creations of Lalique as I have (I am nothing short of a Lalique worshipper) you will be overjoyed to learn that for the modest sum of \$5, Coty has a powder jar signed by the great Lalique himself and filled with fragrant face powder done up in satin! And I made the breath-taking discovery that the windows in the Coty buildings are all designed by Lalique. Imagine! It was almost more than I could take in considering the expense of even small pieces.

Speaking of glass, Yardley has cleverly put thirteen ounces of their Old English Lavender perfume into a stunning cut-glass decanter with a sparkling crystal stopper, to sell for \$12. After the perfume is gone the decanter can be refilled with lavender or used for rare brandy or liqueur. (Don't ask me where to get these last items. Probably in England where Yardley makes the original contents!)

Finding just the right gift for the right person requires tact, patience, and that heavenly thing known as good taste. What blunders we often make with the very best intentions! I once sent a box of fruit from California to Florida. I am blushing yet.

It may be practical to select a gift that "suits" the recipient, but let me suggest that you drop that idea and get a present that will *please*. When giving books I always send funny ones to my intellectual friends and high-brow books to my "middle-brow" friends. They please!

Give sensible things to frivolous people and frivolous gifts to sensible people. Give a jar of daintily-colored bath salts, with a thoroughly useless satin bow around its neck, to a woman who does her own house-work, and watch her face glow with delight. Here is recognition of her personal fastidiousness! For this purpose Elizabeth Arden's new pulverized bath salts is ideal. It comes in a tall, square, smart-looking bottle with a huge flat stopper: \$5. The pulverized salts dissolve instantly in water and last so much longer because it requires only a small amount to soften and perfume your bath. This is a charming gift for any woman you know well enough to give



Beauty Advice from a Beauty!

Margery Wilson is a "different" Beauty Editor. She is herself a beauty and an authority on charm—in fact, she wrote a book about it! Miss Wilson will guide you in your beauty problems. Read her department every month—and if you wish personal advice, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and address Miss Margery Wilson, Beauty Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

bath accessories. It comes in Russian Pine, Amber, Allamanda and Rose. The same odors can be had in the bath crystals at \$1.75, \$3, and \$5. For the traveler Arden has thoughtfully pressed the bath salts into solid cubes, a dozen in a flat box that won't take up much packing space, for \$2.

The idea of giving sensible things to frivolous people is a good one, for the gay woman is always grateful to the person who makes it unnecessary for her to think about mundane, practical things. Yet, every time she uses the "practical" gift she will think, "How sweet of you to look after my needs." If you know her very well, you might even give her soap—fine soap, of course. Ten to one she is always running out of soap at the wrong time, because it is one thing she never thinks to buy. Besides, her allowance is spent on necessities like the movies and new hats, and she "can't afford" good soap!

So pile up for yourself a lot of Christmas gratitude and give this girl several cakes of that most lasting Spanish soap, made in Barcelona by Myrurgia, the house that served the Spanish royalty with perfumes and toilet requisites. Myrurgia soaps come in several of the odors of their exquisite perfumes! If you don't know them waste no time getting acquainted. They're yielding, defiant, brilliant, brooding, laughing, subtle. They've taken Hollywood like Grant took Richmond.

A great favorite is "Maja"—(the j is pronounced h, you know)—because it is sunny and impudent with an overtone of bravery, just like those gay women of the marketplace (the *majas*) who gave color and spice to living in times of peace and marched to war when danger threatened their beloved Spain. And the flower odors, so dainty and ladylike! They bring us the best of a land of flowers, a country where cities and streets are named for blossoms. "Orgia," literally a riot of blooms, may be had in a lovely suede case for \$8. For mystery there is "Nardo," distilled from the Indian flower of the same name, ideal for wintry weather and chill hearts, for (Continued on page 112)



Every gift is a part of your heart. Ruth Hall has her hands full, but she doesn't mind. It's Christmas!

Hollywood

Introducing some nice little newcomers to screen society



Cecilia Parker, left. Meditative beauty; pensive pulchritude. Cinderella before the ball. Will she win a place among the serene and stately leading ladies?



Fay Pierre. Several sweetly solemn thoughts. Can she really be as demure as all that? At any rate, her "Palmy Days" have already begun—in Eddie Cantor's picture.



Marjorie King, above. "Come hither—but keep your distance," those eyes seem to say. She's John Gilbert's current idea of something real nice.



Frances Dean. A blonde in a brown study? You said an armful. Frances studies the stars—she wants to be familiar with her destiny.

Débutantes

They're pretty—they're piquant
—and they can act, too!



And here are the three Fox "débutantes." Top to bottom: Conchita Montenegro, brunette; Helen Mack, red-head; Linda Watkins, blonde. Like the color scheme?

Barbara Weeks. Quaintly coy—and with bangs, too! But don't overlook that saucy lilt in Barbara's eyes!



Ann Dvorak. A bit of sophistication. Adding zest to the party. A new Howard Hughes discovery. A gangster's moll in "Scarface."

Elda Vokel, left. Another version of the new femme appeal: quiet, dimpled, Mary Brian-ish—and wholly charming. In fact, like a girl named Eida.

LET'S BE SERIOUS!

So says Alice White, who never really liked those jazzy rôles

By
*Mortimer
Franklin*

Alice used to do those "Naughty Baby" and "Show Girl" things. Now she wants to be Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire.

SYMBOL of a hectic era—of a gay, gaudy, reckless period when everybody was happy, let's go! Symbol of a pleasure-seeking age, when Flaming Youth was at its flamingest; the stock market, the gin output and the skirt length made all-time altitude records, and bankers and bootblacks liked their fun and liked it hot!

That was Alice White's screen career at its zenith. And she didn't care much for it.

Alice is pretty, and pert, and peppy. She is very, very little. And she can dance and sing and make her eyes speak encyclopedia-fuls. So, when she happened to swim into the directors' ken at the height of a jazz era, it was decided that Alice must become the Jazz Baby Girl of the films. But Alice (see above) didn't care for it.

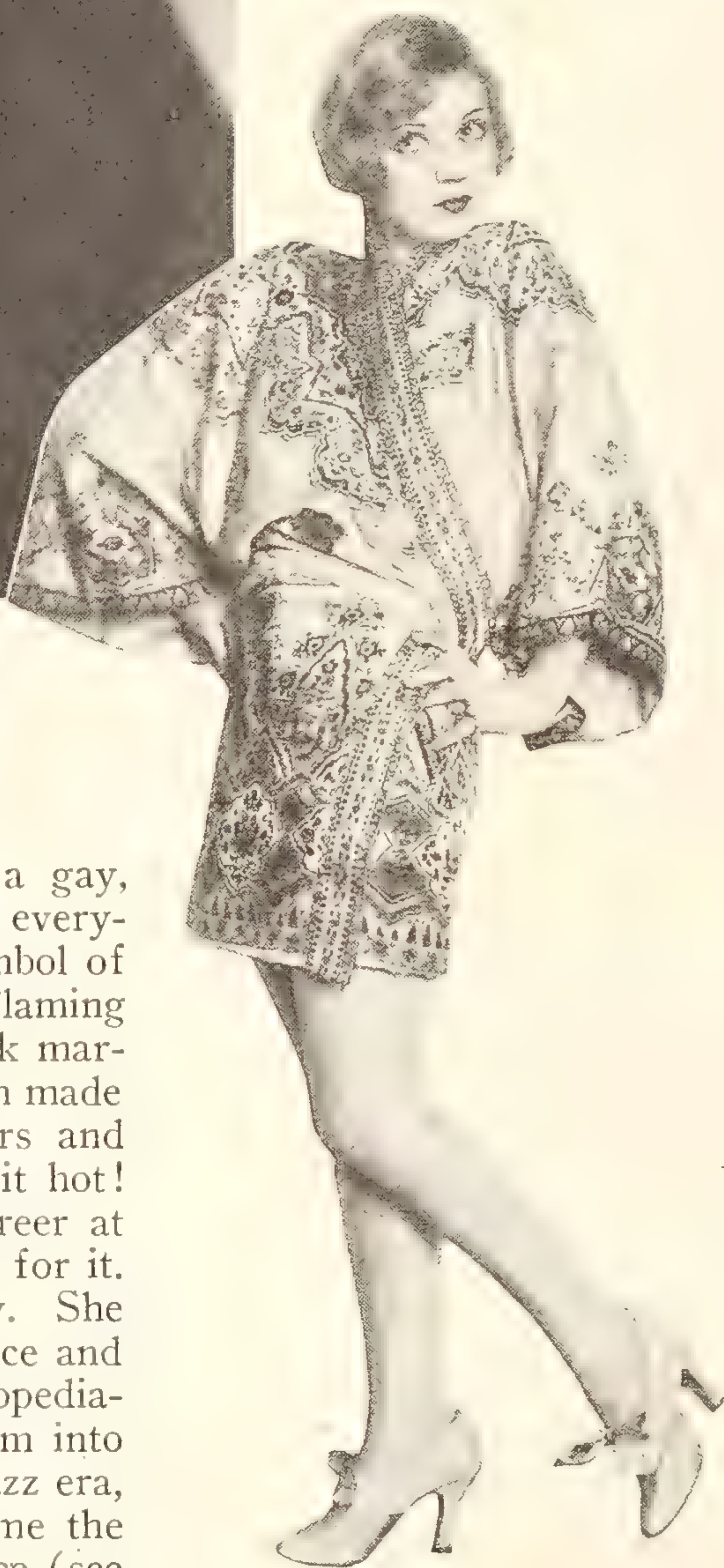
"Thank goodness *that's* over," she sighed, recalling those febrile days. "Now a girl can be herself again!"

Alice will soon start being herself with all her might when she goes before the camera again. And that self won't be a bit like her old screen self, either.

"All that hoopla stuff wasn't my idea of acting at all," Alice insists. "But people had to have their heavy excitement then, and I was elected to be it! (Oh, all right, have your pun if you want it.) While I had it to do I did it well, too, if box-office records are to be believed. But all the while I wanted to do some honest-to-goodness acting—to play real, human people in three dimensions who led natural, believable lives and did other things

of pictures called, believe it or not, "Show Girl," "Naughty Baby," "Hot Stuff," and "Show Girl in Hollywood." Some of those names may sound funny today, but they were very much What the Public Wanted yesterday.

"Even while these gay doings were at their height," says Alice, "I tried to get them to cast me in a rôle that required some acting—something a fellow could get his teeth into. When 'Bad Girl' was first published I read it, liked it, and rushed to the studio with it insisting that I be allowed to make a picture from it. But the movies, in spite of all the prevalent whoopee, were shying away from the Facts of Life in (Continued on page 121)





Photograph by John Miehle, United Artists

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CHESTER MORRIS in "CORSAIR"

Why CLARK GABLE is the

Here's the
Answer!



Hurrell

BECAUSE

He has the most sensational smile since Valentino hypnotized his audiences in "The Four Horsemen."

BECAUSE

He's a good actor. His talents and technique stand up even with Wallace Beery's in "Hell Divers." Here's a fight scene you will thrill to. It's a smash.



Most Popular New Man in Pictures



Outdoor photographs by Bert Lynch

BECAUSE

He's real. There's no swank or pose about him. If a cameraman catches him for a picture when he has a few days' growth of beard, that's just too bad.



BECAUSE

He'd rather go up to the mountains and rough it than attend the first night of his new picture in Hollywood. In fact, that's what he did.



BECAUSE

Even make-up can't make him *look* like an actor! Gable would make his pictures without make-up if they would let him. He hates the stuff.

BECAUSE

He's no ladies' man, no blank-ety-blank matinée idol. Men like him, too. And that's why his popularity will be the rare kind that lasts.





Richee

DIETRICH, the girl you dream about, is doing a little dreaming on her own. But it's only between scenes of her new picture, "The Shanghai Express," in which marvelous Marlene is supported by Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.



Ricbee

"THE Man I Killed" is the cheery title of Phillips Holmes' next film, after "An American Tragedy." When will they let this boy play a natural, human part? He's a real actor—but he's too young to be typed. Let's have him happy for a change!



Jackie is having the time of his life "playing opposite" Wally Beery in "The Champ." And Wally is having a pretty good time, too. Wally and Marie Dressler are Jackie's favorite stars, outside of Joan Crawford and—well, maybe Greta Garbo.

Why Jackie Cooper is the most popular new man in pictures—next to Clark Gable!

Well, Just Look Around You!



Hurrell



Our Favorite BABY STAR

Dicky Moore isn't a great, big boy like Jackie Cooper, but he is doing rather well, thanks, since his smash hit in "The Star Witness"

What wouldn't any one of the Wampas Baby Stars give to own a pair of eyes as big, dark, and expressive as Dicky Moore's! Dicky, so far, doesn't realize that his appealing little face is worth a fortune. He's just a natural youngster.



Elmer Fryer



Gordon

HERE'S Hollywood's most ingratiating smile, to us—right here! Junior Durkin doesn't look like Gary Cooper, exactly, but since "Huckleberry Finn" we have decided he has all the ear-marks of a great actor. See him next in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



Fryer

PRESENTING a future screen star—Miss Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown. She is a real beauty and we are going to keep this photograph of her so that when she is in the big money she will have to beg us not to use it. Oh, yes—that's Joe E. Brown, the proud papa.



What a dining room! And what a girl, to think of a red and white house at Malibu Beach! Note the flowers at the windows—a grand idea.

That LITTLE Red and White HOME in the West!

Lilyan's windows look right out over the ocean. White Venetian blinds and red and white damask drapes accent the windows.

The white walls are contrasted by chairs in red and white linen. Lilyan likes Wedgwood and milk-glass and beautifully bound books—and the books, by the way, also carry out the color scheme!

Here's Lilyan Tashman in her new peppermint palace at Malibu

Photographs by Bert Longworth

Here is the fireplace end of the drawing room. The floor is covered with a marble pattern linoleum. The lamps are of white parchment bordered with crystal diadems. Like the effect?





Longworth

AFTER his dramatic success in "Silence," Clive Brook will brighten up for the leading rôle in "Husband's Holiday"—sounds gay, doesn't it? But depend upon Clive to do a good job. His new leading lady will be Vivienne Osborne, from the Broadway stage.



Ray Jones

THAT amazing little actress you applauded in "Waterloo Bridge"—Mae Clarke. Her wistful smile-with-pathos packs a wallop. Mae is working now in "Frankenstein," and you'll also be seeing her as the heroine of "Reckless Living," with Ricardo Cortez.



Fryer

THE edict, "No more gangster films," doesn't worry James Cagney. He made his hit as a racketeer, but he can play other parts, and he will prove it in "Taxi," in which he will play opposite—not Joan Blondell this time, but Loretta Young.



Preston Duncan

JEANETTE MACDONALD has wanted to play "The Merry Widow" on the screen for a long time. And what this lovely red-head wants she usually gets. Yes—she is all dated up to dance that dreamy waltz with *Prince Danilo*.



Otto Dyar

ON THE opposite page Gary says "I'm tired of Hollywood!" (Read the story.) But when he says it, Gary grins. The big boy is happy and working hard these days, and you'll see the pleasant results in his next film, called "His Woman."

"I'm tired of Hollywood,"

Says

Gary Cooper

By

Evelyn Ballarine

"I'M TIRED of Hollywood!" said Gary Cooper. This from one of Hollywood's favorite sons!

"I want to see life," continued Gary. "After four or five years of Hollywood you get pretty stale, and a nice fresh ocean trip is good for you. Did you see 'Once in a Lifetime,' that burlesque of Hollywood life? Well, it isn't at all exaggerated—it's typically Hollywood!"

"Oh, no, I don't intend to retire, and as for the Broadway stage—that's out. I don't know what I'd do on the stage, for one thing. I'd be all arms and legs—and wouldn't I feel like a fool! I like pictures, but I'm going to make it my business to take a vacation after every picture. And it's going to be a sea voyage, too!"

Aren't movies inspiring, though? Here was Gary all dressed up as a sea captain for his rôle in "His Woman," in production at Paramount's eastern studio. He was so interested in his part in the picture that all he could talk about was ships and ocean trips. We were having lunch and Gary even ordered *fish*! Who said actors don't live their parts?

"I'd like to live on a ship—a barge, I mean." And he certainly meant it, at the time. There was a far-away look in his eyes. We wondered whether a certain Mexican gal (Lupe Velez, to you) had anything to do with this sudden desire to get away from Hollywood.

"Say, you should have been with us when we made the exterior scenes for this picture! We'd get out, about forty or fifty miles from land where it was good and rough—it was grand fun!"

We managed to make Gary forsake his barge temporarily by asking him about his trip to Europe. "Gosh, I needed that trip. I'd just got out of the hospital and was immediately rushed into a picture, and by the time I completed it I was a physical wreck. I had jaundice, you know.

"I was abroad for about two months. I visited London and Paris, but spent most of my vacation in Italy. It's a beautiful place! I'd like to live there—not necessarily forever—but I *would* like to spend a good part of every year there.

Gary looks out to sea—what?



Gary plays a sea captain in "His Woman." Will this film quench his desire for sea life? Keep your fingers crossed!

"My visit to Rome really put me on my feet. Eat, sleep and rest—that's all I did. It was my idea of a real vacation—no personal appearances or anything of the sort. In fact, only one man connected with the Paramount Studios knew I was in Europe. He met me at the boat alone—no cameramen or reporters. I was just Frank Cooper from Montana, instead of Gary Cooper, the actor—it was swell! (Continued on page 112)



There's Plenty of Room at the Top!

"Oh, yes?" says Robert Montgomery. "Try sitting on top of a ladder and see how *you* like it!" But Bob needn't worry. He is pretty secure up there, as long as he continues to give such corking performances. The

next Montgomery release will be "A Family Affair," and it will be, for Bob is one of the stars whose pictures it is entirely safe for the young folks to take their parents and grand-parents to see! Good boy, Bobby!

What~A Silver Wedding Party in Hollywood?

Yes! If you don't believe it, read this gay account and be convinced!

By Grace Kingsley

"I WONDER if there won't be a lot of jealous folks here today, I mean people who couldn't stay married for twenty-five years!" remarked Patsy, the Party Hound, as we made our way into the home of the James Gleasons, who have been married a quarter of a century, and who were celebrating their silver wedding anniversary.

We had had to park almost half a mile away, so many were the automobiles standing on the Beverly Hills street where the Gleasons dwell in a charming old English style house; and inside we found the owners of the cars. Some of the cars were grand, some very humble, for the Gleasons had invited everybody they knew and liked, whether rich or poor.

Mrs. Gleason greeted us at the door, and within we found a huge table covered with silver.

"Everybody is happy except the butler," said Mrs. Gleason with a grin. "He groans every time he sees a new package of silver unwrapped, because he will have to polish it."

Then she kidded, "Yes, I'm getting the cost of

the party out of the presents!"

Jimmy Gleason we found in the big garden, where nearly all the guests had assembled. His lips and cheeks were smeared with red lip stick from allowing the lady guests to kiss him.

"Did you notice," inquired Marguerite Churchill, "the copper plaque on the gate outside?"

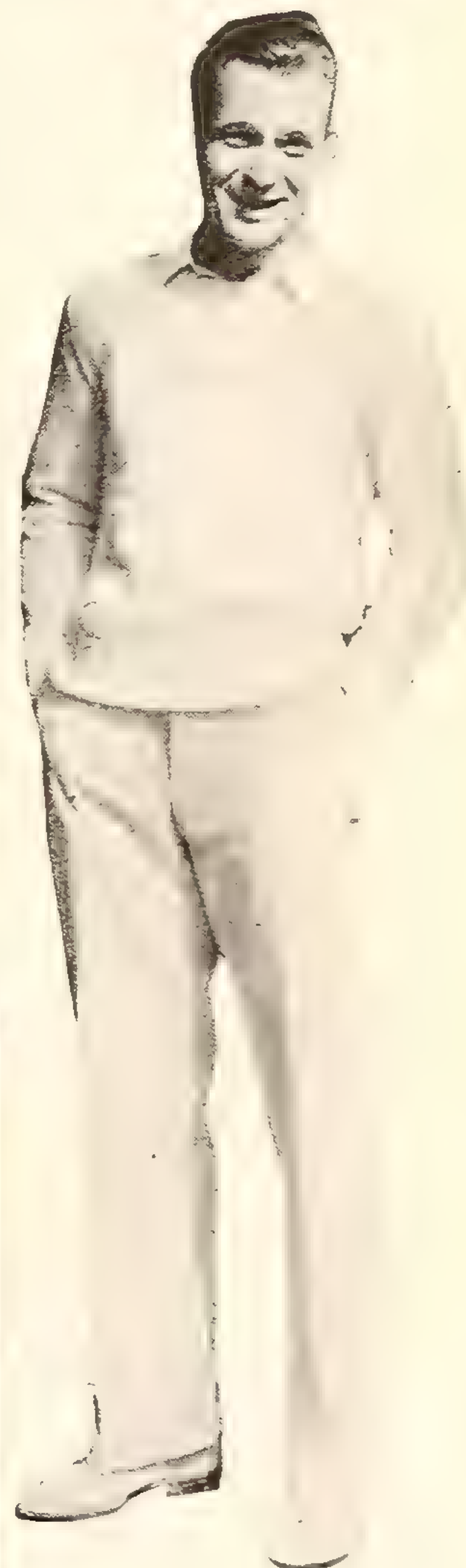
We hadn't, so we must satisfy our curiosity. Out there we discovered the copper plate with the household motto on it, "Let only happiness enter here." Above were three little bronze silhouettes of Mr. and

(Continued on page 127)

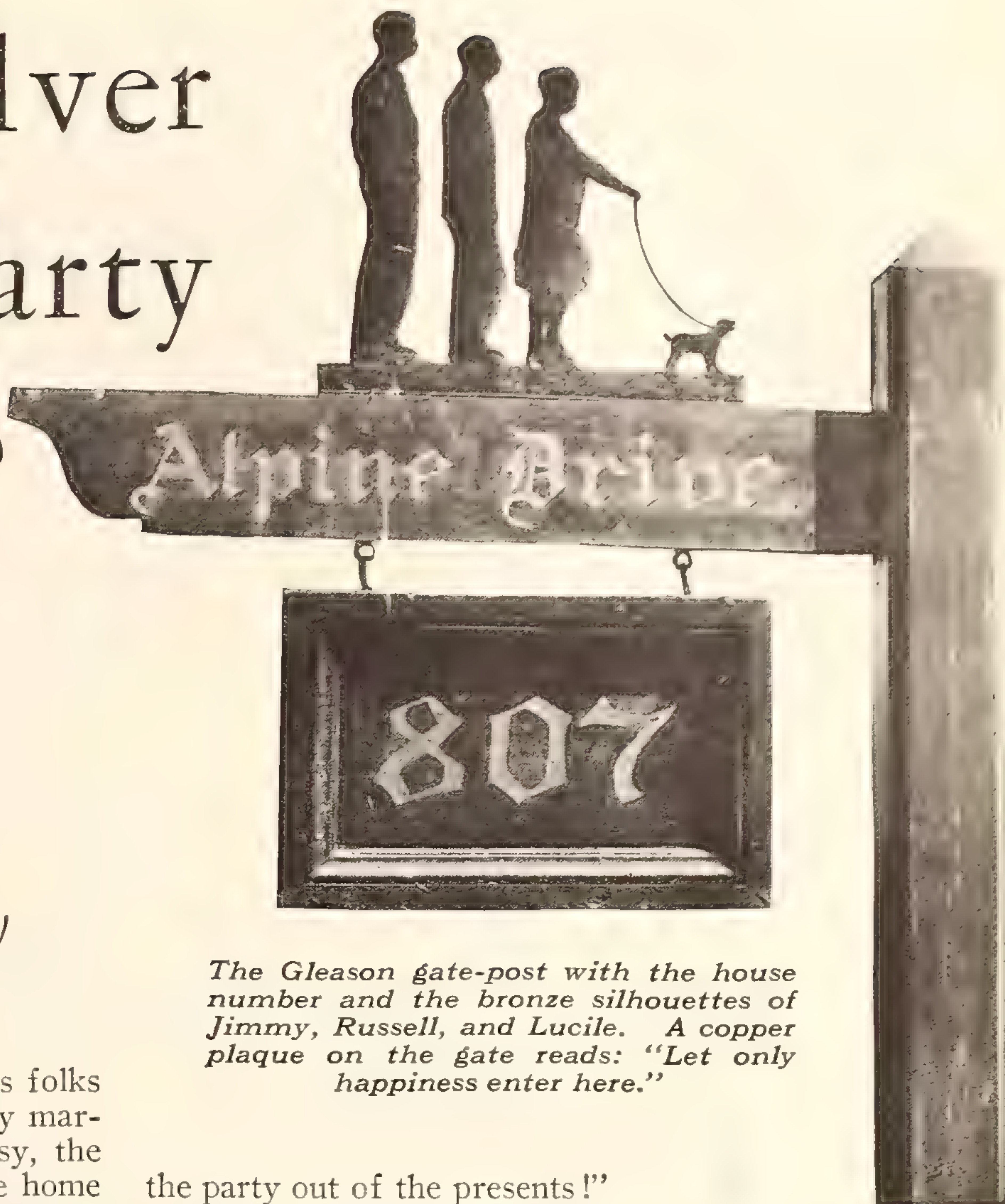
Stuart Erwin and June Collyer are still honeymooners. They were guests at that unique silver wedding party, and are planning for one of their own some day.



Mary Brian is positively Russell Gleason's favorite guest!



Russell—the Gleason son and heir and pride and joy.



The Gleason gate-post with the house number and the bronze silhouettes of Jimmy, Russell, and Lucile. A copper plaque on the gate reads: "Let only happiness enter here."



George M. Cohan and his real daughter, Helen Cohan, in "Friendship." (You saw her in the movies—in "Lightnin'.") "Friendship" is a pleasant play with Mr. Cohan as the whole show.

The STAGE in REVIEW

Extra! "Scandals,"
"Vanities," and other
tidings of the new
Broadway season

By
Benjamin
De Casseres

George White's "Scandals."

AS CLEAN and sky-high a knock-out as ever hit New York!

The eleventh edition of George White's "Scandals" is the fastest and funniest musical revue I have ever seen. No time for yawning. Something doing every minute: laughter, color, beautiful girls, dancing, singing. You never get a breath.

Willie Howard in the sketches by George White, Lew Brown and Irving Caesar kept me rocking in my seat like a bald-head with the laugh-colic. This fellow is outrageously comic. He'll melt your ribs and all points south and west.

Rudy Vallée didn't do much outside of his charming smile, and his crooning—except a remarkably fine imitation of Maurice Chevalier.

Ray Bolger tapped and clogged. Ethel Merman sang the key song of the show, "Life Is Like a Bowl of Cherries." Everett Marshall has a terrific steam-shovel voice that I thought would crack at the great angel finale of the first act. But it held—and the house yelled and yelped.

And many more great and grand features, including the Gale Quadruplets, fine girls in fine dancing and singing.

The "Scandals of 1931" is the "Green Pastures" of revues. Get your standing-room early!

"Cloudy With Showers."

"Cloudy With Showers" is the first sell-out "straight play" of the season. It is a brilliant, well-made farce-comedy, in which its authors, Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, put a shy, non-girly professor in a girls' college in front of an intellectual, modern sex-wise but "non-experienced," girl. They play them out until they are both in a roadhouse bedroom in the second act, where—of course, Adeline!—they had to go when the shower came up. And *that's* why Adam ate the apple!

The first act is a corking piece of intellectual fencing between the professor and the girl on the question of sex over a thesis she has written. The second act is complicated by one of the funniest hold-ups ever put on the stage. The third act puts the professor and girl back at the house-party in time to keep What Has Happened a dead secret. It's a high-class piece of work for a sex-farce. Clarity is the strength of the play.

Thomas Mitchell is a good professor and the girl is splendidly handled by Rachel Hartzell. Adrian Rosley did a good bit as the Italian hotelkeeper. A play not to be missed for humor and for perfect all-round acting.

"The Vanities."

Earl Carroll has an Eye. His eye is his brain. He believes that color and the sensuous world alone exist. Maybe he's right. Whether he is or not, he has put on the most beautiful revue I have ever seen. Here are the great "purple patches" of Flaubert's "Salambo," Théophile Gautier's "Mlle. De Maupin," and Anatole France's "Thaïs" made manifest.

On his new stage, revolving, double-jointed, and everything else, there is a parade of hallucinating beauty that knocks you clean out of your everyday make-up. The barbaric ballet of Ravel's "Bolero" is simply colossal, overwhelming. "The Cromium," "Parasols on Parade," "Prehistoric Curtain" are a few of the other eye-fillers. But this combination Earl Carroll and Ravel "Bolero"!—it is alone worth any top price ever paid.

Four of the craziest funny men you've ever seen, Will Mahoney, Bill Demarest, Frank Mitchell, and Al Norman, broke my bones with laughter. The girls: Don't ask me! I'm a respectable married man. Whoopee!

"Friendship."

I never cared for George M. Cohan when he was the flag-waving Yankee-doodle boy. But I like him immensely as a legitimate actor. He is as natural as John Drew. He is a born comedian. He achieves, with his curious but not exaggerated mannerisms, effects that other actors cannot achieve with a hundred motions of the legs and hands.

His new play, "Friendship," swings around himself as *Joe Townsend*, rich man-about-town, and a girl he took from a night club. *Louise Dale*, the girl, goes



Ross Alexander, Donald Meek and Barbara Robbins are top-notch in "After Tomorrow," John Golden's season opener on Broadway, which relates the tearful troubles of a loving young couple, an erring wife and an ailing father. But there's a silver lining!

brainy. She is writing a novel. Of course, a boy friend shows up, and *Joe* generously parts with his tootsy. But the boy comes from a respectable delicatessen family. The father throws champagne in *Joe's* face, the boy gives up the girl, and *Joe* and *Louise* finally put on the marriage handcuffs. It's a pleasant little treacle-dripping play that you'll soon forget.

Cohan, of course, was the show, with Robert Ficher as the moral delicatessen papa of the *Sinning Boy* doing corkingly well. George's own daughter, Helen, was beautiful to behold in a small part that papa George wrote for her. Lee Patrick was the Erring Girl and Minor Watson filled in with Cohan. The first act is the play. After that it cracks.

"Ladies of Creation."

This play by Gladys Unger wobbles considerably and for a time absolutely bobbins in vacuo (up in the air to you!).

She is the head of a 57th street interior decorating business. She is also one of the ladies of creation who is putting it all over the lords of creation. But she doesn't. She can't get along without the low-born muscle-inner who is her business manager, and in the end she's got to marry him. Incidentally, she's not too modern to love him.

(Continued on page 118)

Right, Eileen Wenzell, in Earl Carroll's "Vanities."



"Cloudy With Showers," according to De Casseres, is a brilliant, well-made farce comedy. Rachel Hartzell and Thomas Mitchell, left, handle their rôles splendidly. Mitchell is co-author with Floyd Dell of this pleasant piece.



SCREEN NEWS

Here's the latest, hot
from our Hollywood spy!



"Wuxtry! All the Hollywood news!" cries Geraldine Barten. She's Hollywood news herself—and good news, too. Keep your eye on her.

HOW about Clara Bow in a picture called "The Impatient Virgin"? It's up to Clara. Universal has made her a definite offer, and her decision rests upon her approval of the script, now in preparation.

Clara has decided she will not appear in a picture unless she feels confident the story is not only good, but suitable for her special talents. She knows very well an unsuitable vehicle would be final professional suicide at this time.

The red-headed girl has recovered her health at Rex Bell's Nevada desert ranch, where, after dyeing her hair a most unsatisfactory blonde shade, she allowed it to return to its natural color—a trying interval for any beauty. Clara didn't care how she looked on that far-away ranch. She rode horseback, ate heartily of plain food, slept gloriously in a hard nun-like bed, rose early, went to bed early, lived in breeches and shirt, and generally went back to the "simple life" as a restorative.

There weren't any modern comforts and conveniences on that ranch, not even fancy plumbing. Clara has assured us that if she ever marries anyone it will be Rex. She has set her father up in another café in Reno, albeit his café experiment in Hollywood proved a costly failure. And she has her Beverly Hills home up for sale, so that

seems to mean that she is giving up housekeeping for the nonce.

Universal wants Clara. Carl Laemmle, Jr., is said to have abiding faith in her future possibilities. If "The Impatient Virgin" script is discarded, another story will be found. Clara wants to leave the "It Girl" stuff behind her and do bigger and better things. Good luck, kid!

Irving Thalberg's private office is just as elegantly austere as those of most movie heads. But a delightfully irreverent note has been injected into it by Norma Shearer, who gave him her photograph with the inscription, "Sweetheart—from his Missus."

Can't you just imagine Mary Pickford, in years to come, saying, "I used to be a newspaperwoman myself"? For Mary has gone columnist, and is writing a weekly syndicated newspaper article. Cal Coolidge had better see that his stuff is good now!

Things must be looking up. George Bancroft, ZaSu Pitts and Laura La Plante have equipped themselves with those sixteen-cylinder kiddie cars to help them get around places.

In order to qualify for a part in "Flying High," Kathryn Crawford took off ten pounds in one week by strenuous dieting. The result of the picture was a seven-year contract—which compensates for a few missed helpings of whipped cream!

If there is really anything to the reported romance between Ina Claire and Robert Ames it will be given every chance. For they will play opposite each other again in Ina's latest picture, which is, as yet, unnamed.

Madge Evans, who has just signed a contract with M-G-M, appears rather remarkably like Norma Shearer in several scenes of "Sporting Blood." After the Garbo-Dietrich affair this might be anything from chance to a publicity stunt.

Carman Barnes, the young lady who stepped out of boarding school as the author of a sensational book, right into the folds of Paramount studio, seems to be no more. Her contract with Paramount was mutually dissolved. Maybe there was an error in numerology somewhere. Ask Ina Claire, she knows.



Triplets!—No, not the girl, who is Marjorie King three times, but the triplet rings and triplet bracelets to match. Marjorie is showing you how to wear them—and, incidentally, how to smile charmingly.

One actress who seems fated to suffer for her art is Elissa Landi. First she tumbled (elegantly, of course) down a flight of stairs during the filming of "Wicked." Then, while shooting "The Yellow Ticket," she received a stab in the leg from a clumsy extra playing a Russian soldier. Elissa is now completely recovered from both mishaps, but she feels entitled to at least a couple of wound stripes!

The slightly faded screen girls who still insist on playing débutante rôles haven't a thing on young Kendall McComas, the latest recruit to "Our Gang." Kendall, who is fourteen years old and goes to high school, plays parts less than half his age. He's been a cute little six-year-old for the past four or five years.

And while we're on the subject of boy actors, consider the case of Master Jackie Cooper. It seems that Jackie, who of course

is one of the old-time stars, needs at least \$1,600 a month on which to scabble along. That was the minimum amount demanded by his mother, Mrs. Mabel Leonard Cooper, when she filed a petition in court to be appointed his guardian.

Among Jackie's assets listed in the petition were a \$50,000 endowment insurance policy, \$8,000 in cash and a contract scaled from \$1,300 weekly in the first year to \$4,000 in the third year. No shortage of nickels for ice cream cones in this quarter!

You'll see little Jackie in "The Champ" with Wallace Beery. They make a great team.

We are confidently anticipating four weddings this winter. Lady Inverclyde, known on the London stage as just "June," should become permanently attached to



Melvyn Douglas is one of the "new men in Hollywood."

A new Greta—Miss Granstedt, whose fine work in "Street Scene" won her a term contract with Howard Hughes.



Velez good, Lupe! The flaming Señorita shows Lawrence Tibbett some new rhumba steps, which is her idea of relaxation from shooting scenes in "The Cuban."



Looks pretty bad. Ronald Colman tries to check up on how Eddie Cantor's heart is working, and finds that it's taking a day off! Ronnie is Dr. Arrowsmith in the picture from Sinclair Lewis' novel. And Eddie Cantor is—well, Eddie Cantor.

Lothar Mendes, Dorothy Mackaill's ex. Ona Munson is also expected to become the second Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and Sharon Lynn to become Mrs. Barney Glazer. Then there's Betty Compson, whose interest in Hugh Trevor appears to have waned in favor of Irving Weinberg, a nice rich stock-broker.

In the meantime, the former Mrs. J. H. Gattis, Beverly society dame, is suing John McCormick, Colleen Moore's former spouse, for divorce. The grounds are extreme cruelty. Everyone knows John still has a persistent Colleen complex, which, of course, could readily seem like extreme cruelty under the circumstances. Colleen is preserving an attitude of splendid indifference.

Grace Tibbett went to Reno to secure a quick divorce from Lawrence and get it over with. Everyone visiting

the divorce mart brought back stories of Grace's charm and social popularity there, so maybe she is not taking it too hard after all. The general feeling is that Lawrence was unable to stand so much glittering success, and his hats don't fit so well any more.

Rumor persists that salary cuts are in order and that even such fortunate ones as Adolphe Menjou and William Haines have had to accept lesser financial status on new contracts. Eddie Lowe is understood to be asking for a raise—in vain.

The public, of course, will be able to bear this sort of news with equanimity, especially if, as hinted, theatre prices are to come down, too.

Jean Harlow announced that from now on she will be a virtuous woman on the screen, too. Jean is tired of

being the wicked vamp and intends reforming forthwith. Being everlastingly hard-boiled lacks glamor. She says she will, if necessary, dye her hair and take to Puritan costumes. She vows she is not tough, and wants the fans to see how pure and sweet she can be.

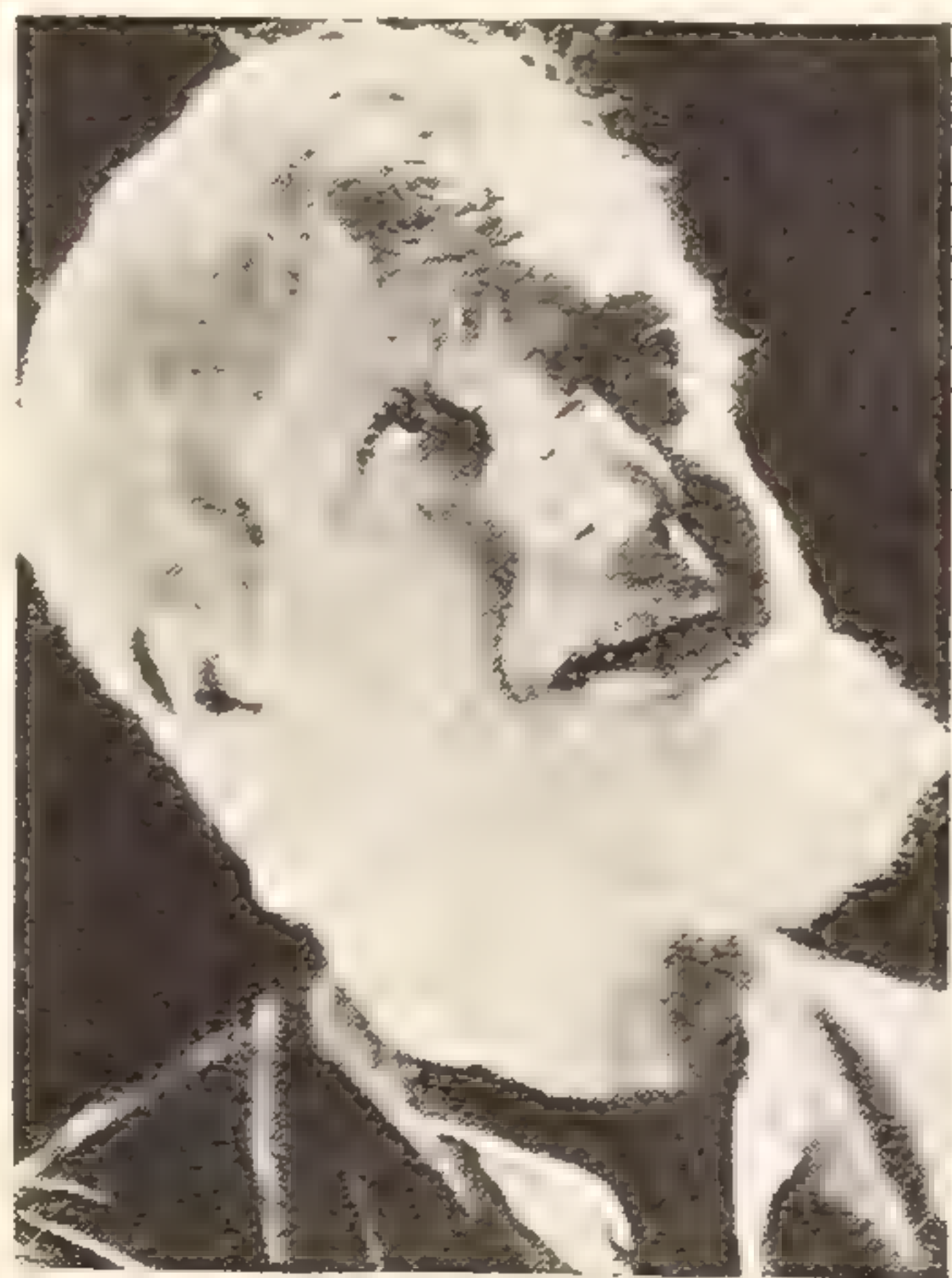
Which reminds us, we never are, but always to be, blessed. Most girls dedicated to "sweet and pure" rôles yearn to play tough ones. Nice heroes ache to be rough and vulgar, as witness Conrad Nagel's recent strike against everlasting virtue. So there you are.

Mae Clarke says she must always say yes or no, doesn't like hedging of any kind, expects herself to know her own mind.

All the same, Mae, the best diplomatists warn us to "avoid ultimatums."

But then of course, there's Charles Bickford. Charles has been oozing ultimatums ever since he came to Hollywood, and has given the producers no end of worry. But he still gets jobs, in spite of his flaming head, his Irish temper, and his "I wills" and "I won'ts," so distressing in a profession which dotes on docility.

At present, RKO-Pathé is risking a tussle with him in "The Second Shot" with Helen Twelvetrees, although there is sure to be some fireworks before it's over.



It's Seth Parker, by gum! Phillips Lord, radio star, brings him to the screen.

Dick Barthelmess says he would like to do pictures



Hardships of Hollywood! This is what Laurence Olivier had to go through in supporting Elissa Landi in "The Yellow Ticket." Doesn't he look like Ronnie?



Is it a "permanent"? Here's Dorothy Mackaill with Neil Miller, her newest sweetheart (as we went to press). He's a radio crooner, but maybe she'll reform him at that.



Ruth Chatterton goes back a few generations in "Once a Lady."

like "The Bright Shawl" and "The Enchanted Cottage" over again — but not "Broken Blossoms," for fear he could not recapture the sweetness. And yet—oh well, he guesses it is always risky to try to recapture past enchantments, either on or off the screen.

Marlene Dietrich is sad because her German friends have never seen her in either "Morocco" or "Dishonored," since no German versions of these were made. It was in Germany, she says, that she made her reputation, and she would so love the folks at home to see she has made good in America.

There is much argument as to whether she will prove a successful *Cleopatra*. Anyway, she'll be settling the argument shortly.

It sounds to us a good idea. They are considering Junior Durkin for a talkie version of "Treasure Island." Maybe this time the powers-that-be can be persuaded not to graft a grown-up love story into Robert Louis Stevenson's beloved yarn. The silent version broke the hearts of boys familiar with the original book, with its mushy love scenes tacked on.

The gossips say Constance Bennett lost a lot of money at Monte Carlo, so she had to hurry back to her job to



"Let me Collyer sweetheart," whispers Stuart Erwin to June, his bride. Note the antediluvian ice-box, which that wag, Gene Palette, gave them as a gag gift to supplement their mechanical refrigerator.

restore resources. Not difficult for Connie!

Harold Lloyd visited Aimée Semple McPherson's "Pageant of Moses" at her Angelus Temple and returned almost a disciple. "It was a perfectly beautiful performance put on by amateurs," he told us. "That woman is something more than a showman."



Handsome, hard-riding George O'Brien had a visitor during the Arizona location of "Riders of the Purple Sage." Young Arthur Sutton walked ten miles to see his idol in person.

Of course Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, with their adorable baby, their lovely home and Ann's pre-eminence in her profession, should be the happiest couple in all Hollywood. They are—almost. But it seems there must be a tiny fly in the ointment. Their fly is that while Harry Bannister has a job on the same lot as Ann, his star just won't seem to soar as hers does. He has done little since "The Girl of the Golden West," yet he is talented, likeable, and generally popular. Always so very unsatisfactory when all the kudos goes to one partner in a union.

Everyone is glad to see Sally O'Neil stage a comeback in "The Brat." She's been such a game little trouser and so very good to that large, exacting family of hers, which is Irish, unlucky, and usually in some sort of trouble through which Sally must steer it to safety.

Fredric March as *Mr. Hyde* and Boris Karloff as *Frankenstein* seem to be trying to out-do each other in horrible make-ups. Irving Pichel likewise seems to be about to follow in the footsteps of Lon Chaney in this regard.

Nina Wilcox Putnam comes to Hollywood for material for her magazine stories and brings a business manager along in the person of Arthur Jones Ogle—and marries him within a week. It seems they have known each other for seven years, but it took Hollywood to make the "business" a romantic venture as well.

Nina, by the way, says picture



Get under it! Half-back Billy Bakewell heaves a forward pass in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," to be dedicated to the memory of the late Knute Rockne.



Studio scene. "Get hot!" implores Director Wesley Ruggles (in white sweater and beret), rehearsing the gay antics of a group of youngsters in "Are These Our Children?" The young revelers are, reading upstairs, Robert Quirk, Ben Alexander, Mary Kornman, Arline Judge, Eric Linden and Roberta Gale.

people are much more civilized than when she visited here seven years ago—cultured and all that. She thinks the stage recruits are responsible.

Good old Tom Mix! When he arrived in Hollywood from his trip around the country to appear in a circus locally, it was like a grand première, so many famous confrères turned out to greet him. Governor Rolph, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Lola Lane, Sally Eilers, J. Farrell MacDonald, Mae Clarke, Walter Huston, Leo Carrillo, Linda Watkins, Sidney Fox, Mervyn Leroy, were just a few of the celebrated ones seen surrounding Tom.

Mix is to return to Universal to make a picture directly his circus engagement is over. It will be called "Destiny Rides Again," and if he is half as popular with the fans as he is with his friends, it should be a whale of a money maker.

Marian Nixon and spouse, Edward Hillman, report glad times in Chicago where they spent a vacation. They say Bessie Love's vaudeville act is great but Bessie yearns for hubby Bill Hawkes, and wants to get home to him in Hollywood. Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingston she reports as positive turtles doves, and Paul is thirty pounds slimmer.

Because he resembles Knute Rockne, J. Farrell MacDonald gets another football coach rôle, this time in "Touchdown" for Paramount. Remember him in "The Spirit of Notre Dame?"

Hollywood has been reading Anna Pavlova's memoirs, in which she refers to some picture people. For instance, she says that Charlie Chaplin would have been world famous as a comedy dancer, had he only been properly trained. She says she enjoyed meeting Charlie more than anyone in the film capital.

Still, we can't help being glad Charlie did not get the dance training, under the circumstances. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks are the only other picture celebrities mentioned.

James Cagney's fight with Warner Bros. was quite bitter for a while. It seems James had one of those option contracts, and when he made such a staggering success in such pictures as "The Public Enemy" he felt himself entitled to pay more in keeping with his stardom. Popular success, even when he played small parts, engendered that stardom. Cagney rebelled under what he felt was unfair treatment, so he wouldn't go to work on the next picture until Warners came through. He finally won his point and they've all kissed and made up now.

Another rebel was Barbara Stanwyck, whose contract with Columbia called for three pictures at \$20,000. After two successes, she won a contract with Warners for \$50,000 a picture, and didn't want to make the third picture for Columbia. But Warner Bros. insisted upon her being a good little girl and finishing up with Columbia first, a judge in court likewise feeling that way about it. So Columbia won, but I believe they gave Barbara more money for future pictures.



Free wheeling! Peggy Shannon goes in for hitch hiking and snitches a ride on Allen Vincent's two-hoof-power vehicle. Peggy is the feminine inspiration in "Touchdown," and Richard Arlen is the hero.

It's interesting about Barbara. She isn't conventionally pretty nor even conspicuously attractive, but she certainly has talent.

Her husband, Frank Fay, did not prove as great a success in Hollywood as his wife, so Warners bought in his contract and they parted with no ill-feeling.

Nancy Carroll was another who went in for a dash of rebellion. Nancy wanted to be starred properly in a certain picture and threatened to stay in New York if Paramount wasn't gentlemanly about it. Nancy won, and is now back on the lot smiling through her tears and all that. Once in a way a fight improves a lot of situations.

There were dismal rumors to the effect that John Barrymore was going to renounce pictures and hie him back to the stage, between yachting cruises. So we went up to the hill-top house to inquire.

Nay, nay, quoth John, who by the way is a mellow, charming fellow these days, minus that magnificent arrogance that once was his. John says he wants to make two pictures a year, do at least one stage play a year, and use up the rest of the time on the precious boat, sailing the seven seas. He believes and hopes "The Mad Genius" is his best picture to date, but he kind of liked "Svengali," which was his own interpretation of the famous fiction character.

He also wants to put on a big open-air performance of his own special "Hamlet" in the Hollywood Bowl, which seats 30,000 people. He vows he is happier than he has ever been in his life.

Which brings us naturally to Dolores Costello and the baby — both entirely lovely. Dolores presides over an English tea-table every afternoon in the loveliest house imaginable, built on the lines of an old adobe hacienda, but with all the modern improvements tucked in. For instance, the door lamp may look a couple of hundred years old but it throws a fancy light, and the front door may look moth-eaten but it's several inches thick. Dolores says she doesn't care whether she makes any more pictures or not—that being a wife and mother is wholly satisfactory. Also, fortunately, she too likes the boat.

John Barrymore is immensely proud of Lionel's new success. He also declared that, after a week on the boat, sister Ethel had regained her health so well that she received the ovation of

her life in San Francisco upon her return to work.

John has a study built off in a remote part of the garden which should, of course, induce profound inspiration. John says, however, that he chiefly uses it to sign checks in. He's a gay and handsome benedict these days. The baby is his second daughter—his first, by his second wife, Michael Strange, being now eleven years old. John is forty-eight, but infinitely younger than when he first came to Hollywood for "Beau Brummel." It isn't only matrimony that has achieved this, but also the fact that pictures now talk. John was a most unhappy person in silents, which, he said, made him feel like a fellow locked in the washroom of a moving train when he wanted to get off at that station, shouting and gesturing, with none to hear. Now—well, someone has unlocked the door in time.

James Dunn is the nicest boy imaginable. His eyes

glisten with gratitude for the success of "Bad Girl," which has boosted him into prompt stardom. John Barrymore said he thought Dunn had achieved the finest piece of acting of the year to date.

Jimmy used to sell lunch wagons, and saved up \$30,000 out of that business. Then he did some short pictures for Paramount and became an addict, although he never made any headway at the New York studio. When he applied for a stage job he was turned down, but in the elevator met the author, who considered him the exact type and fetched him back. Unpleasant things happened to the \$30,000 in 1929, when unpleasant things happened to so many \$30,000's. But a second success on the New York stage, "Sweet Adeline," won him the attention of Fox, and now that Hollywood has taken him to its heart, \$30,000 begins to seem delightfully inconsequential. He loves music, and has a radio in his dressing room, to the strains of which he shaves. He is single, healthy, full of fun, and says he hopes he'll always be in love with someone. Personally, we suspect there is a special one, but he won't let on.

So Fox decided not to take up the option on Maureen O'Sullivan's contract! The good fairy that made the director pick her for "Song o' My Heart" with McCormick, while she was dining at a café in Ireland, seems to be slacking on the job now. However, Maureen says she won't go back to Ireland just yet, but will stay in Hollywood and see whether there's anything to this freelancing.

Lupe Velez left for London, Paris and Berlin in great excitement, taking mama along. She didn't wait to get



Time out! Claudia Dell serves tea to Walter Byron and Director Erle Kenton during a lull in the filming of "Leftover Ladies."

her clothes in Paris, either, but acquired enough of the Hollywood variety to startle the natives in those foreign countries.

Pat O'Brien is to play in Pola Negri's picture, "The Woman Commands." They have surrounded Pola with a good cast at Pathé, and she is devoting her every waking hour to giving it her very best, since this début in talkies will settle so many things.

Dorothy Mackaill's untiring swain these days is Neil Miller, who accompanies her everywhere. It looks pretty serious this time.

Plucky little Joan Bennett. Although in the hospital, Joan is going to take care of Eileen Percy's newspaper column while that young lady is away. Everyone goes to see Joan, so she gets all the news. Fox is holding up a picture for her, because it was written especially for her, and also some shots have already been taken. But the doctor says it will be a long siege yet.

Eddie Buzzell is still giving Sidney Fox a rush—this may prove another winter wedding.

We still love devoted daughters. Little Anita Louise, aged fifteen, made the hit of the evening when she told the fiesta crowds that her dear mama had been the big factor in her motion picture career, her beloved helpmeet. Most of the other girls tried to be humorous and entertaining, but Anita Louise's filial sentiment won the crowds.

Whew! Did you read about who carries the million-dollar insurances? William Fox, \$6,500,000; Joseph



Joan Marsh, a child actress not so long ago, thinks she's grown up now. But Mama Marsh has her own ideas about it.

Schenck, Jesse L. Lasky, and Adolph Zukor, \$5,000,000; Cecil DeMille, \$1,750,000; Buster Keaton and Norma Talmadge, \$1,250,000 each; Doug and Mary, Al Jolson, Eric Von Stroheim, Constance Talmadge, Gloria Swanson all in the million class. So we at least know these boys and girls won't go on the county in their old age.

Miss Barbara Bebe Lyon is a Ben Lyon-Bebe Daniels production of three months' standing and so far seems to meet with general public approval. However, to date the cost of production seems to have exceeded the box office returns—but there is a long run in view.

Yes, Gary Cooper has just purchased 5,000 acres in Coachella, California, for agriculture experimentation. Gosh, it doesn't look so good for the movie industry when they turn to agriculture, of all things!

It seems the United Artist stars are getting more choosy in their stories. For instance, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Eddie Cantor say they won't play in one that isn't just suited for them. Now if scenario writers will limit themselves to subjects they are well versed in, we can place the blame for bad pictures on either Will Hays, the producer, the director, the camera man or even the weather. Simple, what?

Kenneth Harlan, former husband of Marie Prevost, is opening a café in Reno, Nevada. Maybe he didn't like her cooking, or is just biding his time—and going to get even. Incidentally, Marie is still William Collier, Jr.'s best girl.



Sally Eilers' brother, Bud, had his first chance in the films when he played in "Bad Girl" in support of his big sister. The budding star made good.



Ana Maria Custodio and Jose Alcantara were brought over from Spain to make Spanish-language pictures.

Clark Gable has gone in for poetry and berets—believe it or not.

Edward Everett Horton was once a chorus man, and Wallace Beery is a teetotaler. What's the world coming to, anyway?

Claudia Dell is playing the lead in "Leftover Ladies," a Tiffany production. This is Claudia's first serious rôle, and calls for some strenuous work on her part. Claudia is a blonde, and when blondes get serious, you just can't ignore them.

Helen Chandler seems fated for "one-woman" pictures. First it was "The Last Flight" and then "Heart and Hand."

Ina Claire is studying numerology as a pastime. She believes one's moods, personality, and so on are affected by numbers. She can even tell if you are going by the right name or not. We wonder if these studies might affect salary amounts in future contracts? For after all, income should befit the person's ability.

A New York actor scoring on the screen is Robert Williams, who once vowed he would never, never succumb to the lure of the talkies. Bah, no money could tempt him! But Pathé finally wore him down, via long distance telephone to New York during the run of "Oh, Promise Me," and now he has finished his fourth picture and is starred. Its working title was "Gallagher" but it will probably be released as something else altogether.

"Rebound" with Ina Claire, in a rôle he first played with Hope Williams in New York. "Common Law" with Constance Bennett, "Devotion" with Ann Harding, each proved a step upward for Robert, who, film-land has discovered, has a "quality" of that precious type which can convey a sad heart beneath a buoyant smile. He's not tall, not good-looking, but he has dimples and *savoir faire*. He admires Leslie Howard above all actors, and is idealistic about his marriage of five years standing with Nina Penn, also from the New York stage.

Leslie Howard, by the way, who turned his back on Hollywood, was most unhappy in the film city, despite his great success. He comes from a distinguished English family and likes living in the manner of a country gentleman, between stage plays. To my mind one of the best scenes in "Devotion" is that between the two men, Leslie Howard and Robert Williams, in the artist's studio. So much drama is conveyed in such a minimum of dialogue.

Notice the vogue for English stories in pictures—"Devotion," "Waterloo Bridge," "Merely Mary Ann," "Chances," "Private Lives," etc.—and we hear several more are on the way.

Little Jackie Cooper lunched with the board of directors of his studio recently—to discuss the economic situation. Jackie feels that we are about to "turn the corner" of the depression.

Lionel Barrymore is likewise pleased with the economic situation. He says he has lost so much money that he didn't have to pay any income tax this year. Things are looking up.

Several fortunate friends have discovered that Nils Asther's mama is a very superior Swedish cook. Nils will start getting fat if he doesn't watch out.

Frances Starr has just received a copy of "Rosemary" inscribed "To Dear little Frances, with affection. David Belasco."

But the date is six years old. It seems that it should have been mailed in 1925, but was overlooked. Since David's death it was found among his belongings.

Since Lew Cody won back to fame, he has purchased Pauline Frederick's former beach home ten miles beyond Malibu. It is built like a lighthouse. Friends are swooping down on Lew for week-ends and what he intends to be "light-housekeeping" is becoming very heavy housekeeping indeed.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, Sr., cashed in on some of the sumptuous hospitality they have entertained their European friends with in Hollywood. While in England they were the house guests of Lord and Lady Mountbatten at their country place. It was there Mary was able to show off the lovely Rolls-Royce Doug had bought for her in England. These two are planning another trip to Norway and Sweden soon, but Mary says she will make another picture first if she can find a good story.

As no one took any hints, Adolphe Menjou presented himself with a handsome cigarette case on his birthday, inscribed, "To Adolphe on his birthday from his greatest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."

A little girl named Helen Johnson was considered a star discovery by Paramount, after her work in "The Vice Squad." Now "Johnson" has little lure in the bright lights, so she was persuaded to change her name to Judith Woods, under which she has been signed for a long term contract. All the same Judith (or Helen) has already had a long career, arriving, on that upward flight, to the rôle of Conrad Nagel's



Just a Minna, please! Watch for Minna Gombel in "Sob Sister"—she's far from being all wet!

wife in "Divorcee." Her new career really began with "It Pays to Advertise" when she was the bogus countess; but "The Vice Squad" is the first picture under the new contract terms, made before the picture was released. Judith is also a clever artist, sculptor and designer. And she once toured with Sessue Hayakawa in "Broken Blossoms," in vaudeville.

Fred A. Kelsey says he has made over seven hundred arrests as a screen cop. He says he's been shot at and killed four hundred times—strictly as a screen detective.

Some babes are born to the purple, but others have grandeur thrust upon them. There are several lambkins in Hollywood whose lives would have been most unglamorous but for the fact that they were adopted by starry foster-parents. Gloria Swanson's little eight-year-old Joseph, for instance, and Harold Lloyd's Peggy. Then Mary Pickford

adopted Lottie's little girl, now known as Gwynne Pickford. ZaSu Pitts took the small boy Barbara La Marr had adopted when she became so ill, and has now adopted him officially for her very own. Neil Hamilton recently adopted small Baby Patricia, and Constance Bennett has a small four-year-old Peter, whom she may eventually adopt, said to be the child of some English friends killed in an accident. He lives with Miss Bennett's mother, but visited "Aunt Connie" in Hollywood.

It sounds reckless to hear that Mary Doran has married a publicity man, Joe Sherman of Metro, but Joe is no ordinary p. a. He practised law in Seattle, became a bright writer for the Los (Continued on page 128)



Ginger Rogers adds spice to the cast of Eddie Quillan's new picture, "Eddie Cuts In."



Jill Esmond, the English stage and screen actress, supports Ruth Chatterton in "Once A Lady."

Critical Comment



THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY

First National

Don't overlook this naughtiest picture of the month, introducing Warren William, from Broadway, as the screen's latest tempestuous lover. Director Lloyd Bacon does a Lubitsch with this Balzac yarn about the strong-arm methods of an ardent woman-tamer. Bebe Daniels is the woman. You'll enjoy Mr. William—and the picture.



PAGAN LADY

Columbia

Not as torrid as it sounds. Lenore Ulric, who played it on the stage, was more pagan than Evelyn Brent who—fine actress though she is—somehow fails to bring to life the character of the bad little bar-tendress. A hint of "Rain"—heck, it's thunder and lightning!—Charles Bickford for punch, Conrad Nagel for good measure.



SKYLINE

Fox

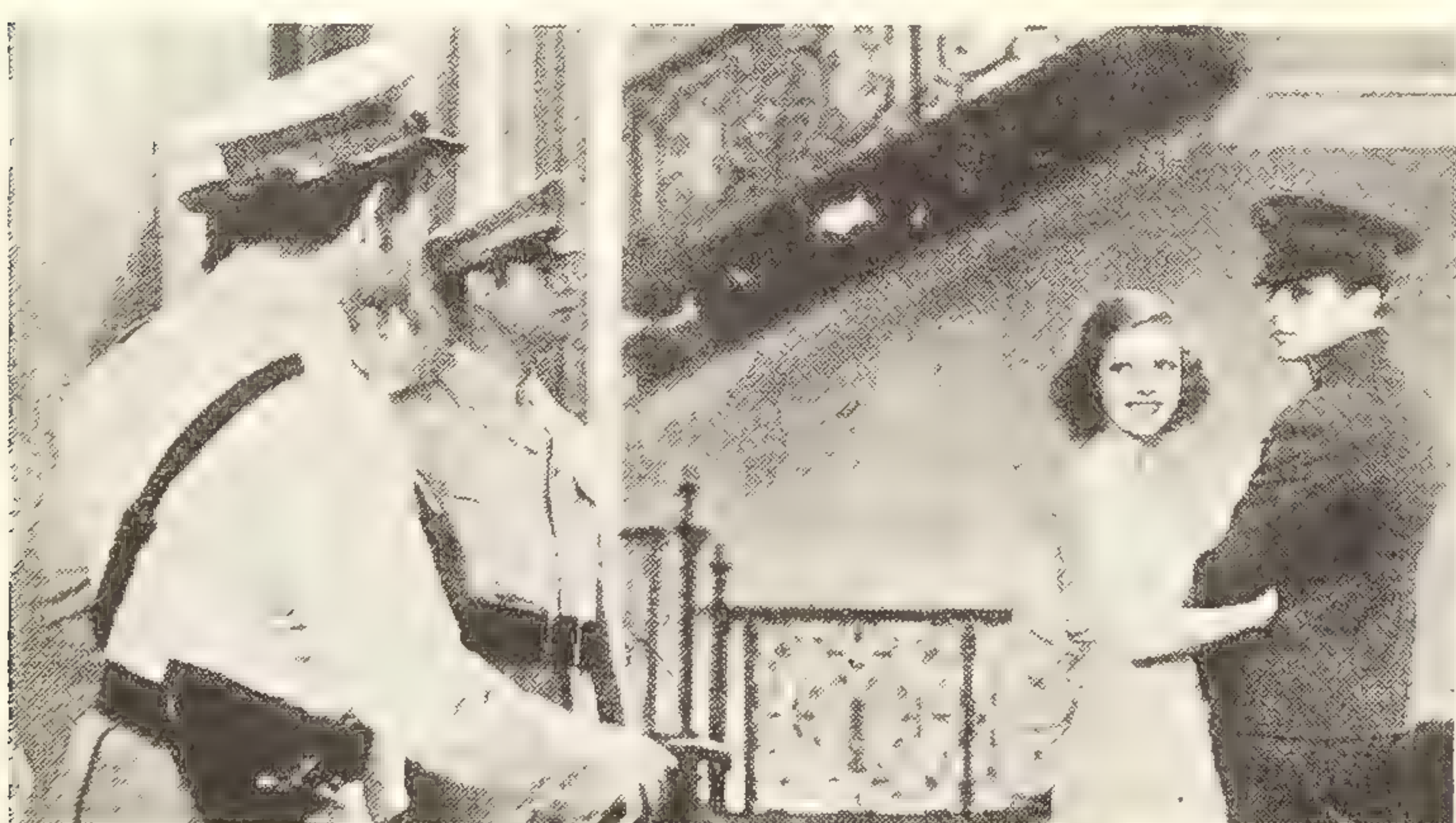
A picture that's as virile and sturdy as the skyscrapers built by its leading character, played by Thomas Meighan. You will find it entertainment somewhat out of the ordinary. Hardie Albright plays a lad torn between the sophisticated charms of Myrna Loy and the sweet appeal of Maureen O'Sullivan. Meighan is handsome and hearty.



PERSONAL MAID

Paramount

A fresh, amusing little piece—to start with. Then it sags badly, smack in the middle, but by that time you are sufficiently engrossed to stay and see how Nancy Carroll, as the maid of the rich family, solves her problems—and theirs. Where's Nancy's old sparkle? You'll enjoy Gene Raymond, blond lad with plenty appeal, and Mary Boland.



I LIKE YOUR NERVE

First National

In which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is seen in the sort of rôle his dad used to do. But young Doug, with his inherent dignity and poetic features, is not at his best in this conventionally breezy story of adventure in Latin America. He is most charming in his romantic scenes with lovely Loretta Young. Fairbanks the second should be himself.



SIDE SHOW

Warners

This comedy of circus life is all Winnie Lightner, assisted by Charles Butterworth. What a team! Even if you don't revel in Winnie's antics, you're sure to like Charlie, who plays an eccentric suitor in his unique style. There's a "My Man" sob for Winnie when Don Cook prefers Evalyn Knapp—but otherwise it's all laughs.

on Current Films



WICKED

Fox

Liking Elissa Landi as we do, we wish we could applaud her latest, but that's practically impossible, since it's old-fashioned stuff about a martyr-mother woman, dogged by a cruel fate, deprived of her baby, but fortunately befriended by Victor McLaglen, whose wholesome presence does help. That cute Una Merkel is a knockout as usual.



MY SIN

Paramount

Better than the first Bankhead film, but still not nearly good enough. The gorgeous Tallulah is not the type to suffer through a tame story like this. She is always fascinating to watch, of course, even as the good-bad girl striving to "live down" her past. Fredric March is nice. But it's a curiously stilted, uneven picture.



FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP

Columbia

Thrilling when it's under the sea, with its shots showing the salvaging of sunken vessels. But when it's on dry land, just another movie. The story will recall "Submarine," with Richard Cromwell instead of Ralph Graves playing Jack Holt's pal, and Loretta Sayers as the woman in the plot. Atmospherically this is often excellent stuff.



THE SPIDER

Fox

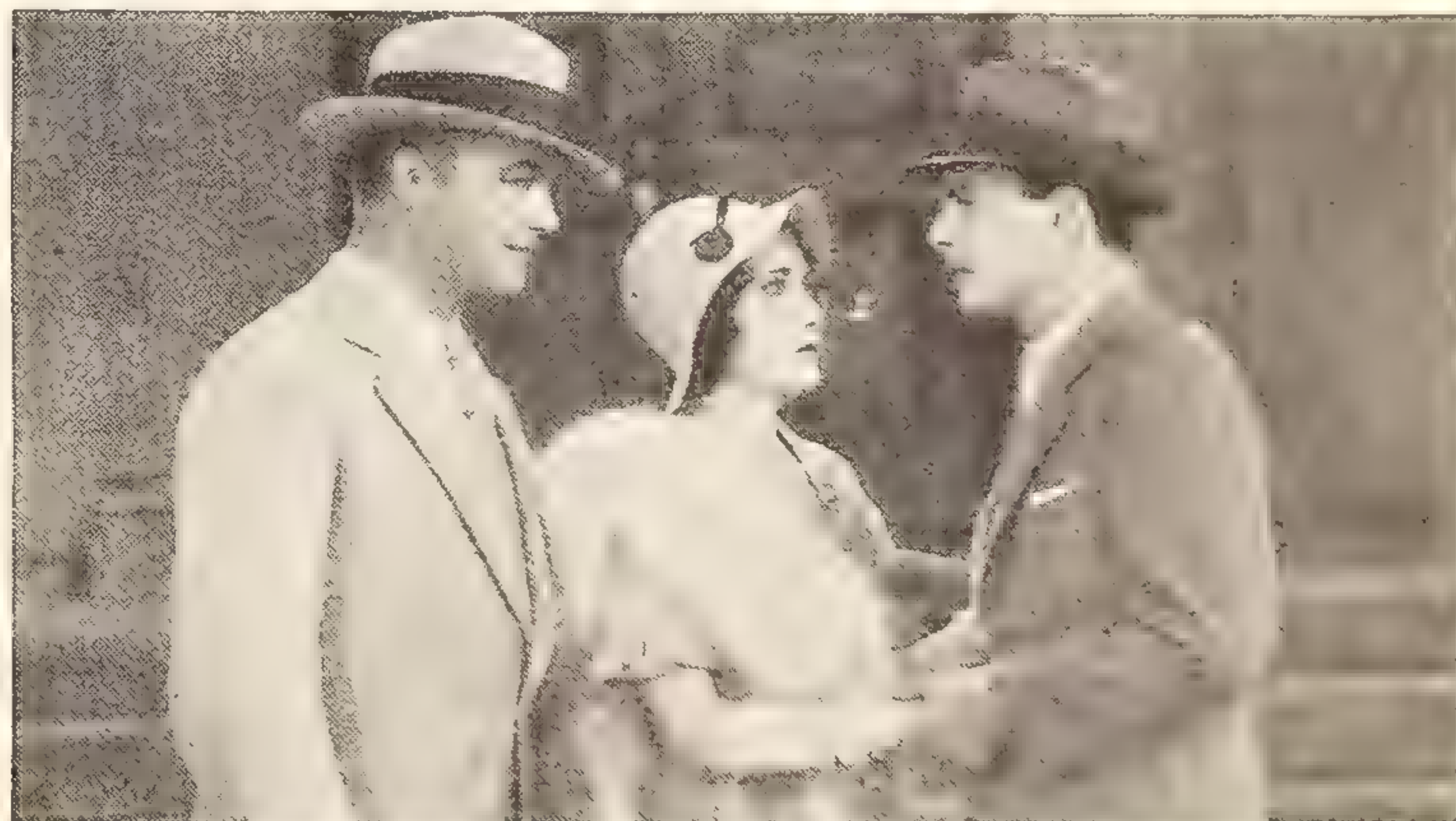
Here's your murder mystery tonic. It is pretty good, too, if you're not too critical. It concerns a murder committed during the performance of the Great Chartrand, master magician. You are treated to a good show of sleight-of-hand before the magician finally unravels the mystery. Edmund Lowe plays the lead, with Lois Moran.



CAUGHT PLASTERED

Radio

If you crave the Wheeler-Woolsey brand of fun, try this one. The boys befriend a sweet little old lady, nicely played by Lucy Beaumont, and save her drugstore from the villain's clutches. And how they save it! Bert and Bobby make the most of their gags, good and not so good. Dorothy Lee, too. It's all pretty familiar stuff.



THE BIG GAMBLE

RKO-Pathé

Like Bill—Screen—Boyd? Then you may enjoy this film in which Bill and Dorothy Sebastian appear together for the first time since their marriage. It's a mild underworld drama, with most of the thrills coming at the finish, in an exciting last-minute chase. Warner Oland is the mastermind, but less sinister than usual.



Matinée Idol Receives An Admirer

"Come on and give me your autograph, Mickey," begs Barbara Weeks, one of the millions of girls in love with that newest and greatest of Hollywood stars—Mickey Mouse. With the commanding personality of Clark Gable, the cultured ease of Montgomery, the finished artistry of Chaplin and the beauty of Phil Holmes and Ben Turpin combined, Mickey has danced his light-hearted way into the hearts of American fandom.

Roland (Penguin) Young with just a few items of his collection—see them on the shelf and on the table, too?

Below, portrait of the Young man as an artist—an acting artist whom you have enjoyed in many pictures.



YOUNG MAN MAKES GOOD

At writing, at sketching, at collecting—
and oh, yes—Roland is a good actor, too

EVERYONE is a collector at heart. Not the kind who wears down thumb tissue by constant pressure on doorbells of delinquent debtors. This reference is to collectors by avocation whose pet hobby in collecting usually costs them a tidy sum each year.

For instance, Hollywood has a famous director who collects salt and pepper shakers in every form—birds, flowers, miniature figures. Many of them are set in precious and semi-precious stones and mounted with silver and gold. A well-known actress is as avid as a fan on the subject of autographed photographs of film stars. She has dozens of them, beautifully framed, decorating the walls of her Hollywood home, and the collection is now spreading to her new Malibu beach cottage.

A western star collects signatures of his friends on a Spanish saddle which he keeps in the study of his home for this purpose. Each name, penciled on the saddle, is later burned into the leather by an expert leather worker. Still another actor has a platinum cigarette case on which names and drawings are permanently recorded in silver.

Roland Young, the English actor who has become popular in films through his humorous characterizations in "Madame Satan," "New Moon," "Don't Bet On Women," "The Prodigal" and "Pagan Lady," has diversified collecting habits which have been developed over a period of years through his friends and his own efforts.

Sketches, penguins, canes, and china are the highlights in Young's collecting interests.

The sketches he makes himself, the collection including caricatures of famous film people. A book of them is coming out soon. Some of these celebrities have been sketched on the set. Others in studio restaurants. Many from memory, as he has seen them on different occasions during his several years in Hollywood. One book, "Actors and Other People," has already been published, as has "Not For Children," a book of sophisticated humorous verse on bird, insect and animal life, illus-

trated as well as written by this versatile Englishman. It contains that four-lined classic:

The Flea

*And here's the happy, bounding flea—
You cannot tell the he from she.
The sexes look alike, you see;
But she can tell and so can he.*

Young's hobby of collecting penguin figures dates back to his boyhood in London, when a visit to the zoo produced an enormous interest in the bird. He bought a penguin in bronze for a paper weight. That was the beginning. His friends heard of his hobby and sent him penguin gifts. He became an actor and his admirers heard of it. Big, bulky packages began to arrive at his house. Even now that he has moved his residence to Hollywood since making talking pictures, penguin gifts still arrive, until his house has begun to look like a "still life" cross section of the Island of Penguins, which is inhabited by millions of the birds.

John Barrymore sent Young two penguin figures for doorstops. Young figures they are too precious a decoration for the floor and has placed them as book-ends high up in the bookcase of his study.

The Copenhagen group of penguins was a gift from William Gillette. Mitchel Leisen, designer for Cecil DeMille, learned of the Englishman's interest in the bird during the filming of a recent picture and added another piece to the already huge collection. Lloyd Baker, DeMille's prop boy, whom everyone knows as "Brownie," directed his woodcarving talents penguinward. The result is a fine carving of a bird which now stands in Young's home.

Young prizes very highly a photograph (Continued on page 117)

By

Mary Howard

Casts of Current Films

*Reviewed in this issue

"BAD GIRL." Fox. Based on the novel "Bad Girl" by Vina Delmar. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dorothy Hale*, Sally Eilers; *Eddie Collins*, James Dunn; *Edna Driggs*, Minna Gombell; *Radio Proprietor*, Frank Darien; *Jim Haley*, William Pawley.

"BOUGHT." Warner Brothers. Based on the novel "Jackdaws Strut" by Harriet Henry. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Stephany Dale*, Constance Bennett; *Nicky Amory*, Ben Lyon; *Dave Meyer*, Richard Bennett; *The mother*, Dorothy Peterson; *Charles Carter, Jr.*, Raymond Milland; *Carter, Sr.*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Natalie Ransome*, Mae Madison; *Mrs. Chauncey*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Sprig*, Clara Blandick; *Mary Kiernan*, Barbara Leonard.

"CAUGHT PLASTERED." RKO-Radio. From the story by Douglas MacLean. Screen play and dialogue by Ralph Spence. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Tommy Tanner*, Bert Wheeler; *Egbert Higginbotham*, Robert Woolsey; *Peggy Morton*, Dorothy Lee; *Mother Tally*, Lucy Beaumont; *Walters*, Jason Robards; *Chief Morton*, DeWitt Jennings; *Flint*, Charles Middleton; *Clarke*, Bill Scott; *Miss Loring*, Nora Cecil; *Miss Newton*, Josephine Whittall.*

"DUGAN OF THE BAD LANDS." Monogram. From the story by Robert N. Bradbury. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *Bill Dugan*, Bill Cody; *Andy*, Andy Shufford; *June Manning*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Dan Kirk*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Lang*, Earl Dwyer; *Piedro*, Julian Rivero; *Sheriff Manning*, John Elliott.

"FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP." Columbia. Screen play by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Tim*, Jack Holt; *Myra*, Loretta Sayers; *Pinky*, Richard Cromwell; *Florine*, Mary Doran; *Conchita*, Christina Montt; *Mate*, Wallace MacDonald; *Brewster*, Henry Mowbray.*

"FIVE STAR FINAL." First National. From the story by Louis Weitzenkorn. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Randall*, Edward G. Robinson; *Jenny Townsend*, Marian Marsh; *Nancy Voorhees Townsend*, Frances Starr; *Michael Townsend*, H. B. Warner; *Phillip Weeks*, Anthony Bushell; *Hinchecliffe*, Oscar Apfel; *Kitty Carmody*, Ona Munson; *Miss Taylor*, Alene MacMahon; *Isopod*, Boris Karloff; *Ziggie Feinstein*, George E. Stone; *Mrs. Weeks*, Evelyn Hall; *Mr. Weeks*, David Torrence; *Miss Edwards*, Gladys Lloyd; *Brannegan*, Robert Elliott.*

"GRAFT." Universal. From the story by Barry Barringer. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Dusty*, Regis Toomey; *Constance*, Sue Carol; *Pearl*, Dorothy Revier; *Terry*, Boris Karloff; *Thomas*, William Davidson; *Harrison*, Richard Tucker; *Scudder*, Willard Robertson; *Speed*, Harold Goodwin; *Hall*, George Irving; *Secretary*, Carmelita Geraghty.

"HONOR OF THE FAMILY." First National. Based on the play by Emil Fabre from the story by Balzac. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Laura*, Bebe Daniels; *Captain Boris*, Warren Williams; *Tony Revere*, Alan Mowbray; *Mme. Boris*, Blanche Frederici; *Paul Barony*, Frederick Kerr; *Roszi*, the maid, Dita Parlo; *Joseph*, Alan Lane; *Kouski*, Harry Cording; *Captain Elek*, Murray Kinnell; *Renard*, Henry Gordon; *Bela*, Alphonzo Ethier; *Lieutenant Kolman*, Carl Miller.*

"I LIKE YOUR NERVE." First National. From an original story by Roland Pertwee. Adapted by Huston Branch. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Larry O'Brien*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Diane*, Loretta Young; *Archie Lester*, Claude Allister; *Francois*, Andre Cheron; *Pacheco*, Henry Kolker; *Clive Lattimer*, Edmund Breon; *Luigi*, Boris Karloff; *Patron*, Luis Alberni.*

"LARCENY LANE." Warner Brothers. Story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Bert Harris*, James Cagney; *Anne Roberts*, Joan Blondell; *Dapper Dan*, Louis Calhern; *Helen*, Noel Francis; *Joe Reynolds*, Ray Milland; *Jim*, Edward Nugent; *Rupert Johnson*, Guy Kibbe; *Mrs. Snyder*, Vera Lewis; *Hank*, Ed Deering; *Lee*, Walter Percival; *Four-Eyes*, Charles Levinson; *Bell Hop*, Edward Morgan; *Bell Hop*, William Burress; *Mary*, Polly Walters.*

"MERELY MARY ANN." Fox. Adapted from Israel Zangwill's story by Jules Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Mary Ann*, Janet Gaynor; *John Lonsdale*, Charles Farrell; *Mrs. Leadbatter*, Beryl Mercer; *First Drayman*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Vicar Smedge*, Arnold Lucy; *Rosie Leadbatter*, Lorna Balfour; *Second Drayman*, Tom Whitely; *Peter Brooke*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.*

"MY SIN." Paramount. From a story by Fred Jackson. Screen play by Owen Davis and Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Carlotta*, Ann Trevor; *Tallulah Bankhead*; *Dick*



Karen Morley gives the cold shoulder to some wicked gentlemen in Paul Muni's gangster vehicle, "Scarface."

Grady, Fredric March; *Roger Metcalf*, Harry Davenport; *Larry Gordon*, Scott Kolk; *Mrs. Gordon*, Anne Sutherland; *Paula Marsden*, Maragret Adams; *Helen Grace*, Lily Cahill; *James Bradford*, Jay Fasset.*

"PAGAN LADY." Columbia. From the play by William Du Bois. Screen play by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Dot Hunter*, Evelyn Brent; *Ernest Todd*, Conrad Nagel; *Dingo Mike*, Charles Bickford; *Doctor Heath*, Roland Young; *Mal Todd*, William Farnum; *Nellie*, Lucille Gleason; *Jerry*, Leslie Fenton; *Gwen*, Gwen Lee.*

"PALMY DAYS." United Artists. Story and dialogue by Eddie Cantor, Morrie Ryskind and David Freedman. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Eddie Simpson*, Eddie Cantor; *Miss Martin*, Charlotte Greenwood; *A. B. Clark*, Spencer Charters; *Joan Clark*, Barbara Weeks; *Joe-the-Frog*, George Raft; *Yolanda*, Charles B. Middleton; *Steve*, Paul Page; *Plug Moynihan*, Harry Woods.*

"PERSONAL MAID." Paramount. From the novel by Grace Perkins. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Nora Ryan*, Nancy Carroll; *Dick Gary*, Gene Raymond; *Peter Shea*, Pat O'Brien; *Kipp*, Hugh O'Connell; *Mrs. Otis Gary*, Mary Boland; *Gary Gary*, George Fawcett; *Barrows*, Ernest Lawford; *Gwen Gary*, Charlotte Wynters; *Ma Ryan*, Jessie Busley; *Pa Ryan*, Donald Meek; *Mrs. Wurtz*, Clara Langsner; *Anna Ryan*, Terry Carroll; *Otis Gary*, Lewis Dayton; *Buttons*, George Offerman; *Fink*, Francis Fraunie.*

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; First National, page 7.

"SIDE SHOW." Warner Brothers. From a story by William K. Wells. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Pat*, Winnie Lightner; *Sydney*, Charles Butterworth; *Irene*, Evalyn Knapp; *Joe*, Donald Cook; *Minn*, Louise Carver; *Pop*, Guy Kibbee; *Whalen*, Mathew Betz; *Jen*, Ann Magruder; *Santini*, Luis Alberni; *Jimmie*, Edward Morgan; *Tom*, Tom Ricketts; *Otto*, Otto Hoffman.*

"SKYLINE." Fox. Based on Felix Riesenberg's novel "East Side, West Side." Screen play and dialogue by Kenyon Nicholson and Dudley. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Jim McClellan*, Thomas Meighan; *John Breen*, Hardie Albright; *Kathleen Kearny*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Captain Breen*, Stanley Fields; *Paula Lambert*, Myrna Loy; *Jerry Gaige*, Donald Dillaway; *Kearney*, Jack Kennedy; *Mrs. Kearny*, Alice Ward; *Rose Breen*, Dorothy Peterson; *Judge West*, Robert McWade; *Una*, Elda Vokel; *Gilroy*, Lee Shumway; *Catfish*, Willie Best.*

"THE SPIDER." Fox. Based on the play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano. Continuity and dialogue by Barry Connors and Phillip Klein. Directed by William Cameron Menzies. The cast: *Chatrand*, Edmund Lowe; *Alexander*, Howard Phillips; *Beverly Lane*, Lois Moran; *Carrington*, Earle Foxe; *Estella*, Manya Roberti; *Tommy*, John Arledge; *Dr. Blackstone*, George E. Stone; *Inspector Riley*, Purnell Pratt; *Butch*, William Pawley; *Goldberg*, Jesse De Vorka; *Ole*, El Brendel; *The Kid*, Kendall McComas; *Schmidt*, Warren Hymer; *Mrs. Wimbledon*, Ruth Donnelly.*

"THE STAR WITNESS." Warner Brothers. From a story by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Grandpa*, Chic Sale; *District Attorney*, Walter Huston; *Ma Leeds*, Frances Starr; *Pa Leeds*, Grant Mitchell; *Sue Leeds*, Sally Blane; *Jack Leeds*, Eddie Nugent; *Campo*, Ralph Ince; *Brown*, Tom Dugan; *Williams*, Robert Elliott; *Horan*, Noel Madison; *Ned Leeds*, George Ernest; *Donny Leeds*, Dickie Moore.

"THE UNHOLY GARDEN." United Artists. An original play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Barrington Hunt*, Ronald Colman; *Camille*, Fay Wray; *Hon. Mrs. Elise Mowbray*, Estelle Taylor; *Baron de Jonghe*, Tully Marshall; *Smiley Corbin*, Warren Hymer; *Colonel Von Axt*, Ullric Haupt; *Prince Nicolai Poliakoff*, Mischa Auer; *Captain Kruger*, Morgan Wallace; *Dr. Shayne*, Lawrence Grant; *Nick-the-Goose*, Henry Armetta; *Kid Twist*, Kit Guard; *Mme. Lucie Villars*, Lucille LaVerne; *Laurac*, Arnold Korff; *Alfred*, the Baron's Brother, Charles Mailes; *Native Dancer*, Nadja.*

"THIS MODERN AGE." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on the story "Girls Together" by Mildred Cram. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Valentine*, Joan Crawford; *Diane*, Pauline Frederick; *Bob*, Neil Hamilton; *Tony*, Monroe Owsley; *Mr. Blake*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Blake*, Emma Dunn.*

"STREET SCENE." United Artists. From the play by Elmer Rice. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Rose*, Sylvia Sydney; *Sam*, William Collier, Jr.; *Abe Kaplan*, Max Montor; *Mr. Maurrant*, David Landau; *Mrs. Maurrant*, Estelle Taylor; *Sankey*, Russell Hopton; *Easter*, Louis Natheaux; *Mae Jones*, Greta Granstedt; *Emma Jones*, Beulah Bondi; *George Jones*, T. H. Manning; *Vincent Jones*, Matthew McHugh; *Olga Olsen*, Adele Watson; *Karl Olsen*, John M. Qualen; *Shirley Kaplan*, Anna Kostant; *Alice Simpson*, Nora Cecil; *Willie Maurrant*, Lambert Rogers; *Dick McGann*, Allan Fox.

"THE BIG GAMBLE." RKO-Pathé. From the story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Alan Beckwith*, Bill Boyd; *Beverly*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Mr. North*, Warner Oland; *Johnnie*, William Collier, Jr.; *Squint*, James Gleason; *Nora*, ZaSu Pitts; *May*, June MacCloy; *Trixie*, Geneva Mitchell; *Webb*, Ralph Ince; *Buller*, Fred Walton.*

"THE BRAT." Fox. From the play by Maude Fulton. Adapted by Sonya Levien and S. N. Behrman. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *The Brat*, Sally O'Neil; *MacMillan Forester*, Allan Dinehart; *Stephen Forester*, Frank Albertson; *Angela*, Virginia Cherrill; *Jane*, June Collyer; *Timson*, Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Forester*, Mary Forbes; *The Bishop*, Albert Gran; *Lena*, Louise Mackintosh; *Judge*, William Collier, Sr.; *Housekeeper*, Margaret Mann.

"THE GUARDSMAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adapted by Ernst Vajda from Ferenc Molnar's stage play. Continuity by Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *The Actor*, Alfred Lunt; *The Actress*, Lynn Fontanne; *The Critic*, Roland Young; *Liesl*, ZaSu Pitts; *'Mama'*, Maude Eburne; *A Creditor*, Herman Bing.*

(Continued on page 126)

Write to the Stars As Follows:

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Mitzi Green
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Miriam Hopkins
Ralph Bellamy	Carole Lombard
Eleanor Boardman	Paul Lukas
Clive Brook	Fredric March
Nancy Carroll	Georges Metaxa
Maurice Chevalier	Rosita Moreno
Claudette Colbert	Barry Norton
Jackie Coogan	Warner Oland
Robert Coogan	Eugene Pallette
Gary Cooper	Gene Raymond
Frances Dee	Charles Rogers
Marlene Dietrich	Jackie Searl
Leon Errol	Peggy Shannon
Stuart Erwin	Sylvia Sidney
Skeets Gallagher	Charles Starrett
Wynne Gibson	Lilyan Tashman
Harry Green	Regis Toomey

Allen Vincent

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
Constance Bennett	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Eddie Quillan
James Gleason	Fred Scott
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Rose Hobart
Rex Bell	Dorothy Janis
John Boles	Myrna Kennedy
John Mack Brown	Barbara Kent
Mae Clark	Mary Nolan
Kathryn Crawford	Eddie Phillips
Robert Ellis	Slim Summerville
Sidney Fox	Genevieve Tobin
Jean Hersholt	John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Al Jolson
William Boyd	Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor	Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin	Pat O'Brien
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Gloria Swanson

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince

Send Birthday Wishes to These December Stars:

Dot Farley	December 6th.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	
	December 9th.
George Lewis	December 11th.
Virginia Lee Corbin	
	December 11th.
Victor McLaglen	December 11th.
Gilbert Roland	December 11th.
Edward G. Robinson	
	December 12th.
Thelma Hill	December 12th.
Norman Foster	December 13th.
Robert Coogan	December 13th.
Hardie Albright	December 16th.
Barbara Kent	December 16th.
Mary Nolan	December 18th.
Ruth Chatterton	December 24th.
Marguerite Churchill	
	December 25th.
Lew Ayres	December 28th.

Helene Chadwick	Hale Hamilton
Helen Chandler	Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy	Ken Maynard
June Collyer	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett	Charlie Murray
Carmelita Geraghty	Jason Robards
Albert Gran	George Sidney
Ralph Graves	Bob Steele

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Richard Cromwell	Joan Peers
Constance Cummings	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon	Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart	

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett
Eddie Dowling	Horton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn	Madge Evans
William Bakewell	Julia Faye
Lionel Barrymore	Lynn Fontanne
Wallace Beery	Clark Gable
Charles Bickford	Greta Garbo
Lillian Bond	John Gilbert
Edwina Booth	Gavin Gordon
Harry Carey	William Haines
Jackie Cooper	Neil Hamilton
Joan Crawford	Hedda Hopper
Marion Davies	Leila Hyams
Reginald Denny	Dorothy Jordan
Kent Douglass	Buster Keaton
Marie Dressler	Gwen Lee
Cliff Edwards	Barbara Leonard

Alfred Lunt
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Edward Nugent
Anita Page

Marie Prevost
Esther Ralston
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Norma Talmadge
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail
Lupe Velez
Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Dorothy Lee
Mary Astor	Eric Linder
Evelyn Brent	Phillips Lord
Sue Carol	Everett Marshall
Joseph Cawthorn	Joel McCrea
Ricardo Cortez	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Pola Negri
Lily Damita	Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Lawrence Olivier
Dolores Del Rio	Roberta Robinson
Richard Dix	Lowell Sherman
Irene Dunne	Ned Sparks
Jobyna Howland	Leni Stengel
Rochelle Hudson	Hugh Trevor
Arline Judge	Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake	Hope Williams
Ivan Lebedeff	Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen	Winnie Lightner
George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Richard Barthelmess	Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell	Dorothy Mackaill
Joe E. Brown	Mae Madison
James Cagney	David Manners
Ruth Chatterton	Marian Marsh
Bebe Daniels	Marilyn Miller
Claudia Dell	Ona Munson
Irene Delroy	Marian Nixon
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Dorothy Peterson
Gladys Ford	Walter Pidgeon
Kay Francis	William Powell
James Hall	James Rennie
Walter Huston	Otis Skinner
Leon Janney	Polly Walters
Evalyn Knapp	H. B. Warner
Fred Kohler	Edward Woods
Laura Lee	Loretta Young

(Continued on page 129)



Another of the "New Men in Hollywood." Watch Hardie Albright—but you probably are already!



"Secret Service," that good old stage thriller, affords Richard Dix a vehicle well suited to his two-fisted acting.

Girls About Town!

Continued from page 57

than pleased with the results. Jim and Thomas were having such a good time that they remained in town much longer than they had planned. Moreover, the deal had been closed and the contracts signed before Chase could even worry about it. He felt unusually grateful to the girls on the morning when he wrote out a check to each for \$1,000 and sent them over by messenger.

Marie rushed down to the bank, at once, but Wanda tore hers into bits. She didn't have to be paid to fall in love with the most wonderful man in the world.

That afternoon when she and Jim met, he said quite casually that since they loved each other, they might just as well get married.

"Not so soon," Wanda objected.

"But I've got to go back home and if you want to go with me—"

"Oh, I'll go with you," she assured him. "All I need is a ticket."

"Darling, don't you want to marry me?"

"Of course, dear. But what more can we have?"

"Well, all I mean is—you wouldn't be

them. Marie was still playing the game. Because Ben liked old songs, they had sat home night after night singing and playing. And because he still insisted he was an old-fashioned man, she planned an old-fashioned party for him with cakes, which her tiny hands were supposed to have baked, candy from an old recipe of hers, plenty of games such as they played fifteen years ago, and sweet waltzes instead of jazz. She was hot on the trail of that emerald.

In the afternoon an unexpected visitor made her appearance. The lady introduced herself as Mrs. Thomas.

"I want you to stop letting that man make a fool of himself," she explained briefly. "I've heard everything. He gave you three thousand dollars, didn't he?"

"Gave me what?"

"Some silly bet you made."

"He didn't give me a nickel."

"He wrote me that he did—bragged about it."

"Mrs. Thomas," Marie assured her, "he hasn't done anything but take up space

innocently, of course, past a jewelry shop. She stopped to look at the window display and managed to get him to enter the place quite against his will. She asked about the emerald ring which, the salesman told her, was only seven thousand dollars.

"Seven thousand dollars!" Thomas repeated. "That amount on a good first mortgage at eight per cent. interest would bring in five hundred and sixty dollars a year. That's what it would cost you to wear that ring."

At that point they heard a woman's voice at the other end of the counter.

"Let me look at that ring again. I'll take it. And this necklace."

"The name?" The salesman inquired.

"Mrs. Benjamin Thomas—Murray Hill Hotel."

"Not *the* Benjamin Thomas!" the clerk exclaimed.

"I guess everybody's heard of Benjamin Thomas," the shrill voice continued. "But what everybody hasn't heard is how stingy he is."

"Is that woman your wife?" Marie whispered to Thomas.

"I wouldn't even have had a wedding ring," the woman went on relentlessly, "if it hadn't been left him by his mother. In all his life Ben Thomas never spent a dime he didn't have to."

"Imagine talking that way to a perfect stranger—a clerk," Marie said in astonishment.

"Where are those emerald rings?" Thomas roared at the clerk. "Let me have them—and anything else this girl wants. And let's see some pearls too."

Marie chose the best, and Thomas instructed the clerk to send them to his hotel.

"I'll give them to you to-night at the party," he told her.

The party was well under way. Wanda and Jim had had a long talk. She told him that Alex, her husband, had been to see her, and she had arranged for him to give her the divorce.

The guest of honor arrived late with all the jewels he had bought earlier in the day. His response to Marie's announcement that it would be a real old-fashioned party was that he was sick of Virginia reels, parlor games, and old-fashioned songs. He wanted jazz and a wild time.

It would have been a perfect party if not for Alex. It had never occurred to Wanda when she had casually mentioned the party, that he would turn up. He had come obviously to see what kind of a man Jim was. She tried to keep him away from Jim, but during the course of the evening Alex managed to corner Jim alone.

"You're coming between a man and his wife," he lied.

"What are you talking about?" Jim asked impatiently. "She wants to divorce you."

"On what grounds? I've done nothing. I'm afraid that I should be the one to get the divorce."

"All right, then. If that's all you have to say—"

"And I shall name you as co-respondent," Alex added, with a mocking expression on his face.

"You can't do that!"

"Perhaps not. But I could try."

"You're mad!"

"I might be reasonable—if you know what I mean."

Jim knew perfectly.

"How much will it cost me?" he asked.

"Say—ten thousand."



"He's rich, handsome and generous to a fault!" Marie (Lilyan Tashman) gives Wanda (Kay Francis) a brief course in the mining of precious metals—otherwise known as gold digging. But it's all right—the girls have hearts of gold beneath their smooth exteriors!

happy out there unless you were married. You wouldn't have a friend in town."

"I wouldn't care."

"You would. But what's the difference, dear? You must have some reason for objecting—"

Wanda could not look at him when she answered:

"I haven't lived the prettiest life in the world."

"Now that *that's* off your chest, we'll go out and get the ring!"

"There's just one other small item. I am already married," she said quite low.

It was difficult to say, but now that she had said it, she wondered how she could have been so foolish as to keep it a secret. Jim was, as always, understanding and helpful. Did she think she was the only one who had ever entered into a foolish marriage? Now she could remedy all that. He made her promise that she could call Alex at once and arrange for a divorce.

The day of Thomas' birthday party (for Marie would not have it that he go back home without a real old-fashioned party) the girls had a few surprises in store for

here. He hasn't even taken me to the flea circus."

"Sounds like Ben," Mrs. Thomas conceded.

"Look here!" Marie stated. "You could have cured him."

"How?"

"If you cared, you could find a way. But you probably don't."

That was all the encouragement Mrs. Thomas needed to admit that in spite of the papers, her divorce action, and everything she had said against him, she was still in love with her husband. Marie urged her on, always sympathizing with her and blaming Ben Thomas for not appreciating the right kind of wife.

"Listen," said Marie, thinking of that gorgeous emerald that she was dying to get, "if we could get him to spend some real money just once—even though it was on some other woman—it would make a different man of him. It's like taking that first plunge into cold water."

By this time the two had sat down cosily together, and Marie outlined her plan.

The next day she and Thomas went to luncheon. She led the way back, quite

"And suppose I were to say never mind the divorce?" Jim inquired, even though he knew it was useless to ask.

"Still ten thousand. I need money, and you need respectability. It's a fair exchange. I could do you a lot of damage, divorce or no divorce."

Jim wrote out a check and handed it to Alex, but he could not resist giving him a parting blow which made him stagger out of the room.

Wanda found him in the room where he had had the interesting interview with Alex.

"Jim, what is it?" she asked excitedly.

"Everything," he replied, with incredible calmness. "It worked like a charm."

"What did?"

"They don't come cleverer than you. You've got them all stopped."

"What did Alex say to you?"

"Said and took plenty. You'll get five thousand out of the little deal."

"He blackmailed you?"

"That's an ugly word, dear. Just a little hold-up. But maybe you won't split it. Maybe you're so close, it doesn't matter who has it."

"Jim, you must listen. I don't know what you're talking about—"

"Never mind. Good-bye. I wish you luck for your next venture."

Even if he had not left her then, she could not have spoken. She was stunned. How could it be possible that he believed such a thing of her? She never wanted to see him again. It was horrible!

That night she thought of one thing only. Somehow—some way—she had to get \$10,000 to pay Jim. That she *had* to do. First, she would go to Alex. He wouldn't put a thing like that over successfully if

she knew about it. She hit upon a plan.

Next day at Alex's apartment, she found that this would not be so easy. In his absence a young girl came to the door and asked who was calling.

"Tell him Wanda. I must see him."

"Oh, Cousin Wanda!" the girl exclaimed. "Come right in. He's out now, but you can wait. I have so wanted to meet you. He's mentioned you often. I'm his wife."

Wanda saw that this innocent creature could not be part of all his plans. From what the girl said, Wanda realized that she knew nothing about him and that he had evidently been kind to her so far. Wanda couldn't bring herself to tell this girl the truth. But—that ten thousand! She must get it somehow.

Wanda and Marie talked the situation over and came to the conclusion there was only one way to raise the money. They would auction off all their clothes, furs and jewels to "the girls"—gentle little golden girls who loved nice things—and could afford to buy them.

The next day Wanda and Marie called on Jim and Thomas at their hotel.

"The money I stole from you," Wanda said to Jim, handing him \$10,000 in cash. Jim stood there shamefaced.

"Wanda, I'm sorry," he said. "But why give it back?"

"Just the mood I'm in," she said bitterly. "My moods are funny that way. Sometimes I steal and sometimes I give it back. But blackmail merely bored me. It's beneath me. It's too soft. And besides, I'm through with my husband."

"Don't call him your husband," said Jim. "I happen to know better. I happen to know you've got a divorce. And now you

know it—you didn't know before. I'm convinced of that—and I've been a fool ever to doubt you."

Meanwhile Thomas was confronting Marie. "Do you figure to keep all that jewelry?" he wanted to know.

"I will unless you promise to give them to Mrs. Thomas," Marie told him.

"But you see, Marie—"

"You'd better promise, or I keep them!"

"I promise," he said meekly.

"All right, Daisy." Marie opened the door and admitted the woman who had a few days ago said so many mean things about Benjamin Thomas in court.

"Why, Daisy!" Thomas exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

"Never mind. Are these for me, Benjamin?" she said, fingering the jewels that Marie had put on the table.

"For you, my love."

"There's one ring here that I care nothing about." She picked up the emerald and gave it to Marie. "Perhaps you can use this."

"And by the way," Thomas said casually, "let me write out a check for that \$3,000 I owe you."

With the ring and the check, Marie started towards the door. She looked back to see if Wanda was coming, but she seemed to be comfortable enough in Jim's arms.

"The torture you put me through," Wanda was saying.

"I was jealous of him. I'd have believed anything."

"I'll never forgive you, but I can't live without you," she said.

"Honest, Daisy," Benjamin Thomas was protesting as Marie opened the door, "it's always been you—honest, Daisy!"

He's No "Orchid Man!"

Continued from page 51

the aristocratic Lithuanian. From the lowliest prop boy to the most important director every one in the studio seems eager and anxious to help make a success of pictures or scenes in which Lebedeff appears.

Now they have their chance, as has he, because for the first time he is making a picture in which he plays the featured rôle. The story, moreover, is based on actual experiences in his own life during the war.

His producing company, Radio Pictures, has been generous in doing its bit to make a success of Lebedeff's real motion picture debut. Bill LeBaron held the script for six months, but when he finally decided that here was, in the man's own career, a splendid vehicle for Lebedeff the actor, he went the whole way.

For director, Richard Boleslavsky was selected. Possibly because he, like the star, has a Slavic ancestry and would be more understanding than would an Anglo-Saxon. His association with the Moscow Art Theatre, with Max Reinhardt, the German stage genius; and his successful direction in New York of the outstanding musical hits, "The Three Musketeers" and "The Vagabond King," unquestionably also influenced LeBaron.

The women in Ivan's film are Betty Compson, Genevieve Tobin, Ilka Chase, and Rita Le Roy, truly a pulchritudinous quartette. The male players supporting Lebedeff are Purnell Pratt, Edward Martindale and Arthur Edward Carewe. Formidable competition for a star, yet of the latter's own choosing. He would, had it been possible, risked even greater names in his support. He feels as Lionel Barrymore did, confronted with a similar



Ivan Lebedeff knows how to wear a military uniform. And why not, after having served with distinction as an officer in the late Czar's Dragoons? Have you seen him in "The Gay Diplomat"?

situation in one of his recent pictures:

"I want the most competent, capable actors playing with me. If they try to steal my best scenes there is the greater incentive on my part to outdo myself and prevent them. It is the most inspiring sort of competition and should make any player work that much harder for his own sake and that of the picture."

Considering Lebedeff's susceptibility to the attractiveness of women in reel or real life it was morally certain the feminine players in his first picture would be characterized by good looks and mentality. They have both and he is glad.

"I am fortunate and realize it. But then I have always felt since I first came to America—and I am not saying this for effect but because I honestly think it—that American women are the most beautiful in the world. I think I can say that advisedly, because it has been my privilege to know a great many stunning women in the various countries of Europe. I do feel *this*, and most observant men will agree, that the American man concentrates too much on the making of money and neglects other things equally worthwhile. In doing this, possibly rendered necessary by the demands made on him by his wife, he is apt to delegate to other men the so-called social and mental phases. It is slight wonder so many American society women seek the companionship of younger men possessed of certain social graces. It is little surprise that so many marriages consequently fail. Yet I confess I do not know what to offer as a solution, when one figures the wife's monetary demands and the necessity for meeting these

demands. It is beyond a mere European's ability to solve, especially as mine is so characteristically a continental viewpoint.

"The possibly understandable tendency to dismiss me as a poseur and dilettante—as 'just another motion picture actor who probably should be behind a counter selling dry goods,' amuses me, as I have said before. I think back on the thrilling, essentially masculine life which I have led since the outbreak of the war in 1914. My many encounters with death on and off the battle field would seem to justify what slight egotism I have about having 'done my bit.'"

Certainly Ivan Lebedeff's career entitles him to that vanity, if vanity it be, of being more than just a motion picture actor. As proof of his bravery and achievements he possesses St. George Crosses of the 4th, 3rd, 2nd, and 1st classes, and was promoted for distinguished service and audacity to the first officer's rank, for which there is no equivalent in our army. One of his most amazing exploits was the capture with a mere handful of men of the German general, von Fabarius. The latter was in his manor headquarters at the village of Nevel, in the Pinsk marsh district, afterward the scene of von Hindenburg's annihilation of the Russian army. Lebedeff with his few companions killed the sentries, cut the telephone wires and surprised the German general and his staff at dinner. They were convoyed back to the Russian headquarters and made prisoners of war. The exploit was almost without a parallel in a war filled with daredevil deeds. For this Lebedeff, who was then only 21 years old, received the following honors: Knight of St. George, 4th class; St. George Golden Sword, St. Anna, 4th and 3rd class; St. Stanislaus, 3rd and 2nd class, and St. Vladimir, 4th class. He was also promoted to a first lieutenant-captaincy. That same year, 1915, the hero was wounded, poisoned by gas, and was made personal aide-de-camp to Admiral Vessiolkin, the latter aide to the czar.

These were but a few of the thrills experienced by Lebedeff. There is scant wonder that he has an amused air of tolerance for those scoffers who think of him as an orchid, merely an actor who belongs not at all in a so-called man's world. For a matter of fact, the good looking, suave, polished Ivan Lebedeff has lived a fuller and more heroic life than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his carping critics. Yet he is curiously modest about it all.

That he ultimately found his way to the screen in America seems incredible. He was intended for the Russian diplomatic corps, but the world war and the subsequent Bolshevik revolution changed his plans as completely as they did those of countless men and women placed even higher in the social world than was Ivan Lebedeff. His father was privy councilor to the empire. The son was educated by private tutors, graduated from the high school with a medal in history and literature, a graduate from the University of St. Petersburg, where he took honors, and attended the Imperial Lyceum of Alexander the First. In the latter institution he trained for the diplomatic service. In 1914 Ivan was enrolled in the Corps of Pages of the Emperor, a privileged high military school for future diplomats and guard officers. It was here one morning in the summer of '14 that the usually meticulously prompt professor, arriving late, curtly dismissed the class with: "The war has broken; there will be no more schooling; you must all enlist."

They did. Ivan immediately joined the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons at the front. His career and bravery brought several of



Billie Dove and Charles Starrett. No, Rollo, they're only dancing, and it's only a picture—"The Age for Love."

the decorations mentioned above and promotion to a second lieutenantcy after passing special examinations at the Czar's cavalry school in St. Petersburg.

Lebedeff's career in the next two years included his appointment as commander of the district around Vilcovo, on the Black Sea where it is joined by the Danube and passing examinations in the Foreign Office and Military Academy of the General Staff in St. Petersburg. He left the latter city for the front in May, 1917, and has never seen the capital since. The revolution had broken. Joining a flying corps at Ismail, Roumania, the youthful hero was wounded again, this time the bullet passing entirely through his body. His resignation from the army followed because of his disability. Yet he was far from through with an active life. By the end of 1918 he had accepted the civil position of aide to Colonel Essauloff, "Food Dictator" of Odessa. Then came a succession of occupations of that city. First the Bolsheviks came; after that the German-Austrian and then the allied invasion. Under the latter Ivan was appointed food commissar. Evacuation of Odessa by the allies brought back the Bolsheviks. Three times the Lithuanian, ex-czarist officer was arrested. The last time he was condemned to death. He escaped to the French cruiser, Touareg, but later returned to the city in August, 1919, when Odessa was recaptured by the allies. He entered with twenty men and again narrowly escaped with his life. It was fitting that this should mark the end of his military career. He left the service finally after Odessa had once more been reclaimed.

But his adventures were not at an end, merely shifted from a military setting to civilian life. A hectic struggle for existence followed. Sometimes he was successful; other times he starved. His wanderings took him to many countries and many cities. Constantinople knew him for a period as a broker in antiques and art objects. Then Vienna, because he had a scheme with which to make a fortune on the Viennese Bourse. It didn't work out. Frankfort, Milan, Amsterdam, Paris, Zurich—all knew him in turn trying his hand at anything that would provide food and shelter. Ultimately this modern Jason in search of another golden fleece arrived in Berlin. It was predestined because the German capital was to see the start of his movie career. And, unless one be a fatalist, only then by the merest chance—because a stranger had stumbled against him in boarding an autobus and Lebedeff had, quite humanly, stared fixedly at the non-apologizing stranger.

He had never thought of the movies as a career but years before he had had stage ambitions. This was partly due to his meeting Davidoff, one of the greatest of modern Russian dramatists and actors, at his uncle's house. Realizing the value of presence and a dramatic delivery the young Ivan saw in the visitor's help additional assets for his diplomatic career. The actor-dramatist, however, insisted that Ivan had such marked ability that he should adopt the stage as a career. The boy was interested and not only studied hard under the older man but attended whenever possible all worth-while stage presentations. But in the end he gave up the idea and devoted himself to preparing for the world of diplomacy.

On the day years later when the encounter on the Berlin autobus occurred and Lebedeff stared his resentment at the awkward stranger who had bumped into him, the latter returned his stare. Finally he drew a card from his pocket, presented it and murmured: "If you are interested in acting in motion pictures, look me up."

The card bore the name of Arthur Robinson, of the famed Ufa company. Lebedeff did look him up and was cast for a small rôle in "King Friederich," then being shot. Other pictures and parts followed.

From Berlin the restless Ivan went to Paris. There he played in several pictures. But he decided he wanted to go to America. To think was to act. He booked passage and arrived in New York. On his second day in the new, unknown country he met Bob Chanler, the ex-lieutenant governor of New York, artist, dilettante and ex-husband of Lina Cavalieri, the former grand opera star. Through Chanler and John Colton, co-author of "Rain," came an opportunity to play in "The Shanghai Gesture" with Florence Reed and Mary Duncan. Had he done so he unquestionably would have become established on the speaking stage because the production made theatrical history in New York and elsewhere. Instead a casual meeting with David Wark Griffith brought a personal contract and his appearance in the ill-fated "Sorrows of Satan" as his Satanic Majesty, Menjou's, equally devilish secretary. Unfortunately for Lebedeff—possibly for the fans also—most of his scenes were left on the cutting-room floor. That was his American debut. Seeing Menjou and Lebedeff, the men who so much suggest each other, in the same picture would have been interesting, but the fates decreed otherwise.

His career in motion pictures since then has been not at all spectacular although his acting and personality have intrigued some of the biggest men in the industry. After severing relationships with Griffith, largely because of the latter's departing from Famous Players after the "Sorrows of Satan" debacle, Lebedeff was with Cecil DeMille for a long time during the latter's tenancy of the Pathé lot in Culver City. He came near playing with John Gilbert in "The Cossacks," but the fact that Nils Asther was under contract prevented that. Moreover, Lebedeff was astute enough to insist upon a contract calling for two successive strong rôles. Metro would not agree. The Lithuanian was wise beyond his years, realizing that two good pictures can make an actor.

Henry King was so impressed with the actor that he established a precedent by putting him under his personal management. Pictures for Inspiration and Fox filled the interval between the DeMille engagement and his arrival on the R.K.O. lot. "Street Girl" with Betty Compson, his present leading woman, was his initial LeBaron picture. Now featured player in his own picture with stardom not far off!

Found! New Men in Hollywood

Continued from page 22

through with the naïvete of an adolescent. Carried out of a burning Mexican village during a revolution, on the back of a Marine and aged seven at the time, his mother brought him back to the States, put him in school and returned to his father in Mexico City.

Bill grew up hating schools. From seven to eighteen life was one boarding school after another. His hatred of them is reflected in the fact that he mixes his nominative and objective pronouns with a cheerful disregard of grammatical correctness. But no one minds—Bill, least of all.

"How did you happen to go on the stage?" I asked brilliantly.

"It was what I had always wanted to do and when you want a thing bad enough, you just do it. When I was ten or twelve I wanted to be a clown. As I grew older, clowns lost something of their glamor and it didn't seem dignified to be tumbling around. But the need for expression persisted. That explains it as well as anything, I suppose."

His father was president of a large bank in Mexico City, so Bill has never known hardship in the actual sense of the word. Once he took a house on the Riviera and overspent his allowance. Rather than write home for the additional funds that would have been forthcoming, he went to work singing in a cabaret.

His first picture was "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead. After seeing it he became discouraged with pictures and decided to stick to the stage. Coming West to visit friends and relatives, he had no thought of a re-entry into pictures and engaged neither a publicity agent nor business manager. An agent saw him on the street one day, decided Bill would be a good bet, and started on a round of the studios looking for an opening for him. The first studio happened to be Fox and the tour ended there. They signed him.

He lives at Malibu, thinks Hollywood is a sort of Arcadia, that everyone you meet is a friend, and that the world was made yesterday. He has looks, talent, and breeding—but so have a lot of other juveniles. But Bill has two other qualities most of them lack: enthusiasm and charm. Looking at him today, one cannot help but wonder what he will be like in a year or two when the bloom has been rubbed off.

Regardless of that, however, Bill as he is now should be the answer to a lot of maidens' prayers.

Another hot number is Donald Dillaway, who has probably the most arresting personality of any of the new juveniles. He accepts introductions with a grin and two minutes later you're chatting as though you had known him a lifetime. Nothing matters much to Don except laughs.

Like all these others, he comes to films with a stage background. His work in the latter medium includes appearances in "House Party," "Fast Life," (in which company were also Chester Morris and Claudette Colbert—all three comparatively unknown at the time), "Courage," "Flight," "Still Waters," "The Backslapper," "The Naked Man," and two productions with Otis Skinner.

It was the latter gentleman who was instrumental in getting him out here and who was also indirectly responsible for the contract he signed for "Cimarron."

While under contract to Radio for that picture, he was loaned to M-G-M for the part opposite Dorothy Jordan in "Min and Bill." Following that, he made a couple of shorts for Pathé, a small part in "Cimarron" and then landed a contract

with another studio. Since then, he has made "Body and Soul," "Young As You Feel," and recently completed "Gallagher" and "Men In Her Life" for Columbia Studios.

His conversation is whimsically humorous and there is one thing that sets him apart from all other juveniles: he makes no pretense of being a "home-body."

"When I'm working on a picture, I'm naturally tired when I get home and generally stay in and study the next day's lines. But when I'm not working, don't ever picture me at home in front of an open fireplace with a book in my hand waiting for a photographer to happen along. I'd go crazy if I sat in night after night. I like people around me and the more amusing they are, the more I like them."

After ransacking high schools throughout the country, as well as the dressing rooms of the other studios, in their search for someone to play the male lead in "Are These Our Children?" Radio found Eric Linden.

Eric is twenty-one, five feet nine, weighs 140 pounds, has a shock of wavy brown hair and brown eyes. His father disappeared when he was about thirteen—Eric, I mean, not the father—and hasn't been heard from since. But he probably will be as soon as Eric's picture is shown.

Mrs. Linden supported herself and Eric as best she could and Eric swept through school so rapidly he was the youngest student entered at Columbia University. He spent two years there and then went on the stage—the Theatre Guild.

Asked how he got the job, Eric explained, "Oh, I just went in and was the charming, unsophisticated little boy, and the directors tweaked my ears and patted

my head and gave me a job."

Two years were spent with the Theatre Guild and then he branched out into more commercial fields of acting. "One Way Street," "Flight," and "Buckaroo" followed each other, capped by a season with the Berkshire Players of Stockbridge, Mass. and a season with an English repertoire company in Paris. Back in New York, he hit stride again with "Hilda Cassidy" and "Reunion." Between stage engagements he did a lot of work for the National Broadcasting Company, playing the juvenile in most of the plays presented over the radio.

In Hollywood he lives modestly in a small apartment, and his mother has just come out to visit him.

Curiously enough, he does *not* think "it's all too, too wonderful," saying that he much prefers the stage but that there's more money in pictures.

His ambition is to write. He has authored three plays and innumerable short stories. "The only thing that seems wonderful to me," he finished, "is the fact that I've at least got my foot on the first rung of the ladder. I'm beginning to be known—a little; I'm only twenty-one, and I've still got practically a lifetime ahead of me in which to do the things I want!"

And, unless I miss my guess, this young man will come pretty near doing the things he wants.

You well may ask, "What of Paramount during all this?"

Well, Paramount got busy and signed up Tom Douglas. Tom is one of the best juveniles the legitimate stage has produced in a long, long time. He went to England shortly after his stage career started and proceeded to star there in "Merton of the



Killing two birds with one stone. Dorothy Jordan demonstrates the two-in-one economical wrap idea. The coat of this summer ermine fur creation snaps on to the top, making it a dressy afternoon wrap—while the short jacket alone is pour le sport.

Movies," "An American Tragedy," "Young Woodley" and a number of other plays. Then he got homesick, returned to New York and played with Dorothy Gish in "Young Love." Afterwards, in the west coast productions of "Fata Morgana" with Elsie Ferguson, and "Ghosts" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

He was forthwith signed for the juvenile lead with John Barrymore in "Svengali." Mr. Douglas, having been a star, had his own ideas of how things should be done. So did Mr. Barrymore and Archie Mayo, the director. Mr. Douglas took sick and as "the show must go on," Bramwell Fletcher replaced him. Then Paramount coaxed Tom into putting his signature on the dotted line. His first of them is "The Road to Reno," followed by "The Man I Killed."

The last of this septet is Robert Young, whom M-G-M have recently placed under contract. Born February 22, 1907. During his boyhood, he sold newspapers, worked in drug stores and cleaning establishments to get money to pay for his schooling. Later, he was press man on a newspaper. His biography lists his "Athletic and other achievements" as "Yell Leader, Dramatic."

Leaving school, he cast his fortunes with the Pasadena Community Playhouse and appeared in a number of their productions. Then he went on a fifteen week coast tour with a theatrical company. Returning to Pasadena, he appeared in forty productions during the next five years.

He has a Scotty, reads biographies, his favorite pictures are "Outward Bound" and "All Quiet on the Western Front."

He has a serious nature but doesn't like serious parts and thinks love scenes are silly because they never sound real.

His first appearance on the screen was in "The Black Camel" and later he played the part of Helen Hayes' grown son in "Lullabye," giving an admirable performance.

But, somehow, despite his undisputed ability he just doesn't seem to me to be the calibre of which screen favorites are made.

Whether *he* is or not, you're sure, among the foregoing, to find someone to satisfy that inner romantic urge—someone whose picture will look well in that frame on your dresser.

All of which just goes to prove there is more truth than poetry in that old song Marie Dressler used to sing, called: "Heaven will protect the working girl!"

The Soul of Garbo

Continued from page 19

Oriental instinct). Even when their business brings them into intimate touch with her, she neither blocks nor assists their efforts.

For instance, it is difficult to photograph her for she spends much time in the sun and air building her strength, and often wears a light-colored evening gown over several shades of sunburn. She shrugs and leaves photography to the camera men. That is their business—hers is acting! She continues to expose her skin to the sun.

She prefers her hair to be arranged simply, severely brushed back from her face. Her real wish is to cut it off into a mannish shingle, but the studio officials are firm against this. So she sits with a little tolerant, one-sided smile and allows the hair-dresser to coax her hair into the famous Garbo swirl or the soft curls of Romance. It is not an easy matter to be her hair-dresser, for she goes in the ocean once and often twice a day and the salt water does not add to the beauty of one's hair. However, that is the hair-dresser's business—hers is acting! She continues to swim for her health.

Disliking elaborate or extremely dainty clothes, she will, when it is necessary for her to be exquisitely gowned, stand patiently while that talented Adrian designs the most ravishing garments, but in which she displays not one single spark of interest. Clothes are Adrian's business—hers is acting!

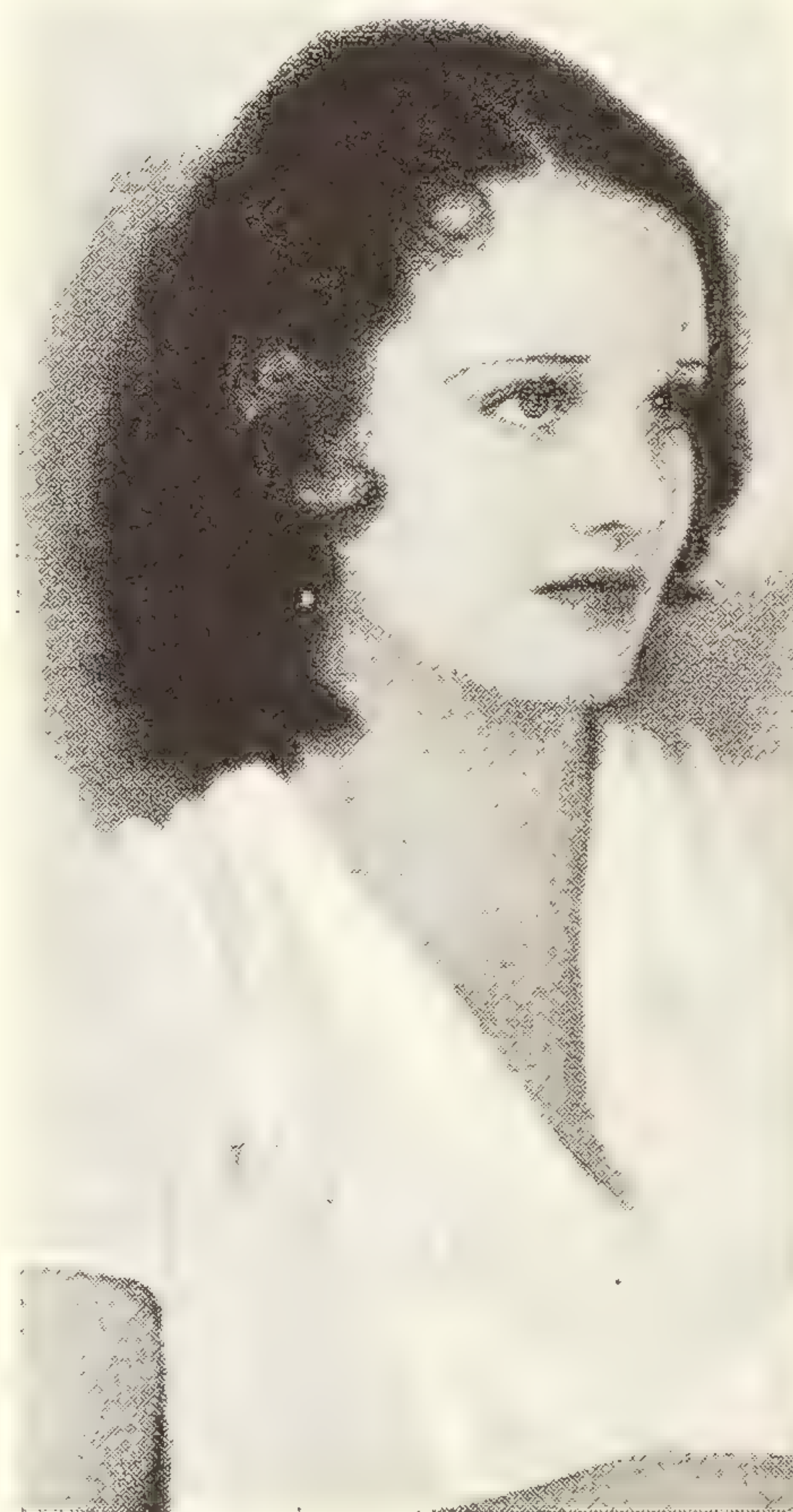
Then she will wear what she does not dislike too much with a casual grace that is paradoxically enchanting. To watch Garbo move through a picture is like watching a slow dance. Too tall, without one perfect feature, she creates an illusion of loveliness, of liquid, flowing, co-ordinated movement that is sheer delight to witness.

A something of the unusual, that strange, mesmerizing, heady fascination of the unknown, the unfamiliar, is her appropriate background. It is both young and old—really ageless. It is what Rider Haggard was trying to say when he wrote "She."

Garbo is not a woman—she is *Woman*! Sex, to her, is not merely a twentieth century vulgarity, but an ancient fire of the spirit of humanity, beating at the walls of imprisoning flesh to find its way to immortality.

She makes one think in terms of centuries, æons.

There is a sweep, a magnificence, an escape from pettiness in her presence. She



Rochelle Hudson has one of the "title rôles" in "Are These Our Children?" Nice Baby! And she can act, too!

does not like smallness in anything. The dainty, delicate articles that women usually adore, Garbo passes by without a second glance. She likes large, heavy, handsome things—heavy furniture, massive effects at every point. Big pens and enormous pencils intrigue her.

In one picture she used an exquisite pair of small pearl-handled opera glasses. The director gave them to her at the end of the production. But she laid them down disinterestedly, saying, "Thank you, no. I do not like the funny little things." She would probably have been delighted had they been a large pair of binoculars—heavy, leather-cased field glasses, through which she could look out for miles.

Garbo takes the large view of every-

thing and this enables her to see ahead from cause to effect—to calculate, almost instantly, the result of a given line of action. This is not logic or reason, but with her large vision she actually sees the other end of the matter. This has protected her health, her personality and her bank account. The Hollywood racketeers have learned to let her alone.

Another and not so profitable side of this ability to take life in at a glance, is that she must struggle with a most depressing sense of futility. Regarding the world, she sees so much movement, effort, striving—for what?

At such time life seems utterly meaningless—people seem like small animals pacing back and forth, forth and back in the cages of their own little lives. Sometimes this feeling comes flooding over her, enveloping her like a fog that will not lift for weeks. Then she is moody and sad, friendless and wanting no friends. Then there is solace in walking, walking, walking insatiably, madly, monotonously, as though she felt that if she could only walk long enough and far enough she might find the answer to the riddle of life. She walks for hours and miles along the sandy shore of the Pacific.

But the ocean always reflects her own thoughts; torment and unrest in one mood—again, its calm impenetrable depths speak a kindred tongue to the voice in her heart. Sometimes there is rhythm and grace in the ceaseless beating of the waves on the shore—again there is only futility, and the irritating, monotonous questioning of a child as the sea pounds feebly at the land.

Garbo loves the sea. And what more natural than that she should seek understanding there? Her more immediate ancestors were seafaring men whose women learned to watch the horizon where brine meets blue, and wait, wait, wait for the return of ships. No wonder she is somewhat at peace when she leaves the artificiality of life in the picture world of make-believe and wanders along the sandy shore, silently communing with those things that are fundamentally real and familiar to her.

For the other edge of that vast, salty reach of the Pacific touches the Orient, where Garbo longs to travel. She thinks the Chinese and the Japanese have "such strange faces" and she wonders what is back of them!

Thus the soul of Garbo has circled the world!

The Low Down on Lew and Lola

Continued from page 33

was a frost, so with only forty cents to her name she quit, bought a two-bit sundae and went back to the employment office.

This time she got a job in a little notions store at seventeen a week. Four weeks were enough of that. She tried her hand as a bookkeeper to a secondhand clothes dealer, as a stenographer, a nursemaid, and as a governess. Then she met Mabel Wagner Schank, a well-known Chautauqua entertainer, who offered the first opportunity to become associated with things theatrical, a childhood desire of Lola's. But first there was the problem of ending her Simpson College days. The jolliest way was to cut up until the dean would urge her departure. Gay, independent Lola chose that way.

Touring the Chautauqua circuit, playing the piano and singing, she got her introduction to voice culture and stage deportment to the tune of forty dollars a week. She was not satisfied with the sticks, however, being Broadway bent. Gus Edwards is known for his theatrical discoveries, so Lola, a perfect stranger, wrote him that she was coming to New York to be his next protégée. She borrowed two hundred dollars, informed her sister Leota that henceforth they were The Lane Sisters, dancing and singing team, and proceeded under full steam to the Big City. There is nothing like the luck of the Irish, and it was no time at all before The Lane Sisters were doing their stuff in Gus Edwards' "Ritz-Carlton Revue." They next decorated the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies," danced in Helen Morgan's night club, and then toured the Orpheum circuit as the featured performers in Gus Edwards' act.

Lola was always the business manager for the team. "I meant business when I went into the offices of the booking agents and managers," she says, "and they knew it wasn't monkey business. I had perfect trust in our ability and evidently that gave them confidence in us." She worked their vaudeville salary up to nine hundred dollars a week.

A Broadway show was her next step, and she became leading lady for George Jessel in "The War Song." The Shuberts had a show slated for her to follow that, but Ben Stollhoff, Fox director, happened to be searching for a leading lady for the first Fox talkie, "Speakeasy." He saw Lola in "The War Song," realized that she had a voice as well as grand looks, and so she was given a Fox contract.

She was featured in the first "Fox-Movietone Follies," and her haunting blues voice put her over in musicals with a bang. For the past year she has been free-lancing. When she was making only fifteen dollars a week, she saved five, lived on five, and sent five home to her mother. She is now educating two of her younger sisters. Last year she made her first visit back to Indianola, going via plane to give a benefit performance to pay off the mortgage on the Methodist Church. She recalls with a chuckle how she once danced the Charleston in front of the church to express her independence, and claims that she was the only female child ever to be whipped in an Indianola school with a rubber hose!

Lew's Hollywood hit came with much more of a bang than did Lola's. He was never on the stage and got into pictures by dancing with a pretty lady at a Roosevelt tea dance! He did not know that she was Lily Damita or that Ivan Kahn, actors' agent, was watching them. A six months' contract at Pathé was engineered by Kahn. There Lew, along with Carole

Lombard, Marian Marsh, Jeanette Loff, and Stanley Smith, was overlooked. All of them, diamonds in the rough, were given walking papers. But Paul Bern saw possibilities in Lew and got him the rôle of the adolescent lover in Garbo's "The Kiss," his first real screen part.

"I never had a cent until recently," Lew told me as we talked over his past and his plans for the future. He was born in Minneapolis, but when his parents were divorced he moved to San Diego, where his mother and step-father now live. His own father, a court reporter, still resides in Minneapolis and proudly treasures all clippings of Lew.

This domestic upheaval had a profound effect upon Lew's childhood. He finally entered the University of Arizona, and was pledged to one of the best fraternities, Kappa Sigma. "But I hate even to mention that I went there," he says, "because it was for so short a time." Like Lola he could not stand the restraints of conventional, small-town life, so he utilized his skill as a banjo player and his crooning voice to get jobs in various Mexican resorts just across the border, where a handsome young American is a prime orchestra attraction.

Thrown in with all sorts, the kind who haunt these drinking and gambling places, Lew led a care-free, merry existence. The tawdriness palled and he came to Los Angeles, much in the mood of Merton. "I dreamt continually of being discovered by some famous movie beauty," he admits. "Preferably by Garbo." (With whom, strangely enough, he did play his first rôle!) "It is not true that I met picture people in Mexico who promised me film jobs. When I came to Hollywood I didn't know a soul in the studios, no one on the inside at all."

Because Mertons must eat, Lew strummed his banjo at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, The Plantation, and the Coconut Grove. Seeing the stars dance by only intensified his desire to be one of them. But even the opportunity of getting near them gave him no entrée. He quit orchestra work, intending to try as an extra so long as no one cared to discover him. He was reduced to living on peanuts for a few days. Fortunately, Ivan Kahn chose to wave the magic wand.

"But social contacts and pull have never gotten me a thing," Lew says today. "Mr. Bern was wonderful to me in getting me some good rôles, but strictly in a detached business way. Why, I've never so much as been to his home or had dinner with him."

Neither Lola nor Lew cares a rap about playing the social game in Hollywood. When I asked him where he went of an evening for his amusement he replied, "I never go out! I worked in night clubs and hotels for three or four years and got my fill of dancing. I'll bet you don't go around interviewing actors on your day off, do you?" Lola loves to dance, however, so if the two of them are seen much in society you'll know who's boss in the Ayres family. "I've only been to two premiéres in my life," Lew says, "and I have no intention of bucking the crowds to go to any more!"

The newlyweds will not follow, one gathers, in the social footsteps of Joan and Doug and other young couples. Lola is no clinging vine, but she doubts the sincerity of Hollywood. Lew wants to live a plain, ordinary life, one in which he will not have to dress up!

He makes absolutely no effort to impress

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off-screen. His garb for an interview is likely to be a blue shirt, open at the neck, sleeves rolled up, and a pair of old brown cords. Most stars moan about what a nuisance their dear public is when they are sighted in the flesh. "I think all this you read of the stars being mobbed is passé now," Lew told me. "Perhaps I'm not popular enough, but I don't think the younger players in particular need fear being torn limb from limb. Very few people recognize me." This may be partially explained by Lew's disinclination to dress like a movie star.

"There have been stories to the effect that I was disillusioned with Hollywood," he went on. "That's not so. My ideas have changed, but I still enjoy the work as much as ever. When I was broke I planned just what I would do when I began making big money. Now I realize that the movies are a business, just like any other. Those childish, high-flown ideas about Hollywood are gone. But I hope to stay in pictures another ten years at least! And if I don't have any time to do the things I used to plan—well, it's worth it to give up a few years to all work and no play in order to secure the future."

Before his marriage Lew worked for seventeen weeks straight through, with only seven Sundays off in the entire stretch. He didn't get a chance to go to the beach all summer, to lounge and frolic at Malibu, acquire a tan, or do any of the entrancing things you suppose a handsome young idol does.

Both these youngsters have smart business heads. "I know that right now I am not as high up as I was a year ago," Lew admits frankly. Because his name means a crowd at the box-office, his company has been following that old Hollywood custom of giving its leading star just so-so stories. "I think that 'The Iron Man' was punk; 'Heaven on Earth' just average. 'The Spirit of Notre Dame' holds a timely football interest and has a few good gags, but as a whole I doubt if it will set the world



The girl who's all wrapped up in Chester Morris is Alison Lloyd. Looks like Thelma Todd? Well, she was Thelma Todd before she changed from comedy to dramatic rôles. Good luck, Thel—er, Alison!

on fire." How many stars dare face the truth so ruthlessly? Not many, I can assure you.

Making the Notre Dame picture was a new experience for him. "I had never played football," he told me, "and when I started bucking that famous line—well, like Willie Shakespeare I screwed my courage to the sticking point!" This is just one little illustration to show you his gameness. He is a square-shooting, fine sport who asks only that he be allowed to live his life as he wants. The attitude of

some members of the press puzzles him. "I always give interviews when asked and try to oblige," he says in a wondering tone. "No one used to care what I thought, and I was not used to remembering names when I was introduced. Now it seems that one fan writer has it in for me because I failed to speak to him a year and a half after our one and only meeting. I don't even recall seeing him the second time, but I'm told that's why he slams me."

A year and a half ago Lola said, "If I ever marry I will have my own apartment, where I can hang my coat on the ceiling if I want to." Fortunately, in Lew she has found a man who also hates stiffness and formality. I venture to say that right now his coat is apt to be hung on the ceiling right next to hers!

Their common interest in music and astronomy will do much to hold them together. Lola has a piano, organ, radio, and victrola. Lew can play close harmony with his banjo. Both used to earn their living by their singing, so the neighbors can rejoice that here is a couple who harmonize perfectly.

Her idea of a good time would be to buy a yacht, don a sweater, white ducks, and a pair of old sneakers and sail the seven seas. His notion of a vacation is to go moose hunting. Compromise number one coming up!

They both hope to attain financial independence, for whatever security they have had they have made for themselves. The thought of falling back into the obscurity and moneyless days hangs over their heads. Fate has given them a lucky break in enabling them to make big money. They intend doing all they can to stay on the Hollywood top.

Let's hope, on our part, that they will stay together—this dark young hero and blonde young heroine who, at twenty-two, have found true love and success by their sheer determination to get up and on in the world.

Long love Lola and Lew!

Domestic or Foreign Charmers

Continued from page 25



Marjorie Gateson belongs to the willowy contingent among Hollywood girls. She skips rope with those pearls!

negro, at first considered suitable only for Spanish versions, made such a hit in domestic ones, that Fox offers her as a débutante star. Lupe Velez held her own without a struggle.

Then Pathé brought Pola Negri back with loud huzzas from the publicity department. Jetta Goudal, out of work for months, is restored to grace. Dolores Del Rio, likewise overlooked for far too long a spell, is acquired for "The Dove." Lovely Nora Gregor, hitherto reserved for German versions of Shearer pictures at M.G.M., learns English in six weeks, plays opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr. in a stage version of "The Man in Possession," and proves a buoyant success; hence her promotion to American versions is now in order. José Crespo, Spanish actor, formerly seen only in Spanish versions, is co-opted for domestic ones. Yola D'Avril, although not under contract, gets parts galore. Emil Jannings, we hear, has learned English well enough to attract dickerings for new Hollywood contracts.

Sweet Anna Q. Nilsson, once the Swedish darling of silents, whom a dreadful accident laid low for so long, now returns from a visit to Europe, and finds herself in the pleasant position of being coveted by various studios. Anna's accent is pretty good American, but she came back from

Sweden with the desired foreign tang, clever girl. It can so easily raise the ante on contract terms. Fern Andra left America at 5 years of age, was raised in Germany, made stage and picture successes there, and now, after a stage play in Los Angeles, enjoys film invitations against the day of her return from a road tour.

Anna May Wong, Chinese actress, who didn't stand a dime's worth of chance of being starred when she left Hollywood, went to Europe, won fame and plaudits on both screen and stage there, and returned triumphant to the very studio that had snubbed her when talkies came in—to star in "The Daughter of the Dragon," together with Sessue Hayakawa, who had likewise dropped from sight in the U.S.A. Anna gets just ten times her old salary now, too.

So why wouldn't our native sons and daughters be pondering these matters? The competition is pretty hefty.

For instance, consider the case of Constance Bennett. Constance, who receives \$5,000 a day when she's working or about \$12 a minute. Is she that much more interesting and popular with the fans than, say, Garbo or Dietrich? In "The Common Law," now, as an artist's model? Truth compels us to say that Connie's slouch and Connie's figure generally do not

lend themselves to our preconceived ideas of the perfections of an artist's model. Almost any of the foreign charmers would have looked the part as satisfactorily. Of course Connie can act, not a doubt about it. And so far the public seems to prefer her to any of the foreign stars except Garbo and Dietrich.

Ruth Chatterton has nothing to worry about; no one ever suggests that any foreign charmer could have surpassed her in any of the rôles she has played, even when she adopted a Swedish accent as the drudge on one occasion. Ann Harding, too, seems to have made a place all her own, fortunately in pictures highly suitable to her type. But Norma Shearer in such pictures as "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul," ultra-sophisticated, is not entirely unassailable. Norma is excellent but she has been doing the same sort of story for months, and a change of rôle would help.

No danger of Marie Dressler being equalled by any foreign actress now known, and Winnie Lightner enjoys a niche safely her own. Joan Crawford, if they will only let her leave off being a hectic "modern American girl," is capable of fine stuff. Joan would like to try the sophisticated Shearer type of picture; in fact, she wants to grow up.

That's another thing about these foreign girls—they always give an impression of being grown up, comfortably mature. The flapper type has outlived our liking. Dolores Del Rio, at 20, won us in "Redemption"—somehow we cannot imagine an American girl giving us such a performance at least until she is nearing 30.

Then, too, with a few precious American exceptions, these foreigners seem so cul-

tivated, so particularly well-informed. They speak several languages. Garbo speaks Swedish, German and English. Elissa Landi speaks several languages besides her perfect English. Even our Chinese Anna May Wong speaks German, French, Italian, English and Chinese. All the Spanish actors and actresses who are making good in English versions speak beautiful, cultured English, far better than our native quality. Pola Negri is a remarkable linguist. This new, fascinating Lil Dagover speaks Dutch, German and French; and although her English is at present a bit startling, it is piquant, not ignorant.

And Lil has a Russian husband, so she probably speaks that language, too. She is impudent—and that's another thing. These foreigners seem to manage to make their impudence intriguing.

Ann Dvorak, just signed by Howard Hughes, after her splendid work in "Scarface," is to be the lead in "Sky Devils." Why not an American actress for that rôle? Well, Ann seemed more attractive. Besides, she has stood in for Garbo many a time and has learned her trade through playing extras. Ann, too, speaks several languages, even if she was a mere extra girl for so long.

Another interesting point to be considered is that most of our super-domestic charmers are married—Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, *et al.*, and rather brag of their marital happiness. Most of the foreign competitors, on the other hand, are lone eagles. Pola Negri is between husbands; Gregor is single; Garbo is single, Elissa Landi is separated from her husband by three thousand miles

of ocean. Damita is unattached. Goudal is married, to be sure, but gives no impression of domesticity, even in her kitchen. It seems to me the foreigners, as a rule, with Dietrich as the glittering exception, do far better free of marital ties, whereas it would seem that American actresses like this side of their life settled. Love affairs inspire foreigners, whereas they are apt to curdle American girls. Look at Constance Bennett, with marriage safely behind her, fussing until she marries again. And when she has finally married the Marquis, I am prepared to wager she will do far better work.

Samuel Goldwyn, who is famous as a picker, runs a great deal to foreign charmers—and is said to be bringing us a couple more presently.

In fact, the situation is making a lot of good American picture actresses anxious, especially those just easing up from the ranks. They are wondering if, like Anna May Wong, it might not be a good idea to sneak off to Europe, learn a few languages, and come back with a foreign name and a cute accent and start fresh. One thing seems pretty certain, girls with the sketchy education of a Clara Bow, no matter how pretty or appealing, will have a harder time reaching stardom from now on. Most of our most glamorous ones today who are holding their own against the foreigners are educated, not necessarily with formal educations, but replete with the social graces, good form and good style, and firmly grounded. They may be Cinderellas financially, but not intellectually. Even if they have to play *gamin* rôles, they must be personally intelligent and "aware," on the same principle that it takes a highly sober man to play a drunk rôle convincingly!



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"I'm Tired of Hollywood," Says Gary Cooper

Continued from page 83



Paul Muni, compelling character actor, sports this scar and a wicked leer to match in his portrayal of "Scarface," the Generalissimo of the bad, bad gangsters.

"I weighed only 150 pounds when I left Hollywood—and that's a mean weight for a guy who's six-feet-two. I feel much better now." And he looks better. His skin is tan and has that out-doorsy look; his eyes are bright and he has gained some fifteen pounds.

Gary was quite surprised to hear that he was Greta Garbo's favorite actor; but he didn't return the compliment. He said he hasn't any favorites. He has met Garbo, and he liked her. And he has played with Marlene Dietrich. But he doesn't think they are at all alike. "There's nothing mysterious about Marlene—she's a very charming woman. I enjoyed working with her in 'Morocco.'"

We asked Mr. Cooper about his other leading women. He thinks Mary Brian is the sweetest girl in pictures—nothing serious here, though. According to Gary, Carole Lombard is lots of fun and has a grand sense of humor—and Claudette Colbert, his newest heroine, is a peach to work with. Gary said he'd like to play with Tallulah Bankhead sometime. (He and Tallulah have been doing Harlem and the Broadway plays together. But they're just good friends, that's all. We can't seem to track down any romances.) Gary has also been seen with Katherine Wilson, Broadway stage actress. (Remember she was once reported engaged to Richard Barthelmess?)

Question: Can't a fellow have dinner

with a girl without being rumored engaged? Answer: No, not when he's a movie actor.

During his stay abroad, Gary was the guest of Count and Countess Frasso. This past summer he has been at the Atlantic Beach Club with the latest in débutantes. He is society's pet lion this season. However, Gary doesn't feature it. He's still Frank Cooper, late of Montana.

Here's an incident which goes to prove that Gary is just a nice American boy and true to "his public!" We told him of a little high-school girl we know who is one of his most devoted fans; of the many pictures and scrap-books she cherishes, and her oft-repeated cry that she "just knows she'll meet him some day." It's an old story to Gary or any other actor—but he was interested and said he'd like to meet her. Now, girls—don't push!

Gary said that he wants very much to make "A Farewell to Arms." (Whose arms, Gary?) And he'd like to have Elissa Landi play opposite him. Now don't start snooping for love-interest here, because Elissa is married and very much in love with her husband.

Gary saw Elissa play the feminine lead in the stage production of "A Farewell to Arms," and he thinks she's a fine actress.

We hope Gary's wish to do "A Farewell to Arms" is granted. But as for his leaving Hollywood for good—well, your guess is as good as ours!

Beauty Shopping

Continued from page 63

it is warm and—well, warm. Men adore it. They invariably sigh and ask what it is. "Maderas de Orient"—(wood of the Orient)—is \$12. "Suspiro de Granada"—(breath of Granada)—in a package reminiscent of a Spanish dancer—\$30. There is a tiny miniature of this bottle for \$1.50. Myrurgia has created for Sally Milgrim an indefinable elegance in an odor called "Salymil."

The cleverest loose-powder compact I have seen in a long time is made by Lenthéric. We should be grateful to them for this invention for it has an ingenious little corrugated roller that brings to the surface just enough powder for the moment, saving waste and mussiness. This is a treasure! It may be bought separately for \$1.50 or in a delightful gift box which also contains the popular Lenthéric lipstick, a bottle of perfume and a silver and black pocket perfume atomizer, all for \$10. Lenthéric offers a Christmas bargain by reducing their erstwhile ten dollar crystal box of powder (which can be used afterward for cigarettes) to \$5. Bottles of perfume to match were twenty-two dollars and are now priced at \$12. The little pocket atomizer may be had in another gift box with an assortment of six vials of perfume for only \$5. This provides an excellent opportunity to experiment with the fad of a different perfume for each time of day, each dress, each mood.

Here is a hint! Lots of women adore smelling-salts. Especially those ladies who recall the feminine era before we flaunted through the brusque and practical age from which we are just now emerging, sadder and wiser, willing to take refuge



Vivienne Osborne's dark eyes and "different" coiffure add to Paul Lukas' distractions in "The Beloved Bachelor." She is a product of the Broadway stage but is now under contract to Paramount.

behind plumes and ruffles to nurse the bruises of a disillusioned world. Smelling salts are smart today. A bottle may look a little embarrassed on a sophisticated dressing table, but if you look closer you will observe an air of triumph also. An offering on the altar of revived femininity! Grandmother and débutante alike will delight in it this Christmas. Grandmother will remember when it was ladylike to faint, and the débutante will find that its pungent fragrance will soothe a headache, comfort a "cowl id the head," and give her a meltingly feminine picture of herself. Yardleys \$1.50.

For men, Lenthéric has a gift set in a good-looking box (\$3.) which contains, in handsome uniform bottles, powder, after-shave lotion and scalp stimulant. This set has a *chic* and a gift value far beyond its price.

Isabey is another house that is putting out a group of perfumes in a single box for the holiday shopper—five floral odors for \$5. Isabey also offers a new loose-powder compact whose tiny puffs are made of real lamb-skin. In several colors, green, red, brown, blue, and silver—all with black accents. The double compact is \$2. Single, \$1.50.

A Frenchman told me that Coty's Eau de Coty is the cologne most widely used in France. There is something especially satisfying about it—refreshing and something else besides. It is splendid for a friction rub after a bath, is a real water-softener, and can cheer up a sick room amazingly. Give it to a shut-in friend—or anybody, for that matter. Give yourself a bottle, you'll enjoy it—\$1.75, \$4.00, \$7.00.

Coty also offers a Manicure Travel Set in bakelite container with liquid polish, polish solvent, cuticle remover, brush, and accessories in a glass tube: \$3.50. They also have attractive sets for men priced from \$1 to \$5. And for women the Coty gift combinations in smart boxes are so numerous and clever that space here forbids anything but price quotations. Among them you will find a delightful selection from \$2 to \$200. I was especially attracted by a modernistic bottle and separate atomizer held in a lovely silk-lined case, which is their way of presenting a wonderful perfume called "L'Aimant," which means magnetic. And it is! This delightful gift has been reduced from twenty dollars to \$15.

There is another perfume that is destined to great Christmas popularity—Caron's "Bellodgia." It seems to belong to young love, a perfect accompaniment for a honeymoon. And why not? Its very name is that of a picturesque little town in Italy where so many, many honeymooners go. Of course one always feels secure in buying the well-known "Nuit de Noel" (Christmas Night) in sizes from \$16 to \$450.

Chanel's "Magnolia," D'Orsay's "Black Amber," Lelong's Parfum "L," Le Chic de Molyneux are other perfumes of greatest luxury.

Molinelle's "Gardenia" is an enchanting odor. Roger and Gallet present a brand new one—Feu Follet—"Flame of Folly." Houbigant's "Bois Dormant," or the latest exquisite creation of these great artists: "Etude"—or any one of the more familiar Houbigant odors, such as "Quelques Fleurs," are gifts of rare good taste—and sweetest smell!

Guerlain's three popular scents—"Shalimar," "Lin," and "L'Heure Bleue" make grand gifts.

For your Bohemian or exotic friends there are many ingenious perfume burners. Some of them have the little pockets where you touch a match to the perfume; others provide an electric bulb upon which you drop perfume and the warmth of the light releases the odor. No doubt you have heard before that perfumes are made for skin and not for fabrics. The warmth of flesh brings out the best qualities of the fine ones. Powder sprays for the bathroom may be had for as little as \$1.98.

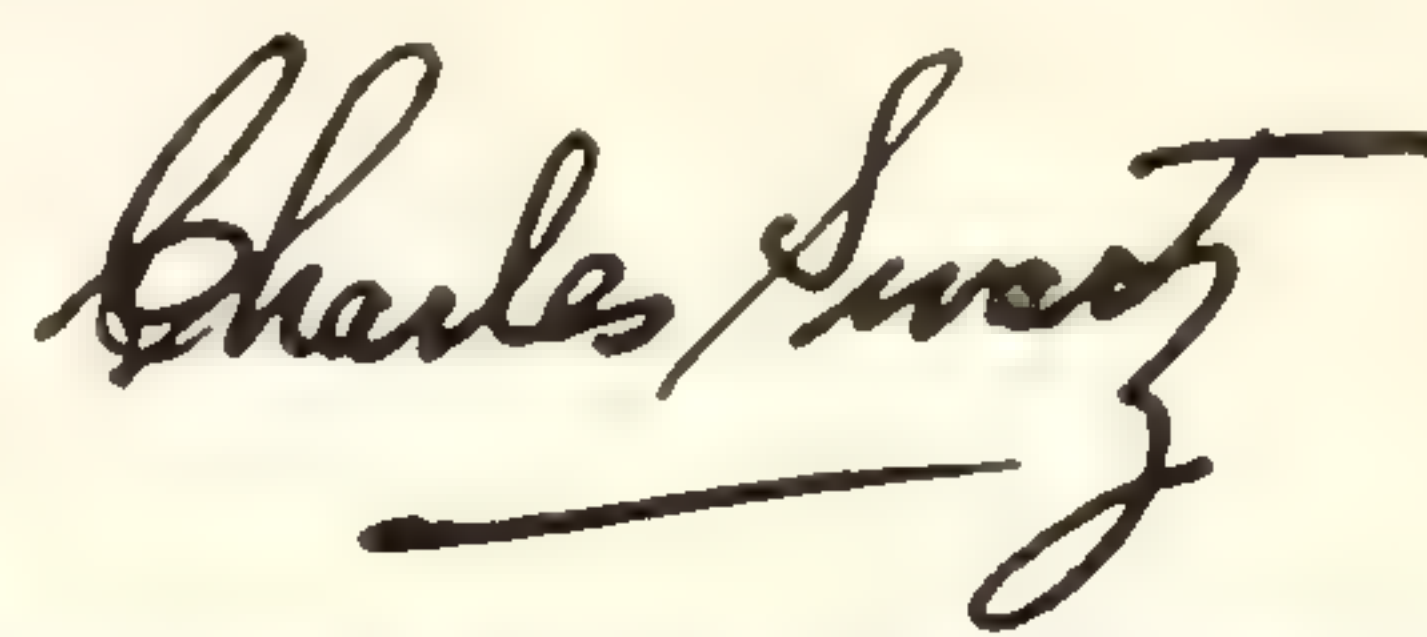
18th Prize

WHY ① CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

Charles Swartz, New York City

An antiseptic soap manufacturer recently advised me that human hands carry more than twenty different disease germs. This made me realize that the friendly, "Have a cigarette" entailed an exchange of germs in a big way, *unless* the pack contained Marlboros.

TIPS DOWN packing eliminates this hazard! I switched to Marlboros on learning they carried Health Insurance.



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That's a new and diverting idea—I like it!

While perfumes make lovely gifts, any well-chosen present leaves its perfume in the memory of the recipient, binds friendships, and best of all, releases your own power to express beauty. Every gift is a part of your heart. I am so happy to make these shopping suggestions to you, not only to save you time, but to prevent

your rushing around at the last minute and getting over-tired. My, how fatigue takes toll of your looks! So shop early and with the least possible effort; save your energy and looks for people and parties. May you have the merriest of Christmasses! Whether you give or receive much or little really depends on your attitude toward giving.

The "No-Date" Girl

Continued from page 26

tell her. So, having been places with dashing college co-eds and other movie charmers, I was especially interested to see how the Pride of the Pomares would act "on the loose."

On our first date, Anita proved to be the most perfectly poised young thing I've ever been out with. We went to the Blossom Room at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. You can imagine what a kick it was to scoop the town. It's a pleasure to bask even in reflected glory!

Everyone recognizes Anita immediately. Most movie blondes are beautiful only by grace of tricky cameramen. But Our Modern Maiden makes even hard-boiled cynics believe in miracles when they meet her off-screen. Five feet four inches of superlative feminine charm! The hero of "Broadway Melody" was absolutely right when he said that "Nature patterned her and when she was done—she was all the sweet things rolled into one."

At the Roosevelt that night she wore a

clinging black satin evening gown. We had a ringside table and made ourselves quite conspicuous by neither smoking nor drinking. Anita's not that type of blonde! As for her skill on the dance floor—well, everytime I'm seen dancing with tears in my eyes it's all because the girl in my arms isn't Knock-'Em-Cold Page. She tangoes divinely.

Dumb? In the delectable flesh she's nobody's fool. Simple? Yeh—like a fox! Heaven knows she embarrassed my sister, who goes to Stanford, when we've worked out those question-and-answer problems that run in various magazines to test your knowledge. There's nothing low about Anita's I. Q.

On her first appearance *sans* the family, she failed to "kick over the traces" or act like the proverbial runaway convent girl. We danced until two a. m. and then went straight home where her mother led us out to the kitchen to forage in the frigidaire. Even eating out of the ice-box is romantic

when it's Anita who's rummaging with you!

In comparing her with other girls, I've come across several individual traits. She has lots of them beat for looks and wit. You've probably discovered how rare a sense of humor is in a beauty. Anita is as interesting to talk to as she is to look at.

She doesn't care much for bridge and she never eats candy. So you don't have to brush up on contract or present five pound boxes of chocolates.

Take sheet music when you go calling. I remember when her singing voice was weak and her ukelele manipulating sad. With instruction and much practice she has become an alluring songstress. She can render your favorite tunes in sweeter-than-sweet style. This morning I spent three hours with her looking through fan mail. When I left she was mastering the uke accompaniment to a new Broadway melody.

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She likes to read romantic stories. Doubtless she takes her book romances more seriously than other girls because she has not dated so much. If you can hit a golf ball without losing your temper, she'll challenge you to a couple of rounds. She plays almost every day. Swimming is a professed hobby, but I've never seen her go very near the water when we've been at the beach.

Acting has so engrossed her that she has few girl friends. Carmen Novarro (Ramon's sister) and one or two girls who go to college are her only feminine intimates. She prefers her parents' company.

I have never known a girl who insists upon such strict hours for sleep as Anita does. When she makes a date she "sleeps up" before and afterwards. Her gorgeous complexion and shadowless eyes prove that will-power pays. She's always prepared for a close-up.

Dates with her are fun because she enters so wholeheartedly into things. One week-end my sister was down from Stanford and Anita loaned her a complete evening outfit because my sister had not expected to double-date with us for a formal

dance. We went on the spur of the moment so Anita and my sister water-waved each other's hair an hour before we started.

Funny things often happen. One evening when we had gone to a hotel to dance a stout man stopped at our table. Slightly under the weather, he made an elaborate bow and said, "You're Miss Page, aren't you?"

Being reassured that indeed she was, he carefully remarked, "Well, I always did say the most beautiful things in life were the simplest, and you certainly are beautiful!"

Whereupon Anita immediately replied, "I hope you don't mean to imply that I'm simple!"

The poor man beat a hasty retreat when he realized that his carefully worded compliment might be misinterpreted.

For a perfect date, try Anita Page. This morning her mother said the 'phone calls were driving her crazy. Some of the long-patient swains must have heard about that brand new date book.

If the picture boys cut me out, I'll still have some grand memories!



Dorothy Lee, peppy little comedienne, is the incentive for some heroic tackling and line bucking in Joe E. Brown's football picture, "Local Boy Makes Good."

"Worrier" Robinson

Continued from page 27

Guild's outstanding satellite, that he is the co-author of the successful stage play and picture, "Kibitzer," that he has a classical understanding of half a dozen languages, and that he honestly does know more about music than nine-tenths of the occupants of the Metropolitan Opera House's diamond horseshoe.

Robinson sits with the executives and worries. "But is my doing that really in character?" and "Maybe we ought to have another sequence showing the man when he was younger," and "Maybe," and "Shouldn't we," and "Do you think," until the executives swear to him that the story is perfect, fool-proof, and all right.

Having been so heartily assured of the extra fine quality of his new story, Rob-

inson decides to change it. Nothing will do but for the star to recite to Warner, Zanuck, *et al.*, his new speeches, rewritten, as he says, "slightly" from the original. This is practically true, the original is only "slightly" discernible.

On delivering these speeches he has rewritten he will pause mid-line to enquire, "Do you think that's too weak?"

"No," Warner may answer.

"Well," says Robinson, "the girl in the café thought so."

"What!" says the boss of the company, "have you been reciting our story to waitresses again?"

"Now, now," says Eddie, "those people know the audience reaction; they're not as close to the story as we are." She repre-

sents the average movie-goer, she—"

"I know," says Warner, "I know, you've said it all before."

With the script changed to suit him, casting commences. While Mervyn LeRoy, who directed "Little Caesar" and "Five Star Final," shoots dozens of screen tests of players, Edward G. stands next to him. Of course a star isn't supposed to have any say in the casting of his picture, and of course Robinson doesn't influence LeRoy, of course, of course, of course—but you get the general idea if you ever watch Robinson's face during a camera test.

With the characters chosen, comes the time for Robinson to select his wardrobe. This, to him, is a ritual. He scours the town for second-hand clothes. In "Little Caesar" he got the brown derby by offering a stranger ten dollars for it. He had merely seen the man wearing it in the street and had made him the offer.

He will wear his clothes on the lot, long before the picture has begun, and walk into successive offices, asking, demanding, of the occupants their opinions of his wardrobe. No one can call Robinson the Worrier a snob. He wants advice, and takes it. For "Little Caesar" he wanted to wear a checkered suit, but Hal Wallis, the production supervisor, thought that checkered suits as trade-marks of cheap sports had been overdone. It was a characteristic that had been made commonplace by repetition. There was no checkered suit in "Little Caesar."

When the time comes for Director LeRoy to assemble his technical men, such as first and second cameramen, the person in charge of set detail, the assistant director, and the dozen odd experts who go into the unsung portion of the production, Robinson helps along—by worrying.

He will follow LeRoy around for days, with "What record has this man?" and "Just because he photographed a comedy is no reason he can photograph a melo-

drama," and various other pertinent remarks.

Robinson is no selfish worrier. Generously, he worries about everyone and everything, just as long as it is related to his picture. Costumes are his strong forte, and usually the cast submits to his pleading and permits him to select clothes for all of them.

His intimates contend that Robinson distinctly has two personalities; one that is his natural self, and the other being the part he is currently playing. His childish absorption in his rôles is sometimes very embarrassing. When Robinson makes a visit to New York, for instance, he is a fairly aloof, reserved gentleman, attired in tweeds and a soft brown felt hat, who hardly ever speaks when he is spoken to.

On the lot, however, during the weeks of a picture, he talks to everybody, usually in the language of the character he is playing, always, always, about his rôle. Shop, shop, shop, shop—he drives everyone frantic!

His wife, with whom he rehearses, says they never got to a party or even to the theatre while Eddie is "in a part." He claims a theatre will take him out of his mood, and at a party, unless he wants to forget entirely about his work—which is unmentionable—he is a very boring and distracted guest.

Robinson is not unaware of his throwing himself into characters. Close friends of Robinson have assured him that this self-hypnotism is not at all necessary, and that he deprives himself of much personal pleasure by creeping into a foreign shell for six months of the year, but Robinson's answer is the same:

"I don't do a rôle unless I like it, and if I like it it's worth doing with every ounce of ability I have. Acting is only a minor trick. It's sincerity in the character you are portraying that communicates that part to the audience. And please go away, I have to worry about this new picture!"

Good Evans! It's Little Madge!

Continued from page 23



Here's how little Madge Evans looked in her baby star days. Now she's a leading lady.

"Broken Blossoms" her favorite movie.

Loves grand opera. Admits she doesn't know what it's all about either. A preview hound. (Wait 'till the novelty wears off.) Wants to be a star but not in any hurry about it. Likes to stroll on the beach at moonlight. Any offers? Hasn't gone for the pajama fad yet. Fried chicken her favorite snack. Also goes for broccoli in a big way. Almost vegetarian in diet. Whitest of white teeth. Hates night clubs. A rabid football fan. Seldom reads newspapers. Prefers shower baths.

Has a little bungalow on the outskirts of Hollywood. Gets a big thrill out of winter roses. Laurel and Hardy her favorite comics. Likes "Story of San Michele" of this season's books. Shy about meeting strangers. Won't go to prizefights. Wishes she could roller-skate down boulevard. Draws cartoons on back pages of script between scenes. Hopes to watch Greta Garbo work some time. Pet of waitresses in studio lunchroom. Eager for first première. Chocolate sodas her favorite hot weather tippie.

Yearns for a trip to Honolulu. What is that Hawaiian lure? Doesn't send postcards. Misses New York snow. And subway roars. Her patience the cameramen's delight. Hasn't any affectations. What a girl!



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Oh those Hollywood girls!

Oh you hot tamale!

such as Tom Patricola in "THE TAMALE VENDOR" or his coming comedy "MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS" there is always a half hour of hilarious fun in an IDEAL COMEDY.

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Speaking of New Men

Continued from page 34

Woolcott. In it he spoke of Warren William as having ". . . a Barrymore accent in his speech and a Barrymore tone in his voice, and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played *Petruchio* to the *Katherine* of Ada Rehan long ago."

"So you see," Warren William remarked calmly, "you are not telling me anything new."

Just as in the case of Fredric March, Warren William's Barrymore label will wear off quickly for the simple reason that he is doing nothing about it.

Following "Expensive Women" he was cast opposite Bebe Daniels in "Honor of the Family," and then took a vacation from his new found movie career to finish up his stage tour of "The Vinegar Tree."

Warren William's *savoir faire*, or whatever you want to call it, might be laid to a mixture of true worldly sophistication and a touch of fatalism. It was rather impossible for him to avoid the latter quality.

"The whole trend of my life," he said, "has been not so much a matter of choice as a matter of fatalistic opportunity into which I slipped."

"I am an actor because I wanted to become a marine engineer. I wanted to be a marine engineer because my father wanted me to be a newspaper man. And so it goes. I have quit trying to order my life to the letter according to my own preconceived ideas. I tried to avoid being anything like John Barrymore after I started my stage career mostly because of a remark my father made which I strongly suspect of being heavy sarcasm."

"I had disappointed him by going on the stage, and when Alexander Woolcott came out with his remark about the Barrymore resemblance my father wrote and told me to stick to the stage with the rest of the Drews and Barrymores. That was enough to make me try to appear as individual as possible; but still the villain pursues me."

To get back to the beginning, Warren William was born in Aitken, Minnesota, where his father owned a newspaper. The only touch of the theatre which entered his early life was his father's enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan which Warren also cultivated. He did not even bother to see Broadway productions when they came to the local theatre. He was too busy building boats and rafts and experimenting with anything that would float. He found no kindred spirit in Shakespeare or Ibsen, but his nose was generally buried in Bowditch's "Epitome of the American Practical Navigator." The bug of marine engineering was hard at work, and when papa broached the subject of a newspaper career after he had finished college, the result was a deadlock.

William's sister was the one with theatrical aspirations. She had gone to New York and entered a dramatic school. Thinking that Warren's ideas were far removed from the stage—and they most certainly were—Papa William sent the boy to New York to coax sister back to a normal way of thinking and also to clarify his own ideas.

What actually happened was that Warren and his sister indulged in a veritable orgy of playgoing. They saw everything current on Broadway, and then some. They might have gone on at that rate interminably if America had not entered the war at that point. Warren, full of enthusiasm, joined up and went to France as a sergeant.

He soon learned that Sherman was not only right but quite conservative in his

estimation of warfare. As a means of escape from army routine and drudgery, William managed to join an army troupe of actors and made the rounds of the camps entertaining the soldiers. As an actor he became a favorite with the men, quite to his own surprise.

But as all wars have a habit of ending sooner or later, William once more found himself back in America in civilian clothes with the burning question of "what to do."

He tried the path of least resistance and landed a job in a one-night-stand company touring with William Le Baron's play, "I Love You." Despite the fact that the show folded up in Flint, Michigan, the embryonic actor was soon at work again, touring "the sticks" for the next two years. He was on the point of returning to Minnesota more than once to iron out the matter of a career with his father, but before arrangements for the trip could be made another



Una Merkel's angelic little smile is one of the attractions in "She Wanted a Millionaire," in which Joan Bennett is starred.

theatrical job would pop up and he would lay his plans aside. Shortly after this the newspaper passed out of the hands of the family, so Warren had nothing more to worry about in that direction.

He had never considered the stage as his ultimate career. To him, it was just a matter of marking time until he could get himself straightened out.

"That is why I have grown to be a fatalist," he confided. "Even when I was shining brightly on Broadway I was working hard at marine engineering. While using my stage work to make a living, I worked on the side as assistant to Maurice Holland, director of the engineering division of the National Research Council. And this, too, when I was in 'The Vinegar

Tree.' My dressing-room was filled with nautical charts which I would study while making up for a performance or waiting for my cue.

"It all goes to show what a waste of time and effort it is to map out your future!"

Talking pictures did not even enter William's mind. A Warner executive saw him and talked business to him. Net result: the lead opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women" and opposite Bebe Daniels in "Honor of the Family." He must have

gone over in a big way, for this was followed by a long term contract. He is now scheduled to play with Marian Marsh and David Manners in "Poor Little Ritz Girl."

As time goes on, Warren William can be seen less and less in the company of nautical charts and treatises on marine engineering. He is beginning to be convinced that Fate cut him out to be an actor. And as far as a large segment of the fans are concerned, that's a great big break for everybody.

Young Man Makes Good

Continued from page 101

of penguins taken during the Scott expedition to the Antarctic. It was Ernest Torrence who presented this gift, much to the recipient's delight.

Penguins for hat holders. Penguins as salt containers. Penguins with blotter bases. Penguins as cigarette box tops. Penguins in tile plaques. In fact, it would surprise no one whom Young knows to learn that his Russian wolfhound ate his dinners from a decorative penguin platter!

With such a large interest in penguins, most people would find their collecting urge completely satisfied. But Roland Young collects canes with as much enthusiasm as he ferrets out new penguin poses in plaster and metal.

He has two or three dozen of them, each as different from the others as its individual history. He started the collection himself with one he bought in Paris after he had finished his schooling. Friends and relatives have steadily added to the group on birthdays and special occasions until Young could be a centipede and still give each limb individual attention in the matter of walking stick novelties.

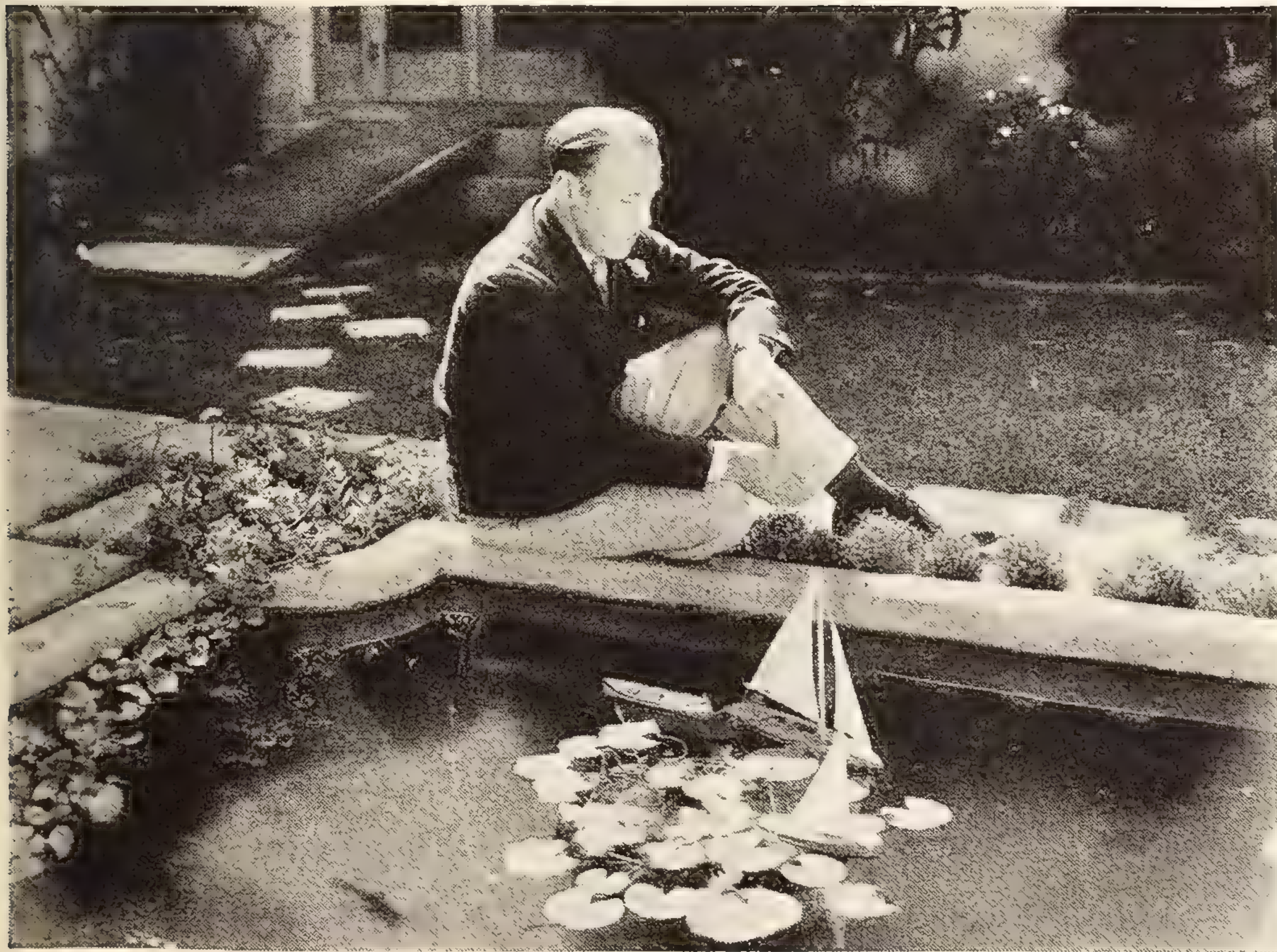
Wilkes Booth, Abraham Lincoln's assassin, once flourished a cane that is now in Young's possession. John Barrymore

presented him with an elaborately carved walking stick that is an amazing piece of intricate detail.

Others in the collection were gifts from Clark Fletcher, San Francisco sculptor, Alexander Woolcott and Robert Farquar. Still others came from Henry Howell and Ernest Truex. Another showing superb workmanship is from Alexander Korda, who is a close friend of Young's.

Art objects in Beau Vaischino chinaware furnishes another collector's interest for Roland Young. Two large black and white penguins in this ware decorate a shelf in a wall niche in Young's home. They were gifts from Wilfred Pelletier, a director of the Metropolitan Opera. Others in the collection, including zebra, rabbits, does, giraffes, have been gathered from various places on the globe, and each has its special history—dear to the collector's heart.

One of the beauty spots in the Young residence is the Chinese room. The first object to attract the eye on entering the room is a large woodcut by the famous artist, Hall. The cut of the Chinese horseman hangs over the wide fireplace, set in rare old Oriental tiles. Everything in the charming room shows the influence of the Far East.



Roland Young is a yachtsman, too—in a small way. He's carefully timing the performances of his two rakish craft, Elizabeth Third and Justa Second, preparatory to a big race.

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Another Hollywood "deb"—
Dorothy Tree. Ah, there,
Dorothy! We'll see you in
"Husband's Holiday."

A good idea goes up in yawns. A gang of college co-eds in the West have gone Russian. We are present at their antics in a mine, a speakeasy, a love-nest, and a psychoanalyst's office. There is no coherence. It isn't even grade A nonsense. Still, I've seen worse stuff by far.

Jack Haley, David Hutchinson, Vera Marsh, Thelma Tipson, Jeanette Loff, and a whole raft of others cut various didoes. They all worked hard enough, but the real stuff wasn't in the book or the score. With new music, it'll flicker well.

"After Tomorrow."

John Golden does not believe in tears, idle tears. He puts them to work, and makes 'em pay.

He opened the season with a great Lachrymosal Fest called "After Tomorrow," knitted by himself and Hugh Stange out of the plays that your Aunt Hattie used to soak in when General Grant was President.

Two kids have saved up to get married. The girl's mother jumps the traces with a lover. Father gets a paralytic stroke (and Donald Meek plays the old fellow better

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 87

It's a pretty little inane tale, amusing mainly because of the splendid acting of everybody concerned: Chrystal Herne as the woman who doesn't know what she wants and takes what she's got to take; Dorothy Mackaye as a fancy star from Hollywood who might have stepped out of "Once in a Lifetime"; Fred Stewart, and Paula Trueman, John B. Litel, Frank Moore and Spring Byington.

The background of an ultra-swagger variety by Cleon Throckmorton nearly walked off with the show. "Ladies of Creation" will flicker later on.

"Free for All."

This is a comedy with music; hence a musical-comedy. But neither the comedy nor the music in "Free for All" is anything that will take the hair off your head.



than he ever played). The kids' savings go for doctor's bills. The mother wires she's coming back, changes her mind at the last minute, and the old gaffer croaks. She, however, sends a grand to the children which she has snatched from her lover. Give me a good picture with Robinson and Cagney!

The play is immaculately cast. Mr. Golden knows his job as director. Barbara Robbins, Marjorie Garrett, Ross Alexander and Josephine Hull did their top-notch.

"Singin' the Blues."

John MacGowan hit 12 in "Singin' the Blues," a corking melodrama of the story of the pursuit of *Jim Williams*, craps king and cop-killer, through the boudoirs and cabarets of Harlem. In eleven scenes, the play snaps, moves, entertains.

Jim beats the cops in the end, and we all pulled a cheer for *Jim* as played by Frank Wilson ("Porgy") got our sympathy glands. He didn't mean to kill that white cop in the raid on the craps game in Chicago; but someone put out the lights and *Jim* fired. What business had a cop, anyway, at a colored folks' craps eisteddfod! And then *Jim* really loved the Harlem warbler, *Susan Blake*, played well by Isabel Washington. And *Susey* was true to *Jim*.

Besides the rattling good dancing and singing—in the Magnolia Club, while the drama is also being carried on—I have to record the beaming and spontaneous funny work of Mantan Moreland, and Fredi Washington as *Elise Joyce* looked delectable. An original show and a line-up to the street for a year.

"The Merry Widow."

"The Merry Widow" seems to have entered the Gilbert & Sullivan class for the Immortal Stakes.

Lehar stems from Johann Strauss. The music of "The Merry Widow" saturates the listener and dissolves all his higher centres in romantic libido. The famous waltz, *I Go Down to Maxim's* and a half dozen other gems were as fresh and delightful to me today in this revival by the Civic Light Opera Company as when I head them under the Roosevelt Dynasty.

Donald Brian has got the secret of *Mary Rose* and *Peter Pan*. By the Holy Pinochle, he doesn't look a day older than when I first saw him as *Prince Danilo*! The same grace, the same voice, the same youthful step.

Virginia O'Brien—Mrs. Brian and Ruth Altman made a dent in my sensitive Instinct for Beauty. Roy Cropper's romantic voice helps. A delicious evening, seven million miles from Downey and Vallée and that hell-born saxophone!

"Just to Remind You."

Mr. Davis. (Owen) is getting serious. "Just to Remind You" is a good, wild, noisy talkie stuff produced on the legit.

The play concerns the woes of a laundryman who won't pay tribute to the Gang. The Gang ruins his laundry, and because the Poor Sap doesn't like it, he's bumped. The whole thing works out like a well-oiled machine and all the characters are the old-style Davis type: *Police Gazette*, 1881. (Robinson or Cagney'll handle it later.)

But, hold! There's Sylvia Field, more beautiful, more charming than ever. That repaid me for my lost evening. Paul Kelly and Peg Entwistle also kept up the interest.

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Revuettes

Continued from page 6

HONOR OF THE FAMILY. *First National.* A highly sophisticated film with Bebe Daniels playing a slightly shady lady. Warren Williams and Frederick Kerr do splendid work.*

I LIKE YOUR NERVE. *First National.* And you'll like the picture—it's light and breezy. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Loretta Young are charming.*

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT. *Tiffany.* Nothing unusual about this murder mystery—everybody is under suspicion. Aileen Pringle, Hale Hamilton and Alice White are in the cast.

MY SIN. *Paramount.* Tallulah Bankhead gives a better account of herself in this second talkie, but the story is poor. Fredric March and Scott Kolk are the rivals.*

PAGAN LADY. *Columbia.* Good man saves bad girl as Will Hays cheers. Good acting by Evelyn

WICKED. *Fox.* Elissa Landi contributes a fine dramatic performance in a weak mother-love yarn. Una Merkel peps things up.*

Short Features:

DANGEROUS TRAILS. *Vitaphone.* One of the “Adventures in Africa” series. Despite crocodiles and a forest fire, it's neither hot nor snappy.

FACING THE GALLOWS. *RKO-Pathé.* A well-acted detective story that will hold your interest.

FLY HI. *RKO-Pathé.* An Aesop Fable insect comedy, dealing with the tribulations of a loving couple who are saved from the wicked, wicked spider. Amusing.

ISLE OF ISOLATION. *Imperial.* All about the



Versatile. Ken Maynard, besides playing Western rôles, also plays the violin, the banjo and the guitar. (We don't know about the ponies.) And now he's flirting with the piano.

Brent, Conrad Nagel and Charles Bickford make it a passable picture.*

PERSONAL MAID. *Paramount.* Nancy Carroll, as a “personal maid,” crashes into society and marries the rich boy. Gene Raymond, new and interesting, and Pat O'Brien are rivals for Nancy's affections.*

SIDE SHOW. *Warner Brothers.* The circus is in town—but don't get too excited. However, Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth hand out a fairly steady stream of laughter.*

SKYLINE. *Fox.* Here's a good movie. Sky-scrapers, vamps, young love—Thomas Meighan, Myrna Loy, Hardie Albright and Maureen O'Sullivan.*

THE SPIDER. *Fox.* A novel film about a murder committed in a theatre. Edmund Lowe, as a magician, carries the acting honors. Lois Moran helps.*

THE BIG GAMBLE. *RKO-Pathé.* Warner Oland is foiled again in a fairly exciting melodrama. Some thrilling sequences plus Bill Boyd and his “real” wife, Dorothy Sebastian.*

THE BRAT. *Fox.* The return of Sally O'Neil. Sally plays a hoyden and takes it big. Virginia Cherrill and Allan Dinehart do justice to their rôles.

THE MAD PARADE. *Liberty.* Women only—in the cast. An interesting new angle in war pictures but it doesn't quite come off.

THE STAR WITNESS. *Warner Brothers.* Thrilling drama with a new theme. Walter Huston, Frances Starr, Dickie Moore, Chic Sale and Grant Mitchell do excellent work.

WATERLOO BRIDGE. *Universal.* The war serves as a background for a tender, touching romance. Mae Clark and Kent Douglass are superb as the lovers.

Isle of Bali, where life is a snap and women are lovely. Many beautiful scenes.

OLD LACE. *Vitaphone.* Ruth Etting sings several songs—so you won't mind the rather hackneyed plot.

PLAYING WITH FIRE. *Vitaphone.* The fire laddies are giving a show in feminine clothes when an alarm comes in. Sounds funny. It is.

POKER WIDOWS. *Educational.* Jealous husband meets his rival in a poker game. Arthur Stone is funny as the philandering papa.

SCREEN BIOGRAPHS NO. 1. *Ideal.* Something different. Eddie White, cartoonist, draws screen celebrities to the accompaniment of amusing chatter.

SCREEN SOUVENIRS. *Paramount.* A grand hodge-podge of laughs, news shots and old-time movies, with snappy talk and music accompaniment.

SPEAKING OUT OF TURN. *Vitaphone.* Wherein the talkies are kidded by the talkies, and the dialogue gets all scrambled with hilarious effects.

SPRING TRAINING. *Educational.* Howard Jones and other headline football coaches explain the mysteries of football practice with demonstrations by their warriors. Good inside stuff.

THE GREAT DECISION. *RKO-Pathé.* A graphic view of the war and the part Woodrow Wilson played in it with interesting dialogue by Floyd Gibbons. Supervised by A. P. Waxman. Worth seeing.

THE S. S. MALARIA. *Paramount.* Smith and Dale, equipped with some new laughs, afford an amusing quarter of an hour.

THE VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD. *Tiffany.* Bill Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Mary and Doug, Robert Montgomery and other stars go to a preview, with Olsen and Johnson doing the broadcasting.

THE WORLD FLIER. *Educational.* The comic adventures of a round-the-world flier, done in color. Some unique shots.

TORCHY. *Educational.* Nice amusing comedy everybody will enjoy. Ray Cooke and Dorothy Dix are refreshing youngsters.

20,000 LEGS UNDER THE SEA. *Paramount.* A rather clever talkie dealing with fishy goings-on under the ocean.

WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE. *Pathé.* One of the Terris Vagabond series. Fairly entertaining.

WHERE MEN ARE MEN. *Vitaphone.* Joe Penner does well in a cowboy comedy that will keep you laughing throughout.

Let's Be Serious!

Continued from page 66

those days, and the Hays thumb came down on it. The same thing happened with 'An American Tragedy'—I wanted to do a picture of it, but they told me the movies could never produce such strong stuff! So I continued on my show-girlly path.

"But now that the world has sobered up a bit, just you watch Alice get down to business. And what's more," she added suddenly, "don't you go giving me any of those 'Grandma-you-must-be-tired' looks, either!"

My critical interviewing stare, carefully cultivated before the big hall mirror, turned to a look of hurt surprise.

"I mean," Miss White elucidated, "that I'm pretty sick of the way writing ladies and gents have been talking lately about my projected 'come-back'! What do they think I am, anyway? When I read that sort of goo I begin to feel like eighty-six going on a hundred!"

"Come back from where, I'd like to know? Or from what? How can I stage a 'come-back' when I haven't been anywhere? No, I haven't made any pictures for awhile, but there's been no withdrawal of any kind. The studio and I got into a more or less refined brawl, and I'm enjoying a little quiet sulking. So when I return to pictures it won't be any sort of come-back but simply a matter of taking up where I left off.

"My fancy isn't turning toward starring rôles any more, either. I don't know of a greater handicap to naturalness and freedom in acting. A leading character in a film or a play can seldom be a natural character—it's by virtue of the very emphasis laid on one or another of their characteristics that they stand out. It's in the supporting parts that you find the real people—they're more normal, rounded and human, like the people you and I know.

"Besides, stardom is a precarious business. A star, once he gets to that stage, never knows what's going to happen next—and quite frequently it happens. That doesn't make for good acting, and so stardom too often means the beginning of the end. Featured rôles for mine, thank you."

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"Have I missed the movies? Well, sort of. But there's a thrill in playing to a visible, flesh-and-blood audience, and having it respond to you, whether favorably or unfavorably, that the films can't ever give you. Yes, I'll be glad to get back to Hollywood—but I've been having a lot of fun behind the footlights, too."

Miss White is the proud holder of a record almost unique in movie annals. She

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PROF. A. F. SEWARD

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has been engaged—and to the same man, too—for three years. Almost since her entrance into the films her troth has been plighted to Cy Bartlett, now her manager. "Probably the longest engagement in movie history, I know," she chuckled. "But what of it? Lots of 'em can't even stay married that long. Cy and I will be taking the leap almost any year now." (That is, one is tempted to add mentally, if you kids

haven't fooled us and already gone and done it.)

It will be interesting to observe the new Alice White on the screen—to see what she does in her conception of straight, honest-to-goodness acting. And it *will* be a relief, too, to see her behaving quietly and demurely, without devil-may-care mon-keyshines, as a girl named Alice quite properly should!

Ask Me!

Continued from page 13

anyway? The authors of the following Garbo filmed-stories are, "The Torrent" by Ibanez; "The Divine Woman," Gladys Unger; "Woman of Affairs," Michael Arlen; "Wild Orchids," John Colton; "Single Standard," Adela Rogers St. Johns; "The Kiss," George H. Saville, and "Love" by Tolstoi.

Charles W. Don't blame your favorite actor because you haven't seen him in a recent picture; go after your local exhibitor—ask him for more Ralph Forbes pictures and get him to buy what you want. Ralph has been assigned to "Love Bound," produced by an independent company. Stanley Smith hasn't made a film for some time; he's been too busy filling stage contracts. In Barbara Stanwyck's picture, "The Miracle Woman," the portrait bust of her, used in the film, was the work of Richard Cromwell who made such a stir in "Tol'able David." Richard is a talented sculptor as well as a good actor.

M. J. P. You're right about Rose Hobart—she's a promising actress, knows her P's and Cues, and emotes along with the best of them. She was born in New York City about 22 years ago, is married to a non-professional, and has a fine stage record. She has the feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom," a featured rôle in "Chances" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and her most recent release is "East of Borneo" with Charles Bickford. Kay Francis is 28 years old and is the wife of Kenneth MacKenna. Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell are in "Fifty Fathoms Deep." Lilyan Tashman's latest films are "Murder by the Clock" with William (Stage) Boyd, Regis Toomey, Sally O'Neil and a long list of other fine players; and "Girls About Town," with Kay Francis and Joel McCrea.

Lillian H. If I told you Lewis Frederick Ayer and Dorothy Mulligan were married on Sept. 14, 1931, in Las Vegas, Nevada, you'd probably say, "Well, what of it?" But to give you the low-down on the news, translated in the best Hollywood manner, Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are one—which one, they'll have to decide for themselves. Richard Dix is 37 and is still bachelor-minded. Ralph Graves played with Jack Holt in "Hell's Island." Winnie Lightner was born in Greenpoint, N. Y. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has light brown hair and grey eyes, is married and has a young son. Bob Steele was born Jan. 23, 1906. Not married. Bobs' first screen appearance was in a series of out-door pictures called "The Adventures of Bob and Bill."

Elmira McP. You're a nice little 10 year old girl to write such a sincere and friendly letter and I'm glad to meet you. El Brendel was born March 25, 1891, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is married to Flo Burt, a professional. Alexander Grey was born Jan. 8, 1902, in Wrightsville, Pa. His

wife was killed in a motor accident. He hasn't made any pictures lately. Winnie Lightner is the wife of George Holtrey. They have a young son. Raymond Hackett was born July 15, 1902, in New York City. His wife is Myra Hampton. Charles Bickford was born in Cambridge, Mass. Married, and has a son and daughter. Ann Harding was born in Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, has ash-blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. Husband is Harry Bannister of the stage. They have a young daughter, Jane. Karl Dane was born Oct. 12, 1886, in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Ha-Ha. A-m-s-c-r-a! Who's the laugh on now? You want Charles Morton to get some good breaks in pictures and what's the answer? Your handsome hero has been playing on the stage on the West Coast but with many sincere appeals like yours from all the fans, he may be induced to come back to the screen. Who knows? A rumor—only a rumor, mind you—says that Pola Negri is interested in Charles.

Jean Y. It's good news to all Nils Asther's admirers that he is to be seen again on the screen. He has almost mastered English, speaking with just a slight accent, and has found his friends have not forgotten him in his two years' absence from the screen. He has been making personal appearances. Nils will do romantic rôles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His wife is Vivian Duncan. They have a baby daughter.

Hilda R. You'll have your wish, for Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes will play together in "The Man I Killed." Lionel Barrymore will add much to the success of the picture. "The Miracle Man" with Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sydney and Irving Pichel will be something to look forward to. Way back, twelve years ago, Thomas Meighan, Lon Chaney and Betty Compson won stardom in the silent version.

B. Sharp. You *will* be all that if you'll just laugh kiddingly when your friends and strangers tell you how much you resemble Bill Powell. Many with a very marked resemblance to the famous stars have tried to crash Hollywood and have found it all a big mistake. Join the be-yourself movement and then try the exciting life and ups and downs of a movie hero. So long.

John C. The big moment of your day seems to be the lovely Anita Louise. She is about 16 years old and her real name is Fremault. Anita was on the stage about ten years ago, appearing in many well known plays both on the east and west coast. She played Gloria Swanson as a girl in "The Untamed Lady." Her recent films are "Just Like Heaven," "The Third Alarm," "The Great Meadow" and "Mil-lie."

A Garrick Fan. With some people, the more they read, the less they know—case of being well read, don't you think? But that doesn't apply to our SCREENLAND readers. John Garrick played in "Just Imagine" with Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Albertson, El Brendel and Marjorie White. John was born August 31, 1902, in Brighton, England. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and has blue eyes and blond hair. His real name is Reginald Dandy and his wife is Harriett Bennett. No relation to Connie or Joan.

Florence P. Many varieties of "thank you's" for your admiration of my efforts to entertain and amuse you through my department. You refer to Marion Byron, whose nickname is "Peanuts." She was in "Girls Demand Excitement," played the lead with Buster Keaton in "Steamboat Bill Jr.," and was the baby vamp in "His Captive Woman" with Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill. Marion was born March 16, 1911, in Dayton, Ohio.

Clara W. Nils Asther has not deserted the screen—he has been perfecting his English and making personal appearances and one of these days, you'll see your favorite again. He will appreciate your interest and a friendly letter to him at the M-G-M studios, will show your heart's in the right place, with your hand on the purse, ready for his next picture.

Dorothy S. You'll have to overlook the lack of information about Natalie Morehead's age, and so on—if they don't pass us the dope on their private lives, we can't give it to you, for we aim to tell nothing but the truth. Natalie was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and is the wife of Director Alan Crosland. Chester Morris is 29 years old, is the father of a young son and daughter, and the wife's name is Sue Kilborn.

George W. I wouldn't dare tell you who is the most handsome man in pictures. I have my suspicions but I can't prove it—I'm going to leave the decision to you. Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers is 26. His latest release is "The Road to Reno." You want more Technicolor films, do you? I'll see what can be done about it. Did you see Mary Brian, Geoffrey Kerr, Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines in "The Runaround"? Film was made under the title of "Waiting at the Church." That picture was in all Technicolor.

Montreal-er. It keeps me busy thinking over-time to keep the feature films all set and ready to show with the various casts, but when the old serials come along, I'm sunk. Norman Kerry played in "Lorraine of the Lions" in 1925; but in the serial, "Queen of the North Woods," I have only the principals to give you: Walter Miller and Ethelyn Claire.

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Floyd C. L. Back in 1920, Famous-Players-Lasky produced "What's our Husband Doing?" Sorry I haven't the cast to give you—that was made long before my début into the picture game. Margaret Livingston, the girl with so many *meanie* parts to her credit, was married on August 19, 1931, to Paul Whiteman, the nationally known orchestra leader. Peggy Shannon, another red-head of the screen, was born in Pine Bluffs, Ark. She played with Clive Brook in "Silence" and with Buddy Rogers in "The Road to Reno."

Miss E. L. I'm not tempting anyone to a heavy bet on the return to films of Clara Bow but I have a couple of old Empress Eugénie flat tops, that say she will make a grand and glorious come-back. But that gal has the goods—and a good story and a good director will help put her over with a smash. Clara, I mean.

B. Sue. I might be Sue but I'm not. So—don't sue me. (Let it go!) A daughter was born the first of August, 1931, to Bebe and Ben Lyon. Her name is Barbara Bebe. Greta Garbo's new picture is "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

Emmy. You were too late to get your answer in the "next issue" but it's never too late to read it. Your favorite, Robert Montgomery, has been doing well by his fans—good pictures and good portrayals, and now his next will be an original story, "Courage," from the pen of the British playwright, Frederick Lonsdale. I do not know where the stylist and costume designer, Adrian, studied. Film partnerships last no longer than marriages in Reno so I can't say "who will be teamed with whom."

Emma S. Exact weight and height do not cut so much ice when it comes to a show-down in pictures—Marie Dressler weighs around 200 pounds and is proud of it; Oliver Hardy tips the scale at 284 pounds, and his partner, Stan Laurel, weighs 150. Blondes and brunettes weigh from 100 up to 125 and the girls with the auburn and red, red locks average about the same. But talent and intelligence rate top notch. It's as easy for an inexperienced boy or girl to get into pictures right now as for a camel to nose through the eye of the well-known needle, so for my sake, if not for your own, don't try.

Are the Screen Stars Good Neighbors?

Continued from page 61

Lloyd. Harold's estate, too, is very secluded, but that didn't stop some of his neighbors from complaining about the 'howling' they said his fifteen Great Dane dogs set up nightly! When Lloyd first heard of the complaining he promptly gave away all of his extremely valuable dogs. A very thoughtful neighbor is Harold.

A number of other stars scarcely know they have neighbors. Either they, too, are secluded or keep such irregular hours that their neighbors are rarely able to catch a glimpse of them.

Connie Bennett doesn't know who her neighbors are. I'm sure that Garbo wouldn't know it if she had wild Indians for next door neighbors! Evelyn Brent, Betty Compson, the John Barrymores, Chaplin, Ina Claire, Estelle Taylor, Ruth Chatterton and Ramon Novarro form their friendships with a chosen few and don't as a rule get acquainted with their neighbors. Some, like Lew Cody, don't get time to cultivate new friends. Lew lived next door to Bertram Millhauser, a film writer and executive, for six years before the two became acquainted. Then, it was only brought about when Amos and Andy took Cody to a party at Millhauser's.

On the other hand, there's Victor McLaglen, who's English and should be reserved, but isn't a bit. Vic recently moved into his beautiful new five-acre home in Flintridge, a town a few miles from Hollywood, and the first thing he did was to go around and say "howdy" to his new neighbors. He plans to have them over at his place for many real English teas. And they won't feel a bit out of place, for Vic and his lovely wife are charming hosts.

Mrs. Zwebell, owner of the Ronda Apartments on Havenhurst Drive, has Lila Lee, William Collier, Jr., Clara Kimball Young and Clarence Brown, the director, for neighbors.

"And they are the best I could find anywhere," she said. "Occasionally they entertain with a large party of, say, over a hundred guests, but these affairs are always well conducted and never, to my knowledge, have any of their neighbors been annoyed. Speaking for myself, I can say that

many times I have greatly enjoyed listening to the music rendered by famous orchestras. I have always lived near to people connected with pictures and, on the whole, I think I'd rather have them for neighbors than any other class of people."

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart built their new home on the hillside in the region of Vermont and Los Feliz Boulevard, mainly because they liked the "nice quiet neighborhood." After they had moved in, Sue one day noted the fact that several little children lived a couple of houses below them. She smiled at them and they promptly cried: "Hello, Sue!" She, of course, was pleased to think they recognized her. One afternoon she and Nick walked home and discovered the neighbor's small children plus a couple of others congregated before the Stuart domicile. They waited for Sue's "Hello, kiddies," and then just as she and Nick stepped onto their front porch, the kids began yelling: "Sue Carol's got a fella! Sue Carol's got a fella!" She was amazed, but Nick only grinned: "Come on, Sue, they don't know any different." "Well," laughed Sue, "I'm going to tell them." So she turned and exclaimed: "Don't you children know it's not nice to say things like that? That is my husband, Nick, now I want you all to shake hands with him and be nice little neighbors of ours." "'Course we will, Miss Carol!" piped up one small voice.

The next week Sue had to work on a film nights and so, accordingly, she slept days. One afternoon, these neighborhood kidlets were at her gate hollering: "Come on out and talk to us, Sue Carol! We want you, Sue!" Sleep was impossible for poor Sue. She got up and went to the window. "If you'll let me sleep a little while, kiddies, I'll give you a nice big party next week," she yawned. "You bet, Sue!" they chorused in agreement. "So that was that!" laughed Sue. "Now that the kids have become used to us, we get along great together. And, believe it or not, we wouldn't trade our attractive little neighborhood for any other in Hollywood or Beverly Hills!"



A famous young screen couple play in their own backyard. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford take the air between dips in the sea.

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 11

American people. With his smiling countenance, his charming manner, and his magnetic personality, he is instrumental in the momentary alleviation of the burdens of the working man in transporting him from the dull, drab, humdrum existence of everyday life into a maelstrom of gaiety, wit, love, laughter and song, created by the effervescent and irresistible Chevalier.

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That's Chevalier!

Anna M. Krantz,
Main and Summit Sts.,
Darby, Pa.

THE GOOD OLD "MELLER"

I recently witnessed a talking playlet, "Stout Hearts and Willing Hands," presented by the Masquers Club. A melodrama; suh! the heroine, played by Laura La Plante, was the proverbial little ray of sunshine; the hero, *True Blue Harold* (deliciously portrayed by the sophisticated Frank Fay), was a gorgeous imitation of all the old ga-ga heroes; and Lew Cody played the mustache-twirling villain.

The climax, showing police, air corps and marines dashing to rescue the hero from horrible death in a saw mill; the final gooey love scene, and the fade-out showing the American flag waving over all, were finishing touches to a priceless piece of burlesque.

The audience laughed heartily throughout. How pictures have changed! How standards have improved! I remember the time when such a picture would have been accepted seriously by audiences accustomed to just such cinematic tripe.

Motion pictures are definitely grown up now!

Margaret Keily,
365-25th Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

SO SAY LOTS OF FOLKS

I am going to express my opinion of Greta Garbo. To me she is like a rare flower. She has exquisite loveliness, mystifying glamor which the world needs, and a talent which no one has ever equaled. Greta Garbo is great enough to put over any picture given her.

Think of the many moments you have gazed on her portraying intense emotions. Think of the love scenes in her pictures. Remember the girl who came from Sweden, new to the American screen, who made an astounding success in "The Torrent," who worked to achieve the pinnacle she has gained today.

Give three cheers for Garbo, the one and only! May she live in the hearts of the movie fans—forever.

Glenn Pressler,
1807 South Harrison Street,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THERE'S LOTS IN A NAME

Producers and writers of movie stories seem to take a special delight in using the incidents but changing the title of the tale to suit their convenience. Occasionally mention is made that the story is taken from the novel by a certain author, and we



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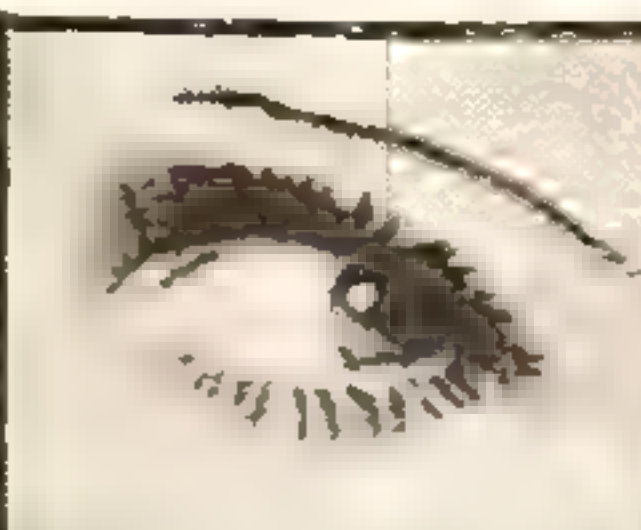
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GARBO AND NOVARRO!

For the first time since she played opposite John Gilbert, the great Garbo consents to be co-starred—with Ramon Novarro. Read about it in the January issue of SCREENLAND, on the stands December 1st.

wonder why, if the big men of the movies see fit to make use of a popular novel, they do not honor the author and use his title as well. Many of the stories that will never grow old have titles in keeping with their beauty, and it does seem wrong to rob them of their real name, which, in a measure, is what is being done. Sometimes the new titles are so far-fetched that they seem out of order with the story that follows. This is a problem that I have tried to get clear in my mind.

Ruth Bartlett,
5419 S. Robertson Street,
New Orleans.

RAMON GOES ON FOREVER

I wonder if all the movie fans see in Ramon Novarro the genius that he is. A dramatic artist, a portrayer of romance, Novarro goes on year after year making successes. He is one of the small group of stars whose life on the screen covers more than a period of ten years.

"Daybreak" was one of the finest films of the year. "Son of India" was equally one of the most artistic productions filmed for a long time. The only disappointment of these two films was the fact that Novarro did not sing. He has one of the best singing voices on the screen. In his next picture, I hope that we will have the opportunity of hearing him sing as he did in his earlier talking pictures.

Albert Manski,
547 Main Street,
Webster, Mass.

THE DIRECTOR'S TOUCH

I often muse on the popular indifference to even the name of the invisible force behind all notably artistic pictures—the all-powerful director.

Clarence Brown, whose skill has evolved in "A Free Soul" a gripping film out of melodramatic material, has avoided many pitfalls. One misses gratefully the shots of Norma Shearer with hair falling in unnecessary and meaningless disorder, the staccato, mirthless laugh with which she has punctuated other pictures, the repetition of the "heavy-drama" sepulchral tones often heard with Barrymore.

Note the careful pruning which has cut to a minimum the grandmother's illness, the birthday dinner, the mountain episode, the gang scenes, the brutality of the suave *Ace Wilfong*. This exclusion of irrelevant details has resulted in a suggestiveness allowing the spectator the use of his own imagination!

Here we have restraint expertly imposed upon a brilliant cast. Result: an admirably smooth, perfectly timed, and superbly acted film.

Marion Aylward Ryan,
298 Main St.,
Milford, Mass.

FLASHES

Clara Bow has contributed to the screen the best performances ever seen.

Viola Thompson,
Levesque Ave.,
Wynne, Ark.

One of the swankiest women in Hollywood today is Thelma Todd, the gorgeous blonde girl of two-reel comedy fame, more recently doing bits here and there. Here's hoping Thelma Todd-les to stardom!

G. E. Blumenfeld,
823 E. 173rd St.,
Bronx, N. Y.

John Boles has more "Romance" in his little finger than sleepy, bashful Lew Ayres (King of the Movies) has in his whole body. Boles is the nearest yet to Rudolph Valentino.

Elfreda Mannes,
935 Nebraska Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Many of the Kay Francis fans would like to see her starred. She is better than Dietrich, and far surpasses Garbo, so why not give her a chance, and have the public recognize an actress when they see and hear one?

Dorothy Steventon,
517 Division St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Three Cheers for all the actors and actresses!

Jay Lohr,
24 Dahlia Ave.,
Baldwin, L. I.

Even though it is risking my life to admit it, I must express my opinion that Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll are not so much born actresses as hard workers.

Jean Browne,
9841 51st Ave. S. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

They say Tallulah Bankhead knows all the answers, but let me say she is the answer. She is an actress of unlimited resource and certainly can put "it" over.

Lillian Rack,
22 Court St.,
Valley Stream, N. Y.

Where is our beloved Mickey Mouse? I have been to five pictures in the past two weeks, and Mickey Mouse was absent from all of them.

After viewing all of these daring underworld dramas that the producers have been feeding us the past six months or so, I think we need something funny and stimulating, and nothing can satisfy our appetite for comedy so well as Mickey Mouse. Let's have more of him!

Marguerite Beitzell,
1116 C. Street, N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Casts of Current Films

Continued from page 102

"THE LAST FLIGHT." *First National*. Based on the novel "Single Lady" by John Monk Saunders. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle. The cast: Cary Lockwood, Richard Barthelmess; Bill Talbot, John Mack Brown; Nikki, Helen Chandler; *The Outsider*, Walter Byron; *Francis*, Elliott Nugent; *Shep Lambert*, David Manners.

"TRANSATLANTIC." *Fox*. From the story by Guy Bolton. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Monty Greer, Edmund Lowe; *Judy Kramer*, Lois Moran; *Henry Graham*, John Halliday; *Sigrid Caroline*, Greta Nissen; *Rudolph Kramer*, Jean Hersholt; *Kay Graham*, Myrna Loy; *Handsome*, Earle Foxe; *Hudgins*, Billy Bevan; *Burbank*, Ruth Donnelly; *Peters*, Goodee Montgomery; *Buyer*, Jesse De Vorka; *The Bride*, Rosalie Roy; *Captain*, Claude King; *First Officer*, Crawford Kent; *Gamblers*, Henry Sedley, Bob Montgomery, and Louis Natheaux.

"WATERLOO BRIDGE." *Universal*. From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by Benn Levy. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Myra*, Mae Clark; *Roy*, Kent Douglass; *Kitty*, Doris Lloyd; *Mrs. Hobley*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Wetherby*, Enid Bennett; *Mr. Wetherby*, Frederic R. Kerr; *Old Woman*, Rita Carlisle.

"WICKED." *Fox*. Adapted for the screen by Adela Rogers St. John. Continuity and dialogue by Kenyon Nicholson and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Scott Burrows*, Victor McLaglen; *Margot Rande*, Elissa Landi; *Tony Rande*, Theodore Von Eltz; *June*, Una Merkel; *Blake*, Allan Dinehart; *Judge Luther*, Oscar Apfel; *Matron*, Blanche Payson; *Miss Peck*, Kathleen Kerrigan; *Stella*, Eileen Percy; *Arlene*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Johnson*, Blanche Frederici; *Prisoner*, Lucille Williams; *Prisoner*, Alice Lake; *Fanny*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Luther*, Irene Rich.*

What—A Silver Wedding Party in Hollywood?

Continued from page 85

Mrs. Gleason and their son, Russell.

Back in the garden, we discovered Russell in his bathing suit. He said it was his reception suit. He had been swimming, and his method was to greet guests and then persuade them to don bathing suits and hop into the pool with him. He said that he was amphibious, and would even eat his meals in the pool if he could persuade the butler to bring them to him.

"And anyhow," he said, "ma objects to crumbs in the pool. She's fussy that way—is afraid that maybe fish will get in and trip up the swimmers."

We told Russell he would catch pneumonia, and Mary Brian said that if he did she would nurse him, he had been so nice to all his guests.

"Then I've practically got it right now," said Russell.

Mrs. Purnell Pratt came in just then, and showed us her gift—a silver vessel completely filled with silver dollars!

That made us pause again beside the gifts, and we found that Gloria Swanson had sent an antique silver sugar shaker and cream pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack had bestowed silver after-dinner coffee cups; Dorothy Lee a silver vase; Anna Q. Nilsson a picture frame of Swedish silver and workmanship; Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, an antique silver syrup jug; Mr. and Mrs. William Beaudine, sandwich tray of rare old china with silver trim; Charlotte Greenwood, cigarette box of silver and twenty-five silver dollars inside; Una Merkel, mayonnaise dish; Johnny Mack Brown, individual nut dishes; William Bakewell, antique silver clock. But I'll fill all my space with descriptions of gifts, if I don't look out.

And then there were the flowers!

"Too many for anything but a high-class funeral," murmured Joe E. Brown.

The flowers were from June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, Robert Z. Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Lew Ayres and others.

Some of the telegrams were very amusing, too, including one from Mr. and Mrs. Earl Boothe, of New York, who wired: "Don't be satisfied with silver, for there's gold in them thar hills;" while Harry Richman telegraphed, "Sore because I can't be with you, but my heart's every wish and my best love belong to you." The Pat O'Brien's message was "Can offer you twenty-five more years over the same route. You're a cinch. Proud to know you." John Medbury sent word, "Nice work, folks. Most couples miss the silver wedding anniversary by about twenty-four years." Mr. and Mrs. Irving Cummings wired, "After this short trial, we sincerely hope your marriage will prove to be a huge success."

Jimmy Gleason had a few more lip-stick marks on his countenance when we saw him next, and Marguerite Churchill chided him.

"Well, can you blame the girls?" Jimmy inquired comically.

We met Irene Rich, who was wearing an Empress Eugenie hat at exactly the right angle, she being one of the few women we've seen to whom that hat is becoming, and who can wear it without making her late majesty do a complete flip-flop in her grave.

"Well," confided Irene when we congratulated her, "maybe that hat didn't look so well on the Empress, either. But who is going to tell a queen she hasn't got her hat on straight?"

In an easy chair under a tree in the shade

we caught sight of Marie Dressler. She said it was the first time she had been out since her illness. Quite surprisingly she looks much better than she did before her operation.

Among the other guests we met were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn, Joan Marsh, Franklin Pangborn, Zelma O'Neal and Anthony Bushell, May Robson and James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Ann Harding, John Mack Brown, Robert Montgomery, Alan Crosland, Natalie Moorhead, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian, Kent Douglass, Don Dilloway and Dorothy Jordan, June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo, Reginald Denny, Mr. and Mrs. Regis Toomey, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Herbert, Marion Nixon and Edward Hillman, Sam Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Littlefield, Frances Starr, Kay Hammond, Lois Wilson, Una Merkel, Mae Clarke and Fred Freulich, Cecil Cunningham, and scores of others.

An interesting guest was Heather Thatcher, an English musical comedy star, who in London has been playing Marilyn Miller's successes of this country. She was, quite startlingly, wearing a monocle, and was the observed of all observers, and bore it all unflinchingly as becomes an English lady.

Louise Fazenda was there too, and Nick Stuart and Sue Carol.

We left very late, wishing the Gleasons many happy returns.

"Oh, Lupita Tovar has come all the way up from Mexico, where she is working in a picture, to see Paul Kohner before he goes to Europe!" exclaimed Patsy, "and Paul is giving a tea today, with Lupita helping him to receive and entertain."

We decided that Lupita and Paul are engaged, and hoped they would make the announcement at the tea, but they didn't.

Paul's pretty apartment was full of guests when we arrived, and we had a nice chat with Lupita, who made a personal appearance trip through Mexico before settling down to work in a picture being made in Mexico City. She was, of course, she said, awfully happy to be able to visit her family down there. Her mother, by the way, is Irish, we learned, which surprised us very much, Lupita being so typically Spanish in looks.

Helen Chandler was among the guests, with her husband, Cyril Hume. Helen says that she never has a chance to attend parties, so this is a treat. She has been working very hard. Her hands and arms had been badly strained, she declared, in some ship scenes she had been playing in, and she was black and blue from top to toe. She said that if we were good maybe she would show us her black and blue spots, too. She could hardly hold her tea-cup, her wrists were so sore.

Her husband said smilingly that she had been spoiled by being the only girl in the two pictures she had just finished, and that she had been waited on altogether too much.

"But it is nice being helplessly feminine once in a while," Helen said.

"My hair looks awfully bad, too," she went on. "But if you want to see how nice I look when my hair is curled, go and see me in 'The Last Flight!' I haven't had time to have it dolled up since I finished only yesterday on that sea picture."

Walter Huston was a guest, as were also Mr. and Mrs. John Huston, William Wy-

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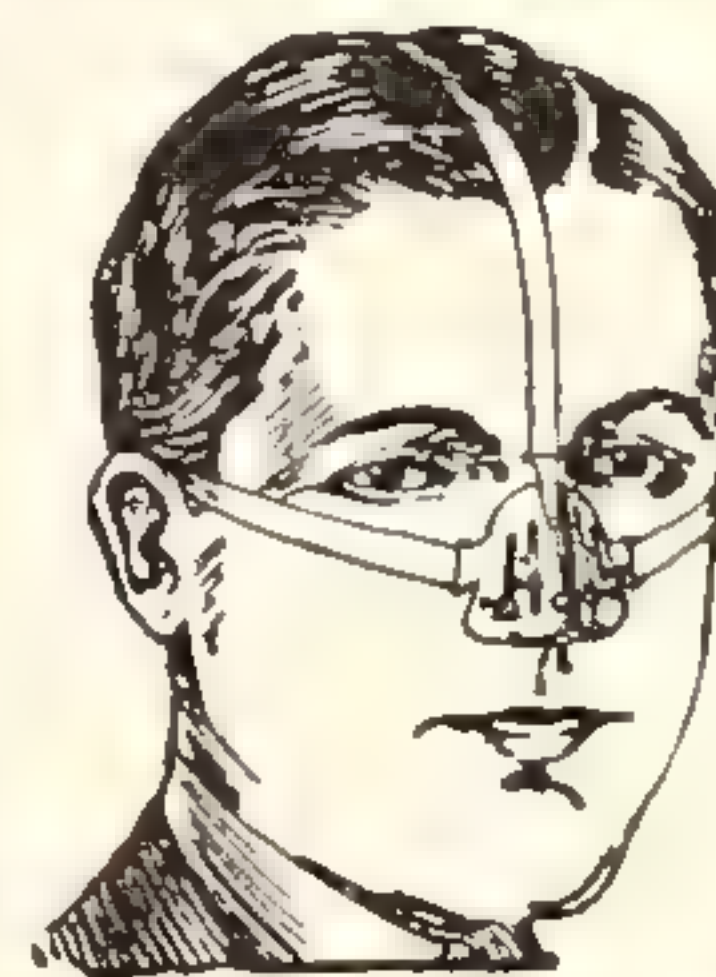
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ler, Hans Kraly, Mrs. Paul Lukas, Emil Forst, the German writer; Dita Parlo, Albert Conti, Ernest Laemmle, John Auer, Mrs. Schildkraut, widow of the late Rudolph Schildkraut, and others.

Mrs. Schildkraut told us how well her son, Joseph, was doing on the stage in Vienna, and how he had also appeared in a London picture. Paul promised to take messages and gifts to him from his mother.

Sidney Fox was there, too. She was enthusiastic about having met Mme. Schumann-Heink, who, you know, has promised to be a sort of godmother to the Wampas Baby Stars, of whom Sidney is one. Of course the line of men forms on the right whenever Sidney is at a party.

Albert Conti and Walter Huston were discussing all the time they had lost in

their youth, trying to do something that they didn't really want to do or weren't fitted for. Conti had burned with ambition to be a soldier and wear a uniform, and was finally actually a captain in the Hungarian army; and Walter Huston told about studying to become a mechanical engineer, but hating it all the time.

There was dancing, with William Wyler dancing a lot with Dita Parlo, who was looking lovely, and with Paul and Lupita of course dancing together a great deal.

The sun was setting when we bade our host and his guests goodbye, wishing Paul a most happy journey and safe return.

He has cut off a few weeks from the time of his visit in Europe, we learn, and of course we know that the reason is spelled Lupita!

Screen News

Continued from page 97

Angeles Times, and finally turned his peculiar charms to account for M-G-M. Our guess is that Mary has picked wisely.

About this new find of Fox's, Jimmy Dunn, "Bad Girl," which incidentally is a far better picture than it was a stage play, has established Jimmy in the big money. He's stealing pictures right along. Girls and boys adore him. It's all happened so quickly. Watch for Jimmy.

William Powell and Carole Lombard return from Hawaiian honeymooning. They have promised us faithfully not to consider a divorce for years.

June Collyer's marriage to Stuart Erwin has changed the lady. Where formerly she wore much gay jewelry, her wedding ring is now her sole ornament.

Right after the wedding June's mamma and papa arrived in Hollywood to look their new son-in-law over.



George Arliss does some sightseeing—in the British Museum, of all places! This popular star's journeys to his native England, after so much time spent in Hollywood, are pleasure trips as well as homecomings.

Ivan Lebedeff writes a story—sells it for a picture—then acts in it. And thinks nothing of it. His latest are "Kisses by Command" and "The Marquis." He has prominent rôles in both.

Renée Adoree has spent a long time in Prescott, Arizona trying to recover her health. The last we heard she was doing fine, and expected to return to Hollywood; and then—well, we'll be looking for you, Renée.

Dorothy Mackaill has Hawaiian tastes, now definitely established. She says she will positively marry R. Neil Miller, planter and radio crooner, this fall. We approve of the planter part but are concerned about the crooning.

Duncan Renaldo, young Rumanian actor of "Trader Horn" memory, was given the blessing of the U. S. Immigration Bureau and will be allowed to stay in this country and finish his picture career. Now, Duncan, you have something to live up to.

The Dietrich-Von Sternberg case has us all agog, with sympathy entirely on the side of Dietrich, her husband Rudolf Sieber and Josef Von Sternberg, as far as Hollywood is concerned. The ex-Mrs. Von Sternberg probably has her sympathizers elsewhere, but in Hollywood we feel she has not played quite fair.

Rudolf Sieber says he came out here to aid his beloved wife and their mutual friend Von Sternberg, and, as he is making himself very popular, it is some aid.



Betty Bolen is a sweet little girl friend in the "Boy Friend" comedies.

John Gilbert, now divorced, is moody and unhappy. He was the victim of the first imperfect talkies in "His Glorious Night," and thus a glittering matinée idol fell. His voice seemed to squeak and the public laughed. It wasn't fair but John doesn't seem to be able to live it down. He shuns interviewers, and has become most unsociable on the set. Since his firm and fast contract still calls for \$150,000 a picture, the studio isn't making things any too comfortable for the John who once burst upon us as a beloved star in "The Big Parade." Felled by a squeak! If John finally survives this it will be a tremendous victory.

The Notre Dame grid heroes, working at Universal, will charge a stone wall, but nothing will induce them to don any grease-paint. So we shall have to take their complexions as is—or shall we say "are"?

When an actor was raging about having to work on the lot during the violent hot spell, Lionel Barrymore remarked caustically, "I feel sure anyone of the five million unemployed will be glad to fill your place when you are ready to quit."

Joel McCrea becomes a star. Constance Bennett's favorable eye upon him helped in that. He's a Los Angeles boy of nice family, but this will be the first time he's had so much money and glory. Don't let it turn your head, Joel, old dear!

Adriane Eagels, cousin of the late Jeanne Eagels, is one of the thousands of extra girls out in Hollywood. She has been doing extra work for almost two years now, keeping her identity unknown. She closely resembles Jeanne, and it was Jeanne who first suggested she go in for acting. Adriane now rates among the first of the extra girls—and all on her own, too!

We like relations like Adriane, and we bet there are a lot of stars who wish there were more of her kind.

Bill Haines is still interior-decorating as a side-line hobby. Now it's Leila Hyams' new Old English house. Bill has insisted upon bestowing an old cobblers' bench on Leila. I mean, that's what you are up against when you get interior-decorated.

Mae Clarke's stock rises. Time was when it looked as if she would be a fizzle in pictures and the unhappy divorce from Fannie Brice's brother didn't help matters. Now, since "Waterloo Bridge," they are popping her into good rôles right along.

Lew Ayres is growing his hair long for his next picture. The effect is most disturbing. The p. a. sent out word that Lew had had a hair-cut—but it isn't so to date. At a recent dinner dance June McCloy said she felt as if she was dancing with Buffalo Bill.



Second debut. Adrienne Ames' first was in New York society. Now she's in pictures.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Continued from page 103

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Fifi Dorsay	Myrna Loy	George O'Brien
Hardie Albright	Sally Eilers	Sharon Lynn	Sally O'Neil
Luana Alcaniz	Charles Farrell	Helen Mack	Maureen O'Sullivan
Robert Ames	John Garrick	Kenneth MacKenna	Will Rogers
Warner Baxter	Janet Gaynor	Mona Maris	David Rollins
Joan Bennett	Warren Hymer	Victor McLaglen	Rosalie Roy
Humphrey Bogart	Richard Keene	Thomas Meighan	Spencer Tracy
El Brendel	J. M. Kerrigan	Una Merkel	Elda Vokel
Marguerite Churchill	Elissa Landi	Conchita Montenegro	Linda Watkins
Joyce Compton	Cecelia Loftus	Lois Moran	John Wayne
Donald Dillaway	Edmund Lowe	Greta Nissen	Marjorie White

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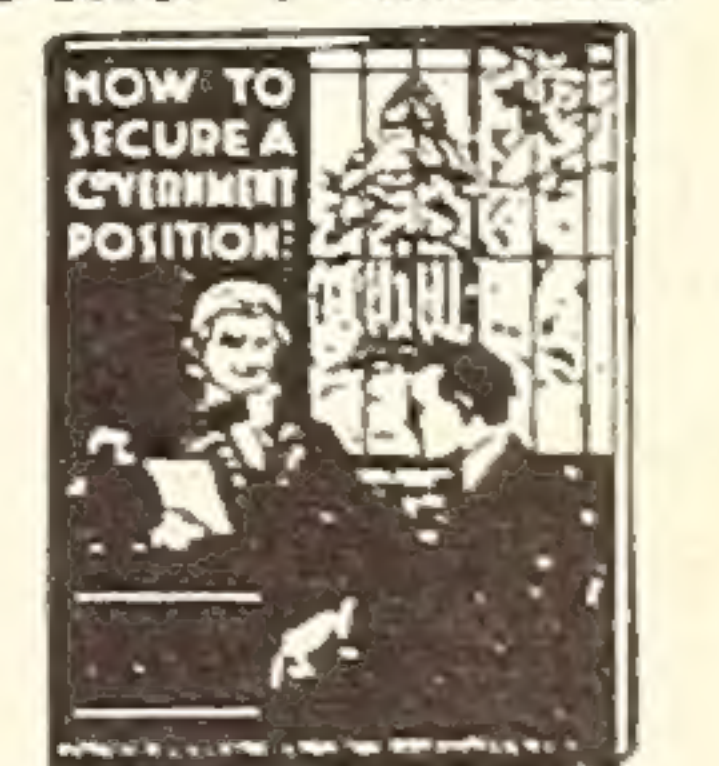
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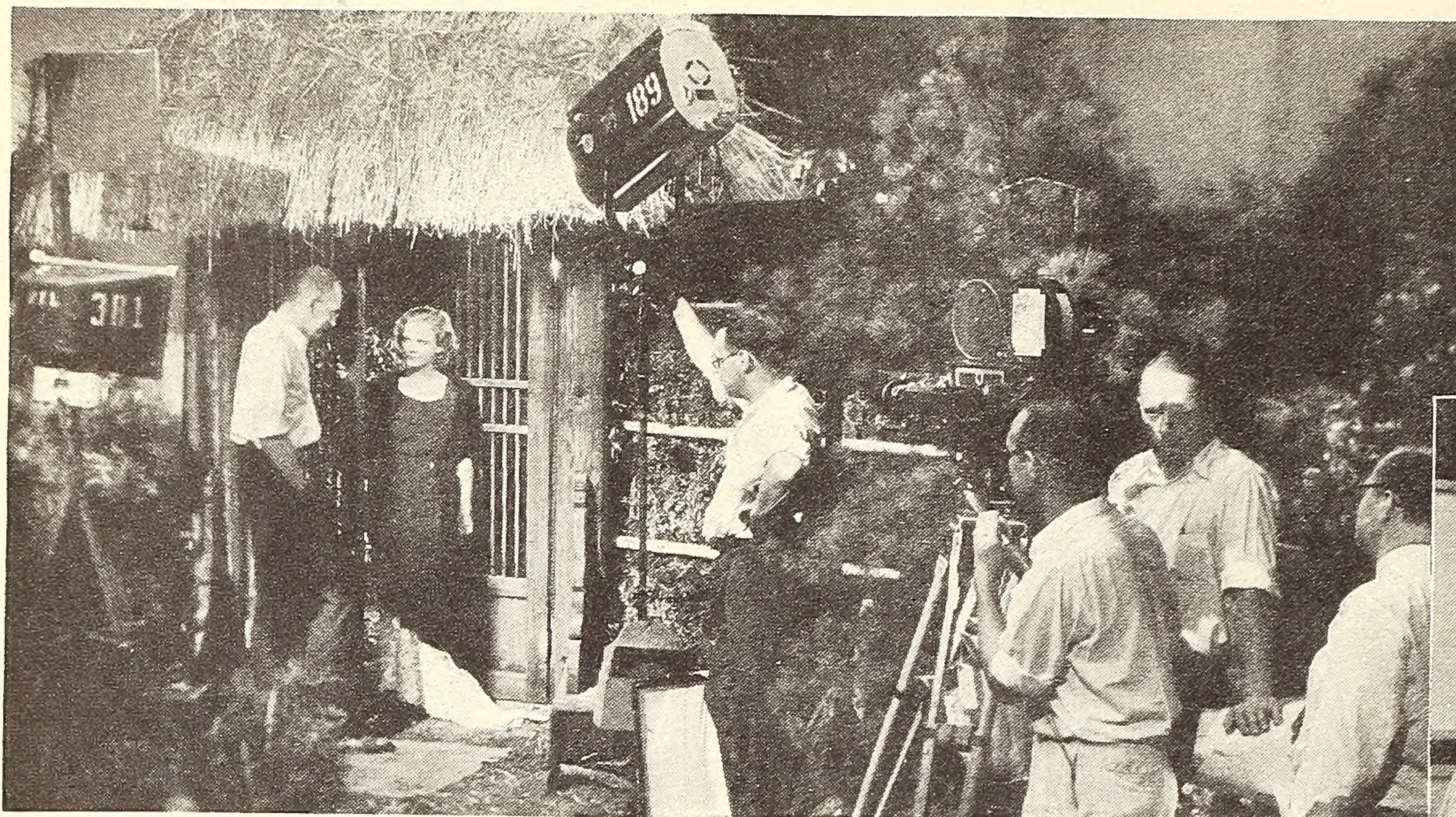
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Director George Abbott, standing at the doorway, rehearses Tallulah Bankhead in a scene from "The Cheat," her new picture.

This scene with Tallulah and Irving Pichel takes place in a Chinese den and was rehearsed five times.



Studio Slants

By
Catherine Manfred

WE'RE off to the Paramount eastern studios! Want to meet Tallulah Bankhead, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and Irving Pichel? Then come along!

First let's drop in on Tallulah's set. She is making "The Cheat" with the extremely interesting Irving Pichel. George Abbott is directing.

A tall, blonde girl is sitting on a couch. We jump over cables and what-not to say hello to Tallu, but it isn't Miss Bankhead at all! It's her "stand-in"—Miss Terry Carroll. Yes, Nancy's sister, but she looks more like Tallulah than like her own sister. Just then Tallulah emerged from her dressing-room, wearing a beautiful pale blue velvet evening gown.

"We've been rehearsing all morning and we haven't accomplished a thing," Tallulah lamented. "Every time we get ready to shoot we get a signal from Gary Cooper's set to be quiet, because they're taking talking scenes. You see, they're finishing 'His Woman' this week—we only started working in the studio today."

Tallulah seems to radiate nervous energy—she is all vitality, force and drive. There are no lapses into quiet, moody restfulness for her. When she talks, words flow from her in a hurried, urgent stream:

"Look, look!" (*Sotto voce.*) "See that Japanese boy and girl over there? Well, they're That Way about each other! They work in this scene with me. Edie!" (She's La Bankhead's secretary, companion, maid) "Edie, I'm thirsty—let's have some coca-cola—and I want a cigarette—no, not that kind—and I want some music—please play the victrola. Oh, never mind it all, I've got to rehearse now." And off she strides to the stage where Director Abbott had the cameras and microphone in readiness for the scene.

The scene we are about to witness, ladies and gentlemen and you, too, takes place in a gorgeous Chinese den. It belongs to Irving Pichel, through the courtesy of Paramount! And when you hear three bells it doesn't

mean it's three o'clock—it means "Quiet, please." And don't get caught sneezing!

We watch Tallulah and Irving Pichel enter the Chinese room. Mr. Pichel presses a button. A panel slides open and reveals a hidden room from which he takes a beautiful mandarin coat and offers it to Tallulah—but the girl says "no." Sounds simple, doesn't it? But they went through it five times before Director Abbott was satisfied.

Later Tallulah confided to us that she wants to do a comedy next. "I'd like something like 'The Last of Mrs. Cheney' or 'Her Cardboard Lover,' which I played on the London stage—but these have been already made into pictures." Mr. Abbott came over and drank some of Tallulah's coca-cola and then suggested that they run through the scene again. Having had our fill of Chinese dens, we departed for the "His Woman" set.

We greeted Gary Cooper and Director Edward Sloman and inquired about Claudette Colbert, but nobody seemed to know where she was.

A huge barge had been built in the studio for the interior scenes of "His Woman." We watched Cooper enact a scene on the barge. It's foggy and Gary's peering out to sea—no, not to see Claudette, silly, but to see that all's clear ahead.

We watched this scene about six times, and then, beginning to hanker for dry land again, went back to Tallulah's set escorted by Gary. And who should be there but Claudette! A regular "Old Home Week" on the Bankhead set.

Upon inquiring where Miss Colbert had been keeping herself we received this answer: "I received a call for ten o'clock and haven't done a bit of work all day, so I dashed around the corner and played miniature golf. People probably think I'm crazy—I went out in this make-up." "This make-up" consisted of a tight sweater and short skirt; and her face was made up for the camera—false eyelashes and black make-up on the tip of her nose. Claudette uses the black grease-paint so that her nose will photograph better. However, it's a very nice nose—with or without make-up.

There's a nice friendly atmosphere at the Paramount studio—no temperament—no fireworks, at least not when we were there. We're going again!

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